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THE STORY OF OPAL

THE JOURNAL OF AN UNDERSTANDING HEART

I

[OPAL WHITELEY was born about twenty-one years ago—where, we have no knowledge. Of her parents, whom she lost before her fifth year, she is sure of nothing except that they loved her, and that she loved them with a tenacity of affection as strong now as at the time of parting. To recall what manner of people they were, no physical proof remains except two precious little copybooks, which held their photographs, and wherein her mother and father had set down things which they wished their little daughter to learn, both of the world about her and of that older world of legend and history, with which the diarist shows such capricious and entertaining familiarity. These books, for reasons beyond her knowledge, were taken away from Opal when she was about twelve years of age, and have never been returned, although there is ground for believing that they are still in existence.

The only other clue to the identity of her father and mother comes from the child's frequent use of French expressions and of scientific terms. It is, perhaps, a fair inference that her father was a naturalist by profession or native taste, and that either he or her mother was French by birth or by education.

After her parents' death, there is an interlude in Opal's recollection which she does not understand, remembering only that for a brief season the sweet tradition of her mother's care was carried on by an older woman, possibly a governess, from whom, within a year, she was taken and given to the wife of an Oregon lumberman, who had lately been parted from her first child, — Opal Whiteley, — whose place and name, for reasons quite unknown, were given to the present Opal.

From some time in her sixth year to the present, her diary has continued without serious interruption; and as successive chapters are printed in the *Atlantic*, we shall see that her life, apart from the gay tranquillity of her spirit, was not a happy one. Her friends were the animals and everything that flies or swims; her single confidant was her diary, to which she confided every trouble and every satisfaction. The diary itself was written on scrap paper of all sorts — in large part on wrapping-paper, and strips torn from bags once containing butcher's meat and given her by a friendly neighbor.

When Opal was over twelve years old, a foster-sister, in a tragic fit of childish temper, unearthed the hiding-place

of the diary, and tore it into a thousand fragments. The work of years seemed destroyed, but Opal, who had treasured its understanding pages, picked up the pitiful scraps and stored them in a secret box. There they lay undisturbed until, after many adventures, she happened to come to the *Atlantic* office to talk about a publication of a very different character. The editor learned her story, bit by bit, and, growing interested, asked her to telegraph for the box, which, since she had left the lumber camps, and her home had been broken up by the death of Mrs. Whiteley, had been stored in California. It came, with its myriad fragments, and since then the diarist has spent her days piecing it together, sheet by sheet; each page a kind of picture-puzzle, lettered on both sides in colored chalks, the characters, printed with a child's unskillfulness of hand, nearly an inch high.

The labor of putting the diary together may fairly be described as enor-

mous. To those who have read the daily entries as each page, scrap by scrap, has been fitted, pieced, and pinned into position, the task has seemed worth the pain.

Opal Whiteley's entire manuscript comprises more than 150,000 words. There are upwards of 45,000 which can be ascribed with certainty to the end of her sixth and to her seventh year. Only a selection can, of course, be printed in the *Atlantic*, but the variety and the sustained level of interest render the choice of passages difficult. No editing has been done or changes made, other than omissions and the adoption of adult rules of capitalization (the manuscript has nothing but capitals), and punctuation (of which it affords no single trace). The spelling — with the exception of occasional characteristic examples of the diarist's individual style — has been amended, lest the journal seem precocious, rather than beautifully natural and interpretive of the *Spirit of Childhood*. — E. S.]

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

OF the days before I was taken to the lumber camps there is little I remember. As piece by piece the journal comes together, some things come back. There are references here and there in the journal to things I saw or heard or learned in those days before I came to the lumber camps.

There were walks in the fields and woods. When on these walks, Mother would tell me to listen to what the flowers and trees and birds were saying. We listened together. And on the way she told me poems and other lovely things, some of which she wrote in the two books and also in others which I had not with me in the lumber camps. On the walks, and after we came back, she had me to print what I had seen and

what I had heard. After that she told me of different people and their wonderful work on earth. Then she would have me tell again to her what she had told me. After I came to the lumber camps, I told these things to the trees and the brooks and the flowers.

There were five words my Mother said to me over and over again, as she had me to print what I had seen and heard. These words were: What, Where, When, How, Why. They had a very great influence over all my observations and the recording of those observations during all the days of my childhood. And my Mother having put such strong emphasis on these five words accounts for much of the detailed descriptions that are throughout my diary.

No children I knew. There were only Mother and the kind woman who taught me and looked after me and dressed me, and the young girl who fed me. And there was Father in those few days when he was home from the far lands. Those were wonderful days — his homecoming days. Then he would take me on his knee and ride me on his shoulder and tell me of the animals and birds of the far lands. And we went for many walks, and he would talk to me about the things along the way. It was then he taught me *comparer*.¹

There was one day when I went with Mother in a boat. It was a little way on the sea. It was a happy day. Then something happened and we were all in the water. Afterward, when I called and called for Mother, they said the sea waves had taken her and she was gone to heaven. I remember the day because I never saw my Mother again.

The time was not long after that day with Mother in the boat, when one day the kind woman who taught me and took care of me did tell me gently that Father too had gone to heaven while he was away in the far lands. She said she was going to take me to my grandmother and grandfather, the mother and father of my Father.

We started. But I never got to see my dear grandmother and grandfather whom I had never seen. Something happened on the way and I was all alone. And I did n't feel happy. There were strange people that I had never seen before and I was afraid of them. They made me to keep very still and we went for no walks in the field. But we traveled a long, long way.

Then it was they put me with Mrs.

¹ French: to compare, to classify. — EDITOR.

Whiteley. The day they put me with her was a rainy day and I thought she was a little afraid of them, too. She took me on the train and in a stage-coach to the lumber camp. She called me Opal Whiteley, the same name as that of another little girl who was the same size as I was when her mother lost her. She took me into the camp as her own child, and so called me as we lived in the different lumber camps and in the mill town.

With me I took into camp a small box. In a slide drawer in the bottom of this box were two books which my own Mother and Father, the Angel Father and Mother I always speak of in my diary, had written in. I do not think the people who put me with Mrs. Whiteley knew about the books in the lower part of the box, for they took everything out of the top part of the box and tossed it aside. I picked it up and kept it with me, and, being as I was more quiet with it in my arms, they allowed me to keep it, thinking it was empty. These books I kept always with me, until one day I shall always remember, when I was about twelve years old, they were taken from the box I kept then hid in the woods. Day by day I spelled over and over the many words that were written in them. From them I selected names for my pets. And it was the many little things recorded there that helped me to remember what my Mother and Father had already told me of different great lives and their work; and these books with these records made me eager to be learning more and more of what was recorded in them. These two books I studied much more than I did my books at school. Their influence upon my life has been great.

Ages can be fixed with reasonable definiteness, owing to the birthdays of the Whiteley children, and to a number of small events which can be ascribed to precise periods of Opal Whiteley's life. The diarist's comprehensive knowledge of the names of the good and great she undoubtedly owes to the notebooks left by her real parents, which she read constantly.

Six Years Old

To-day the folks are gone away from the house we do live in. They are gone a little way away, to the ranch-house where the grandpa does live. I sit on our steps and I do print. I like it — this house we do live in being at the edge of the near woods. So many little people do live in the near woods. I do have conversations with them. I found the near woods first day I did go explores. That was the next day after we were come here. All the way from the other logging camp in the beautiful mountains we came in a wagon. Two horses were in front of us. They walked in front of us all the way. When first we were come, we did live with some other people in the ranch-house that was n't all builded yet. After that we lived in a tent, and often when it did rain many raindrops came right through the tent. They did fall in patters on the stove and on the floor and on the table. Too, they did make the quilts on the beds some damp — but that did n't matter much because they soon got dried hanging around the stove.

By and by we were come from the tent to this lumber shanty. It has got a divide in it. One room we do have sleeps in. In the other room we do have breakfast and supper. Back of the house are some nice wood-rats. The most lovely of them all is Thomas Chat-terton Jupiter Zeus. By the woodshed is a brook. It goes singing on. Its joy song does sing in my heart. Under the house live some mice. I give them bread-scraps to eat. Under the steps lives a toad. He and I — we are friends. I have named him. I call him Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil.

Between the ranch-house and the house we live in is the singing creek where the willows grow. We have conversations. And there I do dabble my toes beside the willows. I feel the feels

of gladness they do feel. And often it is I go from the willows to the meeting of the road. That is just in front of the ranch-house. There the road does have divides. It goes three ways. One way the road does go to the house of Sadie McKinzie. It does n't stop when it gets to her house, but mostly I do. The road just goes on to the mill town a little way away. In its going it goes over a hill. Sometimes — the times Sadie McKinzie is n't at home — I do go with Brave Horatius to the top of the hill. We look looks down upon the mill town. Then we do face about and come again home. Always we make stops at the house of Sadie McKinzie. Her house — it is close to the mill by the far woods. That mill makes a lot of noise. It can do two things at once. It makes the noises and also it does saw the logs into boards. About the mill do live some people, mostly men-folks. There does live the good man that wears gray neckties and is kind to mice.

Another way, the road does go the way I go when I go to the school-house where I go to school. When it is come there, it does go right on — on to the house of the girl who has no seeing. When it gets to her house, it does make a bend, and it does go its way to the blue hills. As it goes, its way is near unto the way of the *rivière* that sings as it comes from the blue hills. There are singing brooks that come going to the *rivière*. These brooks — they and I — we are friends. I call them Orne and Loing and Yonne and Rille and Essonne.

Near unto the road, long ways between the brooks, are ranch-houses. I have not knowing of the people that do dwell in them. But I do know some of their cows and horses and pigs. They are friendly folk. Around the ranch-houses are fields. Woods use to grow where now grows grain. When the mowers cut down the grain, they also

do cut down the cornflowers that grew in the fields. I follow along after and I do pick them up. Of some of them I make a *guirlande*. When the *guirlande* is made, I do put it around the neck of William Shakespeare. He does have appreciations. As we go walking down the lane, I do talk with him about the one he is named for. And he does have understanding. He is such a beautiful gray horse, and his ways are ways of gentleness. Too, he does have likings like the likings I have for the hills that are beyond the fields — for the hills where are trails and tall fir trees like the wonderful ones that do grow by the road.

So go two of the roads. The other road does lead to the upper logging camps. It goes only a little way from the ranch-house and it comes to a *rivière*. Long time ago, this road did have a longing to go across the *rivière*. Some wise people did have understandings and they did build it a bridge to go across on. It went across the bridge and it goes on and on between the hills — the hills where dwell the talking fir trees. By its side goes the railroad track. Its appears are not so nice as are the appears of the road, and it has got only a squeaky voice. But this railroad track does have shining rails — they stretch away and away, like a silver ribbon that came from the moon in the night. I go a-walking on these rails. I get off when I do hear the approaches of the donkey engine. On this track on every day, excepting Sunday, comes and goes the logging train. It goes to the camps and it does bring back cars of logs and cars of lumber. These it does take to the mill town. There engines more big do take the cars of lumber to towns more big.

Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus has been waiting in my sunbonnet a long time. He wants to go on explores. Too, Brave Horatius and Isaiah are having

longings in their eyes. And I hear Peter Paul Rubens squealing in the pig-pen. Now I go. We go on explores.

To-day was a warm, hot day. It was warm in the morning and hot at noon. Before noon and afternoon and after that, I carried water to the hired men in the field in a jug. I got the water out of the pump to put into the jug. I had to put water in the pump before any would come out. The men were glad to have that water in the jug.

While I was taking the water in the jug to the men in the field, from her sewing basket Lars Porsena of Clusium took the mamma's thimble, and she did n't have it and she could n't find it. She sent me to watch out for it in the house and in the yard and everywhere. I know how Lars Porsena of Clusium has a fondness for collecting things of bright colors, like unto my fondness for collecting rocks, so I ran to his hiding-place in the old oak tree. There I found the mamma's thimble, but she said the pet crow's having taken it was as though I had taken it, because he was my property; so I got a spanking with the hazel switches that grow near unto our back steps. Inside me I could n't help feeling she ought to have given me thanks for finding the thimble.

Afterwards I made little vases out of clay. I put them in the oven to bake. The mamma found my vases of clay. She threw them out of the window. When I went to pick them up, they were broken.

I felt sad inside. I went to talk things over with my chum, Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. He is that most tall fir tree that grows just back of the barn. I scooted up the barn door. From there I climbed on to the lower part of the barn roof. I walked up a ways. Up there I took a long look at the world about. One gets such a good wide view of the world from a barn roof.

After, I looked looks in four straight ways and four corner ways. I said a little prayer. I always say a little prayer before I jump off the barn into the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, because that jump is quite a long jump, and if I did not land in the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, I might get my leg or neck broken. That would mean I'd have to keep still a long time. Now I think that would be the most awful thing that could happen, for I do so love to be active. So I always say a little prayer and do that jump in a careful way. To-day when I did jump, I did land right proper in that fir tree. It is such a comfort to nestle up to Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael when one is in trouble. He is such a grand tree. He has an understanding soul.

After I talked with him and listened unto his voice I slipped down out of his arms. I intended to slip into the barn corral, but I slid off the wrong limb in the wrong way. I landed in the pig-pen on top of Aphrodite, the mother pig. She gave a peculiar grunt. It was not like those grunts she gives when she is comfortable.

I felt I ought to do something to make up to her for having come into her home out of the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael instead of calling on her in the proper way. I decided a good way to make it up to her would be to pull down the rail fence in that place where the pig-pen is weak, and take her for a walk. I went to the woodshed. I got a piece of clothes-line rope. While I was making a halter for the mother pig I took my Sunday-best hair-ribbon — the blue ribbon the Uncle Caleb gave to me. I made a bow on that halter. I put the bow just over her ears. That gave her the proper look. When the mamma saw us go walking by, she took the bow from off the pig. She put that bow in the trunk; me she put under the bed.

By-and-by — some time long it was — she took me from under the bed and gave me a spanking. She did not have time to give me a spanking when she put me under the bed. She left me there until she did have time. After she did it she sent me to the ranch-house to get some milk for the baby. I walked slow through the oak grove, looking for cat-erpillars. I found nine. Then I went to the pig-pen. The chore boy was fixing back the rails I had pulled down. His temper was quite warm. He was saying prayer words in a quick way. I went not near unto him. I slipped around near Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael. I peeked in between the fence rails. Aphrodite was again in the pig-pen. She was snoozing, so I tiptoed over to the rain-barrel by the barn. I raised mosquitoes in the rain-barrel for my pet bats. Aristotle eats more mosquitoes than Plato and Pliny eat.

On my way to the house I met Clementine, the Plymouth Rock hen, with her family. She only has twelve baby chickens now. The grandpa says the other one she did have died of new monia because I gave it too many baths for its health. When I came to the house one of the cats, a black one, was sitting on the doorstep. I have not friendly feelings for that big black cat. Day before day that was yesterday I saw him kill the mother humming-bird. He knocked her with his paw when she came to the nasturtiums. I did n't even speak to him.

Just as I was going to knock on the back door for the milk, I heard a voice on the front porch. It was the voice of a person who has an understanding soul. I hurried around to the front porch. There was Sadie McKinzie with a basket on her arm. She beamed a smile at me. I went over and nestled up against her blue gingham apron with cross stitches on it. The freckles on Sadie McKinzie's wrinkled face are as

many as are the stars in the Milky Way, and she is awful old — going on forty. Her hands are all brown and cracked like the dried-up mud-puddles by the roadside in July, and she has an understanding soul. She always has band-aids ready in her pantry when some of my pets get hurt. There are cookies in her cookie-jar when I don't get home for meals, and she allows me to stake out earthworm claims in her back yard.

She walked along beside me when I took the milk home. When she came near the lane she took from her basket wrapping-papers and gave them to me to print upon. Then she kissed me good-bye upon the cheek and went her way to her home. I went my way to the house we live in. After the mamma had switched me for not getting back sooner with the milk, she told me to fix the milk for the baby. The baby's bottle used to be a brandy bottle, but it evolved into a milk bottle when they put a nipple on to it.

I sit here on the doorstep printing this on the wrapping-paper Sadie McKinzie gave me. The baby is in bed asleep. The mamma and the rest of the folks is gone to the ranch-house. When they went away, she said for me to stay in the doorway to see that nothing comes to carry the baby away. By the step is Brave Horatius. At my feet is Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus. I hear songs — lullaby songs of the trees. The back part of me feels a little bit sore, but I am happy listening to the twilight music of God's good world. I'm real glad I'm alive.

The colic had the baby to-day, and there was no Castoria for the pains; there was none because yesterday Pearl¹ and I climbed upon a chair and then upon the dresser and drank up the new bottle of Castoria; but the bottle had an ache in it and we swallowed the

¹ A foster-sister.

ache with the Castoria. That gave us queer feels. Pearl lay down on the bed. I did rub her head. But she said it was n't her head — it was her back that hurt. Then she said it was her leg that ached. The mamma came in the house then, and she did take Pearl in a quick way to the ranch-house.

It was a good time for me to go away exploring, but I did n't feel like going on an exploration trip. I just sat on the doorstep. I did sit there and hold my chin in my hand. I did have no longings to print. I only did have longings not to have those queer feels. Brave Horatius came walking by. He did make a stop at the doorstep. He wagged his tail. That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip. Lars Porsena of Clusium came from the oak tree. He did perch on the back of Brave Horatius. He gave two caws. That meant he wanted to go on an exploration trip. Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus came from under the house. He just crawled into my lap. I gave him pats and he cuddled his nose up under my curls. Peter Paul Rubens did squeal out in the pig-pen. He squealed the squeals he does squeal when he wants to go on an exploration trip.

Brave Horatius did wait and wait, but still those queer feels would n't go away. Pretty soon I got awful sick. By and by I did have better feels. And to-day my feels are all right and the mamma is gone a-visiting and I am going on an exploration trip. Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and Peter Paul Rubens are waiting while I do print this. And now we are going the way that does lead to the blue hills.

Sometimes I share my bread and jam with Yellowjackets, who have a home on the bush by the road, twenty trees and one distant from the garden. To-day I climbed up on the old rail

fence close to their home, with a piece and a half of bread and jam and the half piece for them and the piece for myself. But they all wanted to be served at once, so it became necessary to turn over all bread and jam on hand. I broke it into little pieces, and they had a royal feast there on the old fence rail. I wanted my bread and jam, but then, Yellowjackets are such interesting fairies — being among the world's first paper-makers; and baby Yellowjackets are such chubby youngsters. Thinking on these things makes it a joy to share one's bread and jam with these wasp fairies.

When I was coming back from feeding them I heard a loud noise. That Rob Ryder was out there by the chute, shouting at God in a very quick way. He was begging God to dam that chute right there in our back yard. Why, if God answered his prayer, we would be in an awful fix. The house we live in would be under water, if God dammed the chute. Now I think anger had Rob Ryder or he would not pray kind God to be so unkind. When I came again to the house we live in, the mamma was cutting out biscuits with the baking-powder can. She put the pan of biscuits on the wood-box back of the stove. She put a most clean dish-towel over the biscuits, then she went to gather in clothes. I got a thimble from the machine drawer. I cut little round biscuits from the big biscuits. The mamma found me. She put the thimble back in the machine drawer. She put me under the bed. Here under the bed I now print.

By-and-by, after a long time, the mamma called me to come out from under the bed. She told me to put on my coat and her big fascinator on my head. She fastened my coat with safety-pins, then she gave me a lard-pail with its lid on tight. She told me to go straight to the grandpa's house for the milk, and

to come straight home again. I started to go straight for the milk. When I came near the hospital, I went over to it to get the pet mouse, Felix Mendelssohn. I thought that a walk in the fresh air would be good for his health. I took one of the safety-pins out of my coat. I pinned up a corner of the fascinator. That made a warm place next to my curls for Felix Mendelssohn to ride in. I call this mouse Felix Mendelssohn because sometimes he makes very sweet music.

Then I crossed to the cornfield. A cornfield is a very nice place, and some days we children make hair for our clothes-pin dolls from the silken tassels of the corn that grow in the grandpa's cornfield. Sometimes, which is quite often, we break the cornstalks in getting the silk tassels. That makes bumps on the grandpa's temper.

To-night I walked zigzag across the field to look for things. Into my apron pocket I put bits of little rocks. By a fallen cornstalk I met two of my mouse friends. I gave them nibbles of food from the other apron pocket. I went on and saw a fat old toad by a clod. Mice and toads do have such beautiful eyes. I saw two caterpillars on an ear of corn after I turned the tassels back. All along the way I kept hearing voices. Little leaves were whispering over in the lane. I saw another mouse with beautiful eyes. Then I saw a man and woman coming across the field. The man was carrying a baby.

Soon I met them. It was Larry and Jean and their little baby. They let me pat the baby's hand and smooth back its hair, for I do so love babies. When I grow up I want twins and eight more children, and I want to write outdoor books for children everywhere.

To-night, after Larry and Jean started on, I turned again to wave good-bye. I remembered the first time I saw Larry and Jean; and the bit of poetry he said

to her. They were standing by an old stump in the lane where the leaves whispered. Jean was crying. He patted her on the shoulder and said, —

‘There, little girl, don’t cry,
I’ll come back and marry you by-and-by.’

And he did. And the angels looking down from heaven saw their happiness and brought a baby real soon, when they had been married most 5 months, which was very nice, for a baby is such a comfort and twins are a multiplication table of blessings.

After I waved good-bye to the dear baby, I thought I would go around by the lane where I first saw them and heard him say to her that poetry. It is such a lovely lane. I call it our lane. Of course it does n’t belong to Brave Horatius and ‘Lars Porsena of Clusium and Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus and I and all the rest of us. It belongs to a big man that lives in a big house, but it is our lane more than it is his lane, because he does n’t know the grass and flowers that grow there, and the birds that nest there, and the lizards that run along the fence, and the caterpillars and beetles that go walking along the roads made by the wagon wheels. And he does n’t stop to talk to the trees that grow all along the lane. All those trees are my friends. I call them by names I have given to them. I call them Hugh Capet and Saint Louis and Good King Edward the I, and the tallest one of all is Charlemagne, and the one around where the little flowers talk most is William Wordsworth, and there are Byron and Keats and Shelley. When I go straight for the milk, I do so like to come around this way by the lane and talk to these tree friends. I stopped to-night to give to each a word of greeting. When I got to the end of the lane, I climbed the gate and thought I had better hurry straight on to get the milk.

When I went by the barn, I saw a

mouse run around the corner and a graceful bat came near unto the barn-door. I got the milk. It was near dark time, so I came again home by the lane and along the corduroy road. When I got most home I happened to remember the mamma wanted the milk in a hurry, so I began to hurry.

I don’t think I’ll print more to-night. I printed this sitting on the wood-box, where the mamma put me after she spanked me after I got home with the milk. Now I think I shall go out the bedroom window and talk to the stars. They always smile so friendly. This is a very wonderful world to live in.

In the morning of to-day, when I was come part way to school, when I was come to the ending of the lane, I met a glad surprise. There was my dear pet pig awaiting for me. I gave him three joy pats on the nose, and I did call him by name ten times. I was so glad to see him. Being as I got a late start to school, I did n’t have enough of time to go around by the pig-pen for our morning talk. And there he was awaiting for me at the ending of the lane. And his name it is Peter Paul Rubens. His name is that, because the first day I saw him was on the twenty-ninth of June. He was little then — a very plump young pig with a little red-ribbon squeal and a wanting to go everywhere I did go. Sometimes he would squeal and I would n’t go to find out what he wanted. Then one day when his nose was sore he did give such an odd pain squeal. Of course, I ran a quick run to help him. After that, when he had a chance, he would come to the kitchen door and give that same squeal. That Peter Paul Rubens seemed to know that was the only one of all his squeals that would bring me at once to where he was.

And this morning, when I did start

on to school, he gave that same squeal and came a-following after. When he was caught up with me he gave a grunt and then he gave his little red-ribbon squeal. A lump came up in my throat and I could n't tell him to turn around and go back to the pig-pen. So we just went along to school together.

When we got there, school was already took up. I went in first. The new teacher came back to tell me I was tardy again. She did look out the door. She saw my dear Peter Paul Rubens. She did ask me where that pig came from. I just started in to tell her all about him from the day I first met him. She did look long looks at me. She did look those looks for a long time. I made pleats in my apron with my fingers. I made nine on one side and three on the other side. When I was through counting the pleats I did make in my apron, I did ask her what she was looking those long looks at me for. She said, 'I'm screwtineyesing you.' I never did hear that word before. It is a new word. It does have an interest sound. I think I will have uses for it. Now when I look long looks at a thing, I will print I did screwtineyes it.

After she did look more long looks at me, she went back to her desk by the blackboard. She did call the sixth grade fiziologie class. I went to my seat. I only sat half-way in it. I]so did so I could have seeing of my dear Peter Paul Rubens. He did wait at the steps. He looked long looks toward the door. It was n't long until he walked right in. I felt such an amount of satisfaction having him at school.

Teacher felt not so. Now I have wonders about things. I wonder why was it teacher did n't want Peter Paul Rubens coming to school. Why, he did make such a sweet picture as he did stand there in the doorway looking

looks about. And the grunts he gave, they were such nice ones. He stood there saying: 'I have come to your school. What class are you going to put me in?' He said in plain grunts the very same words I did say the first day I came to school. The children all turned around in their seats. I'm sure they were glad he was come to school — and him talking there in that dear way. But I guess our teacher does n't have understanding of pig talk. She just came at him in such a hurry with a stick of wood. And when I made interferences, she did send us both home in a quick way.

We did have a most happy time coming home. We did go on an exploration trip. Before we were gone far, we did have hungry feels. I took the lid off the lard bucket that my school lunch was in. I did make divides of all my bread and butter. Part I gave to Peter Paul Rubens, and he did have appreciations. He did grunt grunts for some more. Pretty soon it was all gone. We did go on. We went on to the woods. I did dig up little plants with leaves that do stay green all winter. We saw many beautiful things. Most everything we did see I did explain about it to Peter Paul Rubens. I told him why — all about why I was digging up so many of the little plants. I did want him to have understanding that I was going to plant them again.

When I did have almost forty-five and it was come near eventime, Brave Horatius and Lars Porsena of Clusium did come to meet us. When I did have forty-five plants, we all did go in the way that does lead to the cathedral, for this is the borning day of Girolamo Savonarola. And in the cathedral I did plant little plants as many years as he was old. Forty-five I did so plant. And we had prayers and came home.

(To be continued)

THE INTERNATIONAL MIND

BY L. P. JACKS

I

THERE are two questions which interest us in regard to the League of Nations: first, what it is *now*; second, what it is likely to become *hereafter*. Both questions are important; but the second, which looks to the future developments of the League through the long ages to come, is by far the more important of the two. They are, of course, closely related to each other.

The League of Nations is obviously the beginning of some human enterprise much vaster than is indicated by its present form. We have often been urged to judge it in that character; to be content with it as a *beginning*; or, at least, not to criticize it as if it pretended to be final.

This most assuredly is a reasonable demand. But something remains to be added. Before we can accept the League as a beginning, we must know the end which is thus begun. We need to be assured that the road has been cut in the right direction, even though, so far, it has been cut only a yard or two.

The beginning, then, *of what*? A clear answer should be given to that question, for a confused answer is almost worse than none at all. Whatever else may be left uncertain in our preparations for a long journey, the point we intend to reach at the end of it should be defined without the least ambiguity. The North Pole may be a difficult spot to find, and many ups and downs will have to be encountered before we

get there; but no one could say that a right beginning had been made in our search so long as a doubt remained as to whether it was the North Pole or the South Pole that was to be the end of the expedition. So, too, a person who asks me to be content with the League of Nations as a beginning, but leaves me in the dark as to the final result which is to issue from this first attempt, makes upon me a demand which I cannot fulfill. The question is as necessary as it is natural. The beginning of what?

The question can be answered without much difficulty; indeed, the answer is actually present, although perhaps vaguely present, in the minds of those who ask it. The end, of which the League is the beginning, is *the ultimate unification of the whole human race into a single family, organic group, or community*. This may be immensely distant; it may seem when we contemplate it to be an impossible dream; but, if we are in earnest, nothing less than this will bring our thoughts to the true *end* of which the League of Nations is the *beginning*.

If all the League can accomplish when fully developed is to combine a very large portion of the human race, say all the inhabitants of the European Continent, into a single community, while leaving another equally large group, say the inhabitants of Asia, confronting the first and possibly hostile to it, then I should say that a

league which is going to stop at that point cannot be satisfactory, even as a beginning. Indeed, there are good reasons to think that such a result would create a more dangerous state of things than that which has hitherto existed in the world. We need some assurance that the League will not stop at that point, but will continue its growth, until in the last issue it has left no group of nations, either large or small, outside its orbit. If the League is the beginning of *this*, well and good. If it is the beginning only of the lesser thing, it has not begun well.

About this all parties will probably be agreed — namely, that nothing less than the final unification of the entire human race can answer the question we have asked — the beginning of *what*?

The next step is to examine this conception — that of a finally unified community of mankind. On the one hand, it is a conception or ideal which we cannot, and dare not, let go; because we shall find, if we do, that all our social reforms, including the League of Nations itself, turn out on examination to be 'roads to nowhere.' On the other hand, the conception is so vast in its implications that we almost shrink from speaking of it, lest we should be condemned as dreamers. Before we could come in sight of so great a consummation, a thousand problems which have baffled the wit of man for ages would have to be solved. Immense transformations would have to take place, both in national and in individual character. Innumerable prejudices would have to die. The whole world would have to change its habits, abandon some of its leading motives, and acquire new ones in their place. The American or the Englishman would have to be a very different person from anyone in either nation who now happens to be reading this article; for I greatly

doubt if either my reader or myself, much as we both may desire world-citizenship, is qualified at present to play his part as a citizen in a world-wide city. We should prove too troublesome to our fellow citizens and should need to be repressed. At least, I am very sure that I should. I detect in myself many tendencies, alike of thought, action, and feeling which would make me, being the man I now am, strangely at odds with such an environment. For instance, under no circumstances that I can conceive would I be a party to hauling down the British flag in any considerable region of the world where it now floats; and if I saw an American hauling down *his* flag, I should despise him. That would not do for citizenship of the world.

The same would be found true in all nations, in all races. The Chinaman, for example, would not be the kind of individual we now encounter on the quays of Shanghai. Such a Chinaman is almost as unfit to be a citizen of the world as I am myself. And not only should we — Americans, English, and Chinese — have to be morally changed: we should have to be intellectually enlarged. Even as it is, our intellectual powers are scarcely equal to dealing with the complexities of the relatively limited societies to which we now belong. We are constantly making mistakes, which lead to serious consequences, *through sheer inability to cope with the immensity of the problems before us* — because our intellects are out-matched by the obscure, subtle, complex, and baffling conditions of social life, even on the national scale. How vastly more complex these problems would become if we had to deal with them on the international scale! Before we could adapt our minds to the vast scope of the business before us, we should need an almost unimaginable increase of intellectual power; not a

mere increase of knowledge, though that would be necessary, but also of the power to deal with knowledge after it has been acquired.

In short, we may say, and that without hesitation, that the community of mankind could not be formed out of such men as now exist anywhere on the earth. The human material for such a community is lacking. In the first place, neither our intellect nor our knowledge is equal to drawing up a code of laws which would be universally applicable to all mankind — we should lack the legislators. Secondly, even if the legislators were forthcoming, the task of administering the laws with a just regard to the interests of the whole human race is far beyond any powers we at present possess. Thirdly, even if we had both competent legislators and competent administrators, it is doubtful if we could find anywhere, at present, a race or a nation which could be trusted to *submit* to universal legislation, when this required it to sacrifice its own interests to the interests of mankind at large. To this may be added a fourth inability, which is not strictly in line with the other three, but which illustrates them all, namely, that no means exists of coping with the widespread disobedience that would unquestionably arise if the attempt were made to impose universal legislation on the many immature nations which now exist on the earth.

These considerations alone, to which many others might be added, are enough to suggest the immense and radical changes that would have to be effected in all the races of man, white, yellow, and black, and in the white perhaps most of all, before we should come in sight of the conditions on which could be erected an organized community of mankind.

Thus we are confronted with a difficulty — or, rather, with a serious

dilemma. On the one hand, we are bound to retain our ideal of an ultimate unity of mankind, if we are to give any reason for the social faith that is in us. On the other hand, we can retain this ideal only at the cost of being condemned, perhaps by our own judgment, as 'unpractical dreamers.' If we let the ideal go, we find that all our beginnings lack an end; and the question 'beginning of what?' remains unanswered. If we assert the ideal, we assert what is eminently unpractical, in the sense in which 'practical' is now almost universally interpreted, that, namely, of the probability that we could win an election on the basis proposed.

II

Leaving aside for the moment the question how we may escape from this dilemma, let us come to a definition. The idea of a universal community of the human race is the moving spring of the international mind. Wherever this idea and the desire for its realization exist, there and there only can we say that the international mind has come into being. I must refuse to give the name to the *partial* internationalisms, of which so many varieties exist at the present time. Some of these are disguised schemes of domination, 'Concerts of Power' baptized with new names. Some obliterate old lines of division between the nations, but at the same time, perhaps without intending it, draw new ones; and the new ones they draw may be more dangerous than the old ones they obliterate.

On one condition only can we allow that these partial internationalisms betray the international mind: that is, in the rare instances where they are evident approaches to, or foreshadowings of, that *complete* internationalism which demands a universal community. Internationalism, if stopped short at one

of its partial realizations, and without promise of further development, is worse than no internationalism at all. A policy, for example, which would unify the white races on principles that the yellow races could not assimilate would be a most dangerous and desperate venture — one quite out of line with the ideal which a complete internationalism affirms. The international mind is not to be satisfied with any of these arrested forms, not even with those that point to groupings or communities much *larger* than any which now exist. It demands the complete thing, and will not be content with anything less — except, indeed, it be offered as an obvious first installment of an all-inclusive unification.

It is important that we should linger for a little over these partial internationalisms, because our study of them will prove suggestive when we come to the question of escaping from our dilemma. All of them have one feature in common. They aim at federating some group of nations *on political lines*. The political aspect of these federations is the essential feature of them. Some would be content with a union of Great Britain and America; others demand a union of the leading European states; others, of *all* the European states; others, of the European States *plus* America; others add certain Asiatic nations, and so on.

These differences are not important to our present purpose. What is important is the common element that pervades them all, namely, this: that they all accept the *political* model as the goal of their efforts, all express themselves in political terms, make use of political methods, set up political machinery. The new community embraced in the scheme, whether composed of two nations or twenty, will be before all else a political community — to be described in terms of the consti-

tution or treaty that defines its form, of the councils or parliaments that control its affairs, of the laws enacted, of the courts set up to administer the laws, of the police or other forces made use of to command obedience — all of them political features. Political thinking dominates these proposals from first to last. Political habits of mind are everywhere in evidence. The persons who take the lead are statesmen; the persons to be intrusted with the schemes when set on foot are politicians or diplomats; the persons who write books and articles about them are those who have graduated in the philosophy of politics; the press which discusses them from day to day is mainly a political instrument. Moreover, the conception of man which runs through all this is that of *a being who needs to be governed*, which is essentially a political conception — a true conception as far as it goes, but a very inadequate expression of human nature. The question at issue is always that of governing men in some larger mass, or more inclusive grouping, than now exists; 'the political man' playing much the same part in these discussions that the 'economic man' once played in a now discredited social philosophy. Rarely, if ever, does the mind which is occupied with these things escape effectively from the political rut.

There is, indeed, one word which strikes the keynote of all these undertakings. It is the word 'policy,' which formed the subject of my last article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.¹ I will hazard the guess that there is no abstract noun in the English language which appears so often in print as this word policy. As an experiment, let the reader count up the number of times it is used in a single issue of any leading daily newspaper. The only other word

¹ 'The Degradation of Policy,' September, 1919.

that can compare with it in this respect is 'money.' This word policy seems to sum up, to symbolize, the whole body of ideas, habits of mind, and methods of working with which these partial internationalisms embark upon their business. What they are engaged upon is the grouping of a number of existing states into some kind of federation, which shall resemble the existing states in being essentially political, and differ from them only in being larger and more inclusive.

III

Now what is the political state which partial internationalism takes for its model? I shall not enter into a lengthy discussion of its nature. Enough for my present purpose that the political state is one of many forms of association, one of many forms of community life, which the human race has found useful in helping it to keep and improve its footing on this planet. I have nothing whatever to say against it, and am in no way concerned to belittle its value. It appears to be a necessity imposed upon us, but imposed rather by our vices than by our virtues. The point to which I would call attention is, that among the many valuable forms of human association the political state is *just one and no more than one*. There are scores of others which, on their own ground and for their own purpose, are just as valuable as the political state is on its ground and for its purpose. I instance the family as one of them, a type of community life, admittedly of the highest value, but certainly not political in its structure, although no doubt it has a political background.

As the political state is not the only form, so neither is it, necessarily, the final form which the community of mankind is destined to assume. It may be so; though personally I should

feel a tinge of regret and indeed more than a tinge, if I were driven to conclude that the City of God, or the New Jerusalem, is to be only a larger and all-inclusive version of the political state as we are now familiar with it. Admirable as these political states may be for the purposes they now serve, their structure is not adapted for the ultimate unification of mankind. The fact that the political state has shown itself highly efficient in welding together enormous masses of human beings in different parts of the globe does not prove that it will be equally efficient when the final problem arises of bringing all these masses into brotherly relations one with another. At all events, among the manifold forms of community life now in existence, there are others, besides the political state, which are worthy of examination. Some of them may turn out to be more promising as models for that final unification of mankind which is the moving idea of the international mind.

But before we consider these other models, I will mention briefly why the political state, admirable as it is for its own purpose, should not be allowed to obsess our minds when the final synthesis of the human family is in question.

The first reason is that all political states are unstable and precarious structures; some of course much more so than others, but all in some degree. Within the last five years three great empires have gone to pieces, and though the British Empire is said to have emerged stronger than ever, this must not be taken to mean that the British Empire is by nature immortal or immune from decay. There is no example in history of a political state which has not required the greatest efforts and sacrifices to maintain it in existence; they have all proved difficult to keep alive; and, in spite of the efforts that

have been made to preserve them intact, the number of those that have had a long history is small compared with the number whose history has been short. Political states are eminently perishable things; and it is important to note that great states have proved themselves more perishable than little ones. The question then arises whether a world-wide political state would be less perishable than its more limited predecessors; for I take it that, unless it were much more stable than they have been, it would not satisfy the aspirations of the international mind.

One cause of instability would at all events disappear from the world-state — that, namely, which comes from foreign aggression. In a world-state there would be no foreigners, unless, indeed, it could be invaded from another planet. On the other hand, the dangers of disruption through internal dissensions would be enormously increased. The inconceivable number of divergent interests to be coördinated into one system would create a task for superhuman wisdom and skill; and even if we imagine them coördinated for the time being, which is not theoretically impossible, the problem of keeping them coördinated, of maintaining the balance through long periods of time, is certainly beyond any powers now to be found in the human race. If we imagine our world-state to be composed of men or of races at all resembling those that now exist on the earth, it is certain that the internal tension would be enormous. The principal occupation of such a state would be, if I may say so, that of resisting its own tendency to burst, or at least to split, and I am wholly unable to imagine by what means the tendency could be resisted for very long. In short, the danger of foreign war would be replaced by the greater danger of civil

war. For this reason alone I conclude that the existence of a world-state would be more and not less precarious than that of any state with which we are so far acquainted.

Another reason pointing to the same conclusion is one to which due weight is seldom given in these speculations. All the existing states of the world, even the most pacific, are to a much greater extent than is commonly realized, *war-made* creations. Not only have their large outlines been determined by conquest, but their social structure, their modes of government, their habits of life, their economic conditions betray, at almost any point we choose to examine, the moulding influence of war. All this is deeply reflected in the psychology of nations. With a few possible exceptions, the nations of the world conceive of themselves in the last resort as fighting units. Whatever other meaning they may attach to nationality, — and of course there are many others, — there comes sooner or later a point where each nation thinks of itself in war-like terms. The reason why it does so lies in its history, perhaps a history of many centuries. And again, it is important to note that on the whole the warlike character is more apparent in the big states than in the little ones. One might have expected the contrary. One might have thought that, as the process of unification went on, as the political unity became larger and larger until nations were formed comprising one or two hundred million human beings, we should see a progressive diminution in their war-making characteristics. The contrary seems to be the case. It is the big states which are the great fighters, which maintain the most formidable armaments, and stand in the most dangerous relations one with another.

I am well aware that this is only one aspect of the character of a modern

state, but it is a most important aspect and by no means to be overlooked when the question arises of combining these states into yet larger federations. It is then that their fighting character begins to make difficulties, as we plainly see it doing at the present moment. These fighting units are not easy to combine into pacific wholes. There is that in the history of them all which resists the process of federation, even when federation is what the non-war-like part of their psychology desires; something that little by little changes the proposed federation, which is meant to be pacific, into an armed alliance of one kind or another.

If we put these two characteristics together, — first, the essential precariousness of the political state; second, its war-made form and martial psychology, — we have before us reasons for doubting whether the political state is altogether a good model when we are laying our plans for the future community of mankind. Certainly not a good model to have exclusively in mind, nor perhaps primarily. I will not go the length of saying that the political state has no place whatever in our speculations, and ought to be dismissed entirely. But I hope that what has been said is enough, I must not say to prove, but to gain interest in my main contention, which is this: that the international mind must refuse to tie itself down to the political model if *that alone* would solve its problem. The internationalist must hold himself free, at this point, to consider the claims of other models of community life, of which there are many, and to examine them all impartially. Perhaps he will find among them one or more, capable of a world-wide development, which, if developed on a world-wide scale, would bring him nearer than the political state can ever do to the final unification of mankind.

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We need some means of promoting internationalism which will not bring us, as our present methods are doing, into immediate and fatal collision with the principle of nationality, everywhere active and powerful. As everybody knows, or ought to have learned by this time, nationality blocks the way: blocks it with innumerable questions of sovereign rights, which is a political difficulty; blocks it with the resolute demand of every mature nation to be the guardian of its own honor, which is a moral difficulty; *vide* the recent action of the Senate of the United States.

But is there no way round this formidable obstacle, which, in the meantime, may be left standing and unchallenged? There is.

The way round is, indeed, a long one, but a long way which leads to our goal is better than a short one which leads to a bottomless abyss. And may we not take it as axiomatic that no short cut exists to the goal which the international mind is determined to achieve?

IV

I proceed, then, to enumerate some of these other models of community life which the internationalist should study; not, indeed, assuming that any one of them, by itself, will provide him with a perfect type of what he is seeking, but yet suggesting that each will give him some hint of a working principle, and that, by combining the principles that he learns from all of them, he will be able to evolve a positive plan of operations.

1. The Trade-Union — or the Community of Labor.
2. The Friendly Society — or the Community of Insurance.
3. The University — or the Community of Learning.
4. The Guild of Fine Arts — or the Community of Excellence.

5. The Social Club — or the Community of Friendship.

6. The Church — or the Community of Faith.

7. The Family — or the Community of Love.

To these seven I will add an eighth — by way of showing that I do not wish to exclude it, but only to put it in its proper place. The eighth is the Political State, which is the Community of Government.

The plan of operations which I propose to recommend, as the true programme of internationalism, begins its activities on lines suggested by the first seven of these models and ends with the activities suggested by the eighth. It differs, therefore, from the plans now most in favor, not by excluding political activity, but by leaving it to the last. It differs yet more widely from the type of internationalism which thinks exclusively in political terms and is incapable of thinking in any others. The difference is one of method, not of aim or of principle. The aim is still the fraternity of the nations; the principle is that of reciprocal good-will. But the order of procedure is turned round, that being taken last which is usually taken first, and the first last.

Let us, then, take a glance at the seven models of community life — a glance only; to do them full justice, a volume would have to be devoted to each.

1. *The Trade-Union, or Community of Labor.* The principle of trade-unionism is collective bargaining. I suggest the extension and development of collective bargaining on international lines. This process has long been recognized in commercial treaties and otherwise, but is capable of being carried very much further. The interchange of products between different countries, known as import and export, now a

most complicated and wasteful operation, might gradually be reduced to a series of summary bargains between the countries concerned; these bargains to be conducted by constituted bodies in which labor would be represented along with capital, and the consumer with the producer. For example, the exchange of American wheat against the manufactured products of Manchester or Bradford, which now involves thousands of transactions, would then be effected by a relatively small group of transactions, or, conceivably, by one. It would be in principle a collective bargain between American farmers and English manufacturers. The working out of such a scheme is, of course, a matter for expert science, as are nearly all the other matters to which I shall refer; but the data are actually in existence which render a gradual solution within the bounds of possibility.

I pause at this point to deal with an objection. It may be said that we are here on low ground, that bargaining is a mercenary process which should be ended rather than mended. I should be sorry to think so. A sounder view is that of Richard Cobden, who held that the *ideal bargain* is one of the most effective means in existence of reconciling the conflicting interests of men. A fraudulent bargain is among the worst things in the world; an honest bargain is among the best. It marks the end of a conflict and the beginning of a partnership. It is the creation of a common interest out of two interests originally divergent, or at least separate. Ideal bargaining promotes coöperation, and even friendship, between individuals and between nations. The more collective it becomes, the more does it approach its ideal form.

Great as are the advances that have been made up to date in the art of bargaining, it still remains susceptible

of immense development. In certain directions it has reached already a high degree of perfection, as in the best practice of banking. But even here there are openings for international extension. For example, there is no reason, none at least in theory, why the nations should not create an International Bank, which would do for the credit of all nations what the Bank of England does in sustaining the credit of the British Empire. An International Bank would enormously facilitate collective bargaining on a large scale, and would be a great step forward toward unity of purpose in the general life of industrial civilization. Indeed, were the choice given me at this moment between an International Bank and a purely political League of Nations, I will go so far as to say that my vote would be given, without hesitation, for the International Bank as the surer means of achieving the end we all have in view.

2. *The Friendly Society, or Community of Insurance.*¹ The principle of a community of insurance is that of bearing one another's burdens, which most people will agree has something to do with the Kingdom of God. The characteristics of such a community — you may find them in any fire or life insurance company you choose to think of — are that the insuring members respect each other's rights, guard each other's property, and desire each other's welfare. Here again a number of divergent interests are combined into a common interest. The burdens are pooled, the risks are combined, and both burden and risk are so distributed as enormously to diminish the hardships of human life. Imagine that extended to the international scale — the burdens of the nations so pooled, their risks so combined, as to

make it the interest of each nation to respect the others' rights, to guard the others' property, and to desire the others' welfare. The thing is not beyond the resources of actuarial science, one of the most highly developed of the sciences; and again I say that at this point I would rather trust the fortunes of internationalism to the actuaries, who have a science, than to the politicians, who have none.

At the present moment, for example, most of the nations engaged in the late war are staggering under an enormous burden of debt. For some nations the burden is so crushing that it cannot be separately borne; and since in these matters the credit of all nations is closely interlocked, the impending bankruptcy of some threatens the solvency of all. But while many of them cannot be borne singly, they can all be borne in common. Nay, they ought to be borne in common — for reasons on which I cannot enter now. Nay, more, they will be borne in common before some of us are in our graves — if only for the reason that the alternative to bearing them in common is a disaster which will involve them all.

The principles on which this can be done are those I have named. A new community of insurance is foreshadowed — a Friendly Society on the international scale. Whether it would deal first with the danger of bankruptcy, which is the outstanding danger of the world at the moment, or with the danger of war, or with any other of the many risks which the nations run in common, need not occupy us now. Enough that, if the method were applied to any one of these risks, it would rapidly extend to others; and, in so doing, would spread a network of equitable, humane, and scientifically exact relations over the face of the earth.

¹ I owe all this, of course, to the late Professor Royce. — THE AUTHOR.

3. *The University, or Community of Learning.* The principle here is the universalism of knowledge, the catholicity of truth. In the world of knowledge, communism is a natural law. Rank, status, race, nationality count for nothing. Whatever you have, you give; and you gain more by sharing it with others. Here there is no mine or thine, but only mine and thine; for nothing is mine unless it is thine also. Internationalize that. Let every university become, so far as it can, what all universities were in bygone ages, international. Interchange your teachers, interchange your students, and see that workingmen form a large part of them. The universities of the world are for the internationalist a huge undeveloped estate. They are full of possibilities, pointing in the direction of coöperative effort, among the men of all nations, to extend the field of knowledge, to distribute its splendid products, and to ensure that these shall be applied, not, as they have been so largely heretofore, to purposes of mutual destruction, but to the promotion of the common good. Until a seat of learning has become international, its claim to be called a university is hardly complete; for it is not universal.

4. *The Guild of Fine Arts, or Community of Excellence.* The principle here is the value of good workmanship, both for the products it yields and for the education of those who produce it. What a Guild of Fine Arts sets out to achieve is not quantity, but quality. *There is no reason why the whole industrial world, this world of factories and 'goods' which are not always good, should not become, in its distant and ultimate issue, a Community of Excellence.*

There are two kinds of labor. There is one kind which is mere drudgery, a curse, an evil to be compensated by wages, a thing of which you must say that the less a man has of it, the better

it is for the man. This is the kind which is most plentiful in the world at the present moment, and because there is so much of it we have what is known as the 'Labor Problem.' But there is another kind which is creative and, delightful, a privilege, an education, a thing of which the more a man has, the better it is for him. That is true labor, that is labor as it should be, and the greatest need of our times is to foster and increase it, thereby gradually diminishing that other kind, which is a burden and a misfortune to all who perform it, no matter how highly they may be paid for so doing. Whenever a man appears in any nation who has that aim, let him be hailed as a brother in arms by every other man who has the same aim. Let all such work together across the bounds of nationality; let the international labor movement concentrate on Excellence, on increasing the labor which is a blessing and diminishing that which is a curse; let them lay the foundations of a world-wide Labor Party whose motto shall be, not, as now, 'the minimum of work and the maximum of pay,' but rather *'that every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out at the end of it.'* Here, also, are immense possibilities which internationalism, up to now, has hardly touched. When nations compete for quantity, their competition makes them enemies; when nations compete for quality, their competition makes them friends.

5. *The Social Club, or Community of Friendship.* The principle is the value of personal intercourse on common ground. The antithesis of the club is the modern hotel, where you are known, not by your name, but by your number, and where you may remain for days in close proximity to hundreds of other 'numbers' similar to yourself — as I have done in a great New York hotel, in the midst of the most hospitable

nation on the face of the earth, without exchanging one friendly word with another being in the huge building.

What kind of international activity, then, does the Social Club suggest? Let no man smile when he hears the answer. It suggests a thorough reform of the habits and conditions of modern travel. The habits of the modern traveler might have been acquired for the express purpose of preventing men of different nations from getting to know one another. I have known men who have spent years in traveling, visiting half the countries in the world, and have not made a single *friend* in any one of them; ignorant of any language but their own, and often speaking that in a manner which the foreign linguist cannot understand; treated by the inhabitants of the countries they passed through as mere goods in transit, or as perambulating money-bags to be duly drained; gazed at as moving curiosities; staying in hundreds of hotels, but never passing a night under any hospitable roof; foreigners more foreign than if they had stayed at home.

I confess that I know not precisely how this astonishing evil is to be remedied. Perhaps the most one can do, at the moment, is to call attention to its existence, and thereby challenge the inventiveness of ingenious minds. It seems a vain thing to hope that the old customs of international hospitality — as they prevailed in the days of Erasmus and Colet, when travelers in foreign lands really 'got to know' the people among whom they traveled — will ever be revived in this age of view-hunting and big hotels. But fancy sometimes plays with the thought that, as civilization becomes humane and intelligent, the entertainment of the foreigner will be recognized as a public duty. If it were possible — I suppose it is impossible, but there is no harm in playing with these fancies — to set

some movement on foot which would ensure that a friendly door should always be open to the stranger in the community he is visiting, and a welcome given him to some family circle, it would do more to promote international understanding on both sides than many schemes that have been portentously discussed.

6. Lastly, we come to the Church, the most important of all the non-political models we have to study, the one that has the closest bearing on our problem, and is at the same time the most difficult to understand aright.

The Church is the Community of Faith, and the principle at work within it is the Spirit. It differs from all the other communities I have named in being essentially *invisible*. No visible embodiment of it on the earth can do more than give a hint of its true nature. Or, we may say, the invisible part of it must always remain of vastly greater importance than the visible. Neither in the institutions it sets up, nor in the dogmas it teaches, nor in the ritual it follows, is the true nature of the Church fully revealed. When we hear it named, we think of sacred buildings, of priesthoods, of doctrines, of rites, of Sunday observances, of congregations saying their prayers or listening to sermons. But the Church-model is built on much deeper ground than that. It lies in a world which is not only invisible now, but is destined to remain invisible forever — the world of ultimate reality, where men are united with one another, not by any outward bond or formal compact, but by the fact that each in his place and station is loyal to the Highest. The Church is the invisible community of all such.

Of all the ties that bind men together this is by far the strongest. Compared with it the political state, the League of Nations, nay, the visible churches themselves, are things of a day. The

members of this invisible Church may be unknown to one another by face or by name — how can it be otherwise, when they are to be counted by millions, and include the dead as well as the living? And yet it is literally true that they love one another with a love against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. *They are always finding one another out.* Place them where you will, among Jews or Greeks, bond or free, circumcision or uncircumcision, these faithful souls will reciprocally discover one another, and a new link will be forged in the invisible bond which binds the many into the one.

This is the ultimate formula of internationalism — to develop the secret affinities which enable the faithful in all nations to find one another out, and to realize their community in the very act of so doing, without negotiations, without compact, and without oath. In this sense, but in no sense more restricted than this, the Church is the final model of community life. It includes and explains all the others of which I have spoken. The Community of Labor, the Community of Insurance, the Community of Excellence, the Community of Learning, the Community of Friendship, are all means of bringing mankind together on lower planes in order that, at the last, they may *find one another out* in the invisible community of faithful souls. And when this has been done we reach that highest form of human organization, which is at the same time the simplest, the last on my list as it was also the first, of which I shall only say that it consists of the Family, or the Community of Love.

Our last step has brought us to the essence of the international mind. The international mind is a religion, which has room within its ample bosom for all the religions, but is itself identical with no one of them.

V

In conclusion, and by way of summing up, I ask the reader to exercise his imagination. Let him imagine the nations of the world, or even the chief of them, engaging in the six positive activities I have described, say for one generation. Take one by one the various models of community life I have named; pick out from each those of its features which are capable of international extension, and then suppose that concerted efforts are being made all round to establish community of labor, community of bargaining, community of insurance, community of excellence, community of learning, community of friendship — and as the last product of them all, community of faith. What do we see? We see a rapid consolidation of human interests, a continual drawing together of mankind for a united struggle against the adverse forces of Nature, and, therewith, a steady growth of mutual understanding, mutual respect, mutual helpfulness among all nations. We see the passing away of innumerable conflicts, cross-purposes, and absurd misunderstandings. We see, moreover, that an immense process of *education* is going forward — every one of the activities we have set on foot effectively teaching some great lesson of international ethics, the total result of which is to train men, not by ones or twos or twenties, but by millions, to become citizens of the world.

We see something more important still, which touches vitally on what has been said about the Political State, or Community of Government. I remarked at the beginning, and would repeat at the end, that with such human material as now exists on this planet the proposition of world-government is altogether unmanageable. The intelligence required to frame its

constitution, the foresight to enact its laws, the means to enforce the laws even if enacted, do not exist. But if we imagine the nations pushing forward on the other lines, following the other models, we see at the same time that this problem of government is gradually simplifying itself, gradually diminishing in gravity with every fresh step that is made toward solidarity in the other forms. We are preparing the ground, we are educating the human material, we are narrowing the area of possible conflict, we are introducing conditions which render political federation a relatively easy thing compared with what it is at this moment.

A league of nations, even a partial league, *on political lines*, — the only form, alas, in which people now think of it, — is an enormously complex and dangerous affair. Who can doubt it? You may find twenty nations that are willing to set it up; but where will you find one that is honestly willing to submit to its authority after it has been set up? America supported the League so long as the question was merely that of setting up the new discipline; but as soon as she realized the precise discipline to which she herself would have to submit, she withdrew. *In the same manner every one of the other consenting powers will withdraw the moment it is called upon to enforce the ideal of the League against itself.*

This alone is enough to reveal the insuperable difficulties that arise when community of government is insisted on as the first step toward the community life of mankind. But the difficulties vanish when we place that step at the other end. I ask only for one generation of international effort on the lines indicated by the six models. By the end of that time we should have to deal with a set of conditions wholly different from those which now confront

us. We should have a better human material to work upon; new moral forces would have sprung into being; the number of conflicting interests to be reconciled would have shrunk to a more manageable quantity. The political measures needed to secure the peace of the world would then assume a relatively simple form. Nay, we might even find that the other unities which had sprung into being were so strong, and so entirely pacific in their action, that world-government was no longer needed in any shape, beyond that of a formal ratification of an existing fraternity.

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that the non-political models of community life have immense value for the international mind. I plead for their importance and I plead for their priority. It is they that provide a way round that formidable obstacle of nationality, which blocks the way, and has, I think, a full right to block the way, in an age as incapable as ours is of a genuine world-citizenship. It is they that promise an education in international ethics, for want of which political internationalism is even now dashing itself to pieces. It is they that enable us to counter the psychological causes of human strife, and liberate the psychological forces which alone can reconcile them.

Such a mode of action would betray just that blending of idealism and realism which moves the mountains. Neither realism nor idealism taken separately will carry us far toward the goal which the international mind is bent on achieving. It is the realist who bids us be content with the present League of Nations *as a beginning*. It is the idealist who asks — the beginning of *what*? The two need to be combined. In combination they will be found irresistible.

THE THIRD WINDOW. II

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

THEY were sitting next day in a sunny hollow of the moors. Above their heads the spring air was chill, and as they walked they had felt the wind; but, sunken in this little sheltered cup, summer was almost with them, and the grass and heather exhaled a summer fragrance.

Bevis had insisted on the walk, saying that he could manage it perfectly; and indeed they were half a mile from the house before he had owned that they had gone far enough for his strength — a little too far, he was aware, as they sank down on the grass; and he was sorry, for he knew from Antonia's face that she was going to talk to him, and that all his strength and resource would not be too much for the interview.

'I've been thinking, Bevis,' she began at once, sitting a little below him, her hands clasped round her knees. 'I want to tell you everything. In the first place, let me be quite straight. I do love you,' she said, without looking round at him. 'I am in love with you.'

'Yes,' he assented.

'What happened yesterday morning could n't have happened had I not been,' she defined for herself. 'Not that I mean it exonerates me.'

'Or me?'

'You don't need exoneration. You are not unfaithful.'

'No; I'm not unfaithful, and I don't think you are. But go on.'

She paused for a moment as if his assurance hurt rather than helped her.

'That is what it all comes back to, for me, Bevis. Am I unfaithful? If Malcolm were alive, I should be.'

'If Malcolm were alive, you would n't be in love with me,' he set her straight.

'I'm so glad you see that and believe it,' she murmured, while he saw the slow flush in her cheek. 'That's one of the things I most wanted to make clear.'

'You had no need to, my dear girl. I know how it was with you and Malcolm.'

'You know. You remember. Yes.' She drew a deep breath. He had comforted her. 'So, you see, I'm only in love with you because he is n't here any longer. If he were here, I could n't love any one but him.' She stopped for a moment. 'Bevis, that is what it comes to. Is he here?'

'Here? How do you mean?' the young man asked.

'Are we immortal? Do we survive death? Does Malcolm, somewhere, still love me?'

She kept her face turned from him, and he was aware that he felt her questions irrelevant, and that this was wrong of him, or, perhaps, came of his being tired. Or perhaps it came from the fact that the soft edges and tips of Antonia's averted profile, soft yet so clear, shadowed yet so pale, against the sky, were more relevant than any such questions.

He looked away from her, calling himself to order, and then, in a different

voice, — for, though he still felt her questions irrelevant, he was able to think of them, — he said, 'I see.'

What he seemed first to see was himself as he had been not many years ago, a youth in his rooms at Oxford. Books piled beside him, a pipe between his teeth, he saw himself staring into the fire, while, in a sad yet pleasant perplexity, he had brooded on such questions. Body and soul; appearance and reality; the temporal and the eternal consciousness — the old words chimed in his brain. Then came a swift memory of Antonia and himself dancing the tango in London; and then the memory of the dead face of a little French *poilu* he had come upon one evening in France, by the roadside, a face sweet and child-like. How many dead faces he had seen since he had danced the tango with Antonia, and how wraith-like, beside the agonies he had since passed through, were the mental disciplines and distractions of his studious youth! Yet it all held together. It was because of the agonies that the answers had come.

Antonia's voice broke in upon his reverie and his eyes were brought back to her. 'Help me, Bevis,' she said.

Something in that made him dimly smile. 'Help you in what way, my dear girl? Which do you want most — to have me and to believe that Malcolm does n't exist any longer; or to believe him immortal and to lose me?'

He had not meant to be cruel; he was placing the dilemma before himself as well as her; but he saw that he had been, when her slow, helpless gaze of pain turned upon him and her eyes filled with tears.

'Why do you always show me that I must despise myself?' she said. 'How can I know what I want?'

'Dear Tony,' he said gently, 'what you want, what you really want, is me; and I don't despise you for that.'

'Oh — it's not so simple, Bevis; oh,

it's not! I want you; but if he were here, I'd go to him and leave you without a pang.'

'No, you would n't.' He smiled grimly. 'You'd leave me, of course, because he has been far more in your life than I have — and he is your husband. But it would n't be without a pang.'

'With a pang, then'; she was brave and faced it. 'But that would pass when I had told him everything and been forgiven. Malcolm, I know, would forgive me.'

'I should rather say he would!' Still the young man laughed a little grimly. 'Why should n't he? If a man returns from the dead, he must expect to find that the world has gone on without him, must n't he? After all, Tony dear, Malcolm has n't merely gone to Australia or Patagonia; he's dead; and that does make a difference.'

She was the most generous and unresentful of creatures. A warm flood of recognition filled him as he saw how he still hurt her and how she took it. And he was harsh and crabbed. He had always had an ironic tongue and an ironic eye for reality, in himself and in others. And now, entangled in his own passion and in the web of her dreams and difficulties, he recognized something perfidious in his nature, something which, while it adored her, yet found pleasure, or relief, in dealing her now and then, as a punishment for what she made him suffer, the light lash of his unentangled and passionless perception. And who was he, to lash Tony?

'Forgive me,' he said, leaning over and looking down at her. 'I am a brute, as I told you. Why am I not merely grateful to you for loving anyone so useless? I'll help you in any way I can, Tony. What do you really want to ask me? Perhaps what makes me so odious to you is that I've got no help for you.'

Perhaps it was. A shrinking from the issue she put before him had been in

him from the first. And poor Tony did not suspect what he meant; did not, for all her attempt at clearness, see in what way she really wanted him to help her.

'Please, please do,' she said. 'Try to be gentle and to understand. I'll go by what you say. So there it is: do *you* believe in immortality, Bevis?'

There it was, indeed, and no wonder he had shrunk. If it had come to him as a test before the war, how easy it would have been, with a sincerity sad for all its personal gain, to say, 'I don't know, I really don't know what I believe, darling; but it does n't seem to me at all likely.' But now, leaning over her, still looking at her, he had to answer in the only verbal form that fitted with his thought; and as he did so, he felt himself grow pale. 'Yes,' he said; 'I do believe in immortality, Tony.'

She, too, then, grew very pale. It was as he had foreseen. She had not really believed. It had only been a haunting dream. And her hope had been that he would tell her that to him, too, it was only a dream. Poor child! Poor, poor, child! And poor Malcolm. Was it with this face he was welcomed back among the realities of her world?

She continued to look at him in silence, taking it all in, with a trust, an acceptance, pitiful, indeed; and suddenly, seeing in her despair his full justification, he took her into his arms — was it to comfort, or to claim her, against his conviction and her despair?

'My darling,' he said, pressing his head against hers, 'it can't part us. It shan't part us. I won't let you destroy your life and mine.'

She had, piteously, put her arms around his neck, and she clung to him like a frightened child.

'Listen, dearest,' he said; 'when I say it, I don't mean it in the way you feel and fear it. I don't know how to say what I believe. It does n't go into words. But it all means love. That's

what I've come to know. I can't explain how. It came to me, one night, in a sort of inner vision, Tony, after dreadful things had happened — over there, you know. But he is safe, and we are safe. We are all held round by love. That's what I believe, Tony. It's God that makes the meaning of immortality, not immortality that makes the meaning of life.'

Nothing, he knew it as he held her, could ever bring them nearer than this moment. He had never in his life been so near any creature. Never in his life could he have believed himself capable of uttering such words. It was doing himself a violence to utter them, yet sweet to do himself the violence for her; and as if he had cut out his heart to show it to her, it seemed to him that it must bring her his conviction, must light faith in her from the flame it bared.

But, in the silence that followed, and as she still clung to him, his child and not his lover, it came to him that he had lighted nothing.

'But he's there,' she said. 'He knows and feels and suffers, still, if he's there.'

'I don't believe he suffers. I believe that our love, here, in the world he's left, may be joy, not sorrow, to him.'

Now he was using words; he had fallen back into the world of words. This was not the light he had tried to show her.

'But you can't believe it in the way you believe the other,' she said. 'If love is around us there, it's around us here, too; yet people suffer terribly. They may go on suffering terribly when they are gone. You can't know what they feel when they are gone, Bevis.'

'No; I can't know.'

Everything had crumbled. He knew his faith, but he no longer felt it. And her fear, too, had its infecting power. A pang did stir his heart.

'If it's still Malcolm, he must still love me, must n't he? We did so love

each other, Bevis! though you may say I have forgotten him.'

'No, no, you have not forgotten him.'

'But must he not be waiting for me, then? Wanting me? And has n't love like that something special and unshareable? Oh, you know it has. It must be two, it can't be three. How could I go to him, with you? Which one would be my other self? You know you could not share me. We could not hold each other, like this, and love each other, if Malcolm stood before us now.'

'I know,' he said; and his deep fatigue was in his voice. 'Perhaps one must accept that there is loss and suffering always. Perhaps Malcolm does grieve to see you with me. Who can tell? I can't. All I can say, Tony, is that, if you felt him so near and real that my love could only hurt you, I'd go away and leave you in peace. But it's not like that. It would n't be to leave you in peace. You could n't bear to have me go. Something quite different has happened. You've fallen in love with me.'

She sat silent in his arms, her head still leaning on his shoulder, and he knew from her slow, careful breathing that she was intently thinking and that he had not helped her. If only he had not been so tired to begin with! Perhaps he might have found something more. But he was now horribly tired, and his artificial leg began to pull at him; and though he sat very still, she must at last have guessed at his growing exhaustion, for, raising herself, she drew away, saying, in a dulled and gentle voice, 'Shall we walk back? Your leg must be getting stiff.'

He took her hand, as she rose and stood beside him, and kissed it without speaking, and he saw that she turned her head away, then, to hide her tears.

They walked slowly up toward the house, by the winding path among the

heather. The house stood high, and they had to climb a little. Only when they drew near did she speak, and in a trembling voice.

'You've shown me all the truth. I've been unfaithful. I am unfaithful. If I'd loved him enough, if I'd loved him as he should have been loved, I could n't have fallen in love with you.'

'Perhaps,' said the young man.

'What I say to myself is this,' Antonia went on. 'If he had been alive and had gone away, as you said, to Australia or Patagonia, and during his absence I had grown fond of you and fallen in love — what I say to myself is that, of course, I should have fought against the feeling and avoided seeing you; and when he came back I should have confessed to him what had happened. And he would have forgiven me. It would make him very unhappy, but I know that Malcolm would forgive me.'

'Right you are, my dear Tony: he would. And you'd have fallen out of love with me and gone on living happily ever after.'

She ignored his jaded lightness. 'Well, is n't it like that now? Can't I do that now?'

She stopped in the little path, and her soft exhausted face dwelt on him.

'No,' said Bevis patiently, but his own exhaustion was in his voice; 'it is n't like that now. As I've said, the difference is that he won't come back; that he is dead.'

'But immortal, Bevis.'

'I believe, immortal.'

'Could n't I, in the same way, when I find him again, confess and be forgiven?'

'You'd not need to, my child.' A certain dryness was in his voice. 'He'd know all about it, I imagine; and more than you do.'

'You mean that he knows and has forgiven already?'

'He has n't much to forgive!' Bevis could not repress, with a dryer smile.

'You are unkind.'

'I know. Forgive me, Tony dear; but you are tormenting. Don't let us talk about it any more. There's nothing to be gained by it.'

'I don't mean to be tormenting. Is n't it for your sake, too?'

'I can bear more,' he laughed now, 'if you can assure me of that!'

'There may be a way out, Bevis; there may be a way out, though you can't show it to me, though I can't find it yet. But you *do* believe that everything is changed after we die? You *do* believe that it does not hurt him?' She was supplicating him.

'Yes; that's about it,' he nodded; and, glancing up at the house, as she had laid her hand on his arm, he added, 'Miss Latimer is looking out at us. Don't take your hand off quickly, all the same.'

She had not controlled herself, however, from looking round at the house, in an upper window of which they saw a curtain fall.

'It makes no difference,' she said. 'She must know why you're here. She must know I'm very fond of you.'

'Must she?'

'Why are you so cold,' she murmured, 'when I need help most of all?'

'My dear,' he said, 'I'm frightfully tired. You're twice as strong as I am. And I think you help yourself most when I don't try to help you. I'm not cold, only worn out. What I'd like,' and putting his hand within her arm, indifferent to the possible spectator, he glanced round at her with a smile half melancholy and half whimsical, 'would be to be with you in the firelight somewhere, and put my head on your breast and go to sleep, for hours and hours, held in your arms. Is that cold, Tony?'

In spite of everything, was he not, implicitly, an accepted lover? They

had faced, now, everything together, and he had shown her in a clear light the shapes of her half-seen fears. She must now, for the first time, accept such fears, fully; but might she not, as a result, find herself able to consent to them and live with them?

II

The fact of a great step taken seemed apparent when she said to him next morning, 'I talked to Cicely, last night.'

'Did you?' he answered.

She would n't, surely, have done that unless it had been to prepare Cicely for a coming change in her state. Yet he was not glad to hear that Cicely was in their counsels.

'I did n't tell her, of course, that I was in love with you and was wondering whether I might marry you,' Antonia went on; 'but I think she knows it. I said nothing about myself, really. What we talked of was immortality. I asked her what she believed.'

Bevis, at this, said nothing, knocking the ash from his cigarette with a gesture that betrayed his displeasure.

'She does n't think as you do,' said Antonia, in a carefully steady voice. 'I mean, her belief is much more definite than yours — much deeper, Bevis; for she's always believed, and you, I think, from what you said, have n't. And, oh, passionate! I can't express to you how I felt that. A white flame of certitude.'

'Ah!' the young man murmured. 'No. I've no white flames about me.'

Antonia did not pause for his irony. 'And we spoke of Malcolm, quite simply and directly. I asked her if she expected to see him again, as she knew him here, unchanged. And she does. And she told me something else. Malcolm believed like that, too. He and she talked about it — twice, she said:

once when he was hardly more than a boy, and once before he went to France, on the last night he spent here with her and his mother. He came up here to see them before saying good-bye to me in London, you know. He was sure, too. He believed that he was to see me, and her, again. Cicely cried and cried in telling me. I never saw her cry before.'

'Did Malcolm ever talk to you about it?' Bevis asked her after a moment.

She was steady while she told her story; but he had by now realized that her steadiness was not reassuring, and that he had a new factor to deal with in their situation.

'Never like that,' she said. 'I think, perhaps, he took it for granted. But I remember, in looking back, things he said that meant it.'

He recognized then, and only then, when she answered him with such unsuspecting candor, the treacherous suggestion in his question. Could he really have wanted to hint that Malcolm's deepest confidence had been given to his cousin and not to her? Could he really have hoped that a touch of spiritual jealousy might help him? How close the bond between her and her husband, how complete her trust, was further revealed to him, for his own discomfiture, as she went on:—

'And it was of me they talked that last night, Bevis—of our love for each other. Cicely was the only person in the world he could have talked to of it.'

They sat silent for a little while after that, Antonia on her settee, with idle hands, her eyes fixed before her, a new hardness in their gaze. She was this morning, he saw it clearly at last, neither the frightened child nor the helpless lover. She had withdrawn from him, and whether in coldness or control he could not tell. But it was not with her own strength she was armed. She had withdrawn in order to think, without

his help, and with the help of Miss Latimer.

'Well, what does it all come to, for you, now?' he asked; and he heard the coldness in his voice, a coldness not for her, but for the new opponent he had now to deal with.

'It makes it all more terrible, does n't it?' she said, sitting there and not looking at him.

'You mean her belief has so much more weight with you than mine?'

'Does it contradict yours?'

'You know it does; or why should things be more difficult for you this morning? I think definiteness in such matters pure illusion, and I only ask you to realize that it's easy to a simple nature like Miss Latimer's. She is unaware of the complexity of the problem.'

'You think that Malcolm, too, was so simple?'

'He was simpler than I am.'

'Was n't their definiteness, then, intuition rather than illusion? Is n't intuition easier for the simple than for the complex?'

'Intuition is n't definiteness—that's just what it is n't. As for its being easier—everything is easier, of course, to simple people.'

She was not simple—she was, like himself, complex; yet his terrible disadvantage with her was that, while too clever to be satisfied by anything she did not understand, she was too ignorant, really, to understand the cogency of what he might have found to say. Miss Latimer's simplicities would have more weight with her.

'Something must be definite,' she said. 'Immortality means nothing unless it means memory and personality. So that Malcolm must exist now as he existed here: unchanged; loving me; and waiting for me.'

She had come back to it and Miss Latimer had fixed her in it.

'Perhaps he's fallen in love with someone else,' Bevis suggested. 'You've changed to that extent, after all. And you're not longing for him. Quite the contrary.'

Somehow he could not control these exhibitions of his exasperation, nor could he unsay them, ashamed of them as he immediately was. Her dark gaze rested on him, unresentful still, but with, at last, an almost recognized hostility. He was ashamed, yet more exasperated than ever, as he saw it.

'It's almost as if you tried to insult me with my infidelity,' she murmured. 'It's as if, already, you had no respect for me because you know I am unfaithful. Take care, Bevis, for, after all, I may get over you.'

'And I may get over you,' he said, looking not at her but at the fire, and slightly wagging his remaining foot, crossed over the artificial knee.

She was very silent at that and, shame deepening and anger dropping (it was n't anger against her; she must know that), he glanced up at her and found her gaze still on him.

'My dear,' he muttered, smiling wryly, 'you stick your needles too deeply into my heart. What's sport to you is death to me. No; I don't mean that. All I really mean is that we must n't be like children in a nursery, slapping at each other. You're as unlikely to get over me as I am to get over you, and I ask you, in deep seriousness, to accept that fact with all its implications. There it is, and what are you going to do with it and with me?'

She had now risen from her seat and walked away from him, vaguely, and she went toward the third window and stood looking out. She stood there a long time, without moving, and, remembering what she had said to him of it the other day, and of her fear, a discomfort — yet comparatively, it was a comfort to feel it after their personal

dispute — stirred him, so that, rising, with a sigh, he followed her and, as he had done the other day, looked out over her shoulder at the great cedar, the quiet fountain, and the white fritillaries in their narrow beds. He saw from her fixed face that she had forgotten her fear of the harmless scene. Her gaze, with its new, cold grief, was straight before her.

'Tony; dear Tony!' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder.

She did not move or look at him.

'Let's go away,' he said. 'Let's leave this place. It's bad for us both. Sell it. Give it to Miss Latimer. Chuck it all, Tony, and start a new life with me. Chuck the whole ghoulish business of Malcolm and his feelings and your own infidelity. It has nothing to do with love and heaven; really it has n't. You'll see it yourself some day. Let's go away at once, darling, and get married.'

The urgency of what he now saw as escape was suddenly so strong in him that he really meant it, really planned, while he spoke, the southern flight: Tony deposited at her safe London house that very evening and the license bought next day. Why not? Was n't it the only way with her? As long as she was allowed to hesitate, her feet would remain fixed in this quagmire.

She hardly heard his words; he saw that, as she turned her eyes on him; but she heard his ardor, and it had broken down her withdrawal.

'I'm so frightened, Bevis,' she murmured. 'You don't understand. You are so bitter; so cruel. You frighten me more than I can tell you. I seemed to see, just now, when you said that, about getting over me, that I should lose your love, and his love, too; that that would be my punishment.'

This, after all, was a fear easy to deal with. He passed his arm in hers and drew her from the window, feeling a foretaste of the final triumph as he

did so, for, child, adorable child that she was, she had forgotten already the former fear.

'But you know what a nasty cantankerous creature I am, darling,' he said, making her walk up and down with him. 'You don't really take my flings seriously. And did n't you begin? How like a woman! What a woman you are! You know that I shan't get over you. And I assure you that I don't think less well of Malcolm's fidelity.'

'But the bitterness, Bevis. Why were you so bitter?' Her voice trembled. 'I am never bitter with you.'

'And I'm never bitter with you — though I'm a bitter person, which you are n't. You knew perfectly well that it was Miss Latimer whose neck I wanted to wring. Beastly little stone-curler, with her stare and her wailing!'

'It felt like my neck. Was it only Cicely's then? Poor little Cicely.'

'Poor little Cicely, as much as you please. Only I'm sick of her and want to get away from her, and to get you away. Seriously, Tony, why should n't we be off at once?'

'At once?' Her wavering smile, while her eyes dwelt on him, had the plaintive warmth of her returning confidence. 'But that's impossible, dear, absurd Bevis.'

'Why impossible?'

'Why I could n't get married like that, at a day's notice. And I could n't run away. I'm not afraid of Cicely, though you seem to be. And I could n't leave her like that, when I've only just arrived. It would be too unkind.'

The fact that she felt it necessary to argue it all out was in itself of good augury. He could afford to relinquish his project, though he did so reluctantly.

'I'm not afraid of her,' he said, 'except when she frightens you.'

'She does n't, Bevis. You are the only one who frightens me, when you tell me the truth; when you tell me that

I am unfaithful and that I've fallen in love with you, although my husband is n't really dead; and that perhaps, if I go on tormenting you too much, you'll get over me.'

She looked steadily at him while she spoke, though still she tried to smile.

'Do you want another truth, Tony?' he said, putting her hair back from her forehead, doting on her, in her loveliness, her foolishness, her pathos, while he drew her more closely to him: 'it's the last that frightens you most of all, and it never can come true.'

'Never? Never?' she whispered, while she, too, came closer, yielding to his arms. 'Nothing can ever come between us? You will be able to take care of me, always?'

'It's all I ask,' he assured her, with his dry, cherishing smile.

III

He had learned to distrust Antonia's recoveries, but that evening it would have been difficult to believe that their troubles were not over. The very drawing-room, as they came back to it after dinner, looked, he felt, like the drawing-room of a lovely young widow who was soon to marry again. It seemed, with clustered candles, and flowers where he had never seen them before, to have escaped from its modern formula of permitted gayety and intended austerity, no longer to wait upon events, but to celebrate them; and Antonia herself, standing before the fire and knitting, in absurd contrast to her bare arms and pearl-clasped hair, a charity sock, had herself an air of celebration and decision. It was for him, he felt, that her hair had been so clasped, and, as she knew he loved to see it, tossed back from her brow. For him, too, the dress as of a Charles the First lady, with falls of lace at elbow and the lace-edged cape held with diamonds and pearls at her

breast. Long pearls were in her ears — he had not seen them there since before the war — and pearls about her throat; and, beloved, and unaccountable creature, why, unless in some valiant reaction to life and sanity, should she show this revival?

‘What shall we do to amuse ourselves to-night, Cicely?’ she asked.

She had never asked it before. It had never before been a question of amusing themselves. But, though Miss Latimer, evidently, had ‘cried and cried,’ she herself was not without signs of the evening’s magic. Her little pre-war dress, pathetic in its arrested fashion, its unused richness, became her. She, too, wore pearls and she, too, oddly, with the straight line of her fringe across her forehead, recalled, all pinched and pallid though she was, the court of Charles the First. No one could have looked less likely to be amused, yet she struck him, to-night, as almost charming.

‘Shall we have some dummy bridge?’ Antonia went on, ‘Cicely is very good at bridge, Bevis.’

‘By all means,’ said the young man, smiling across at her from his sofa.

‘Or,’ Antonia amended, starting a new row of her sock, ‘shall it be table-turning? Cicely is good at that, too. It always turns for her. Do you remember what fun we’ve had with it, Cicely? The night the Austins came, and it hopped into the corner. And the night it rapped out that rude message to Mr. Foster. How angry he was and how comic it was to watch his face!’

‘Yes; I remember,’ said Miss Latimer gently, while she looked before her into the fire.

‘Let us do that, then. It would certainly be amusing. Do you feel like it, Cicely? You are the medium, of course. It never did anything without you.’

Miss Latimer did not, for some mo-

ments, raise her eyes from the fire. She seemed to deliberate. When she looked up it was to say, ‘One hardly could — with only three.’

‘Only three! Why you and I and Mr. Foster sat alone that very evening when it went so well.’

‘I imagine he had power.’

‘Power! Mr. Foster! Why he did nothing but protest that he did n’t believe one atom in it.’

‘That would not prevent him having power. I think I’d rather not,’ Miss Latimer said, ‘unless you want to very much.’

‘But I do want to very much. I want Bevis to see it. Have you ever done any sitting, Bevis?’

‘Once or twice. It’s not a game I like. I agree with Miss Latimer.’

He felt, as he spoke, that he disliked it very much; so strongly did he dislike it, that he wondered at Antonia for her suggestion.

‘Oh, how solemn, Bevis! When it’s only a game! I believe you are afraid, like Mr. Foster, and think it may rap out something rude. You have a guilty secret you think it may reveal!’

‘Many, no doubt.’

‘You *do* believe in it, then — that it’s supernatural?’

From his sofa, where he smoked, his eye at this met hers with a sort of reminder, half grim, half weary. ‘Still catechisms?’ it asked her. She laughed, and now he knew that in her laugh he heard bravado.

‘As if a game could be!’ she answered herself. ‘At the worst, it’s only Cicely’s subconscious trickery! Are you really too tired, Cicely? I am longing for it now. It’s just what we need. It will do us good.’

‘I am not tired; but why do you think a game will do us good, Antonia?’ Miss Latimer asked.

Antonia looked down at her fondly, but did he not now detect the fever in

her eye? 'Games are good for dreary people. We are all dreary, are n't we? I know, at least, that I am. So be kind, both of you, and play with me. Our table is in the passage, is n't it?'

Now she tossed her knitting aside and left the room, and Bevis, looking after her for a moment, rose and limped to join her. She was just outside the door, lifting a bowl of flowers from the little mahogany table that stood there. Bevis closed the door behind them. Then he laid his hands on the table, arresting her.

'Stop it,' he said. The door was closed, but he spoke in a low voice. 'I don't like it.'

'Why not?' She also spoke in a low voice; and she stood still, her eyes on his.

'I don't like it,' he repeated. 'It's not right. Not now. After what's happened in these years.'

Oh, what a blunder! What a cursed blunder! He saw, as he spoke the words, the fire they lighted in her. She had been an actress, dressed for a part, pretending gayety and revival to inveigle him into an experiment. Over the table, her hands leaning on the edge, she kept her eyes fixed on him.

'You do believe in it, then? — that the spirits of the dead speak through it?'

Cursed blunder! How pale she had become, as if beneath the actress's rouge. There was no laughter left, or pretence of gayety.

'No; I don't believe it's spirits. I believe, as you said, that it's subconscious trickery. And it's not a time to mess about with it. That's all. It's ugly, out of place.'

'If it's only that, subconscious trickery, — that's what I believe too, — why should you mind so much; or even ugliness?'

'And why should you want so much to do it, if that's all you believe? It's

because you believe more, or are afraid of more, that I ask you to give it up.'

'But is n't that the very reason why you should consent? So that my mind may be set at rest? Don't be angry with me, Bevis. That frightens me more than anything — as you told me. I am not afraid of this, unless you make me so by taking it so seriously.'

She had him there, neatly. And why should he mind so much? He did mind, horridly. But that was all the more reason for pretending not to.

'Very well,' he said dryly. 'I'm not angry. I don't consent, though; I submit. Here; let me carry it for you.'

But he had forgotten his leg. He stumbled as he lifted the table, and could only help Antonia carry it into the room and set it down before the fire.

'There; it will do nicely there,' said Antonia. 'And those three little chairs.' Her voice was still unsteady.

Miss Latimer looked round at them as they entered, and then rose. 'Is n't this table a little rickety?' she asked, placing her finger-tips upon it and slightly shaking it. He saw that she was genuinely reluctant.

'It's the one we always use,' said Antonia. 'It's quite solid. If you wanted to tip it, you could n't.'

'I've seen larger and firmer tables tipped, by people who wanted to do it,' said Miss Latimer. 'I have, I am sorry to say, often seen people cheat at table-turning. That's the reason I don't like it.'

'You don't suspect Bevis, or me, I hope!' laughed Antonia, taking her place.

'Not at all. But people don't suspect themselves,' said Miss Latimer. She, too, sat down.

'It's very good of you, of both of you, to humor me,' said Antonia, still laughing. 'I promise you both not to cheat.'

'Shall I put out the lamps?' asked Bevis coldly.

And it was still Antonia who directed the installation, replying, 'Oh, no; that's not at all necessary. We have never sat in the dark. It was broad daylight, before tea, with the Austins.'

Bevis took his place, and they laid their hands lightly on the table.

'And we may go on talking,' Antonia added.

But they did not talk. As if the very spirit of dumbness had emanated from their outspread hands, they sat silent, and Bevis seemed at once to hear the muffled rhythm of their hearts beating in synopated measure.

The pulsations were heavy in his finger-tips and seemed to be sending little electric currents into the wood beneath them. Observant, skeptical, and, with it all, exasperated, he watched himself, and felt sure that soon the table, yielding to some interplay of force, would begin to tip.

But long moments passed, and it did not stir, and after his first intense anticipation, his attention dropped, with a sense of comparative relief, to more familiar uses. He had not looked at either of his companions, but he now became aware of them, of their breathing and their heart-beats, with an intimacy which, he felt, turning his thoughts curiously, savored of the unlawful. People were not meant to be aware of each other after such a fashion, with consciousnesses fallen far below the normal mental meeting-ground to the fundamental crucibles of the organism where the physical machinery and the psychical personality became so mysteriously intermingled. There, in the first place, — it pleased him to trace it out, and he was glad to keep his mind occupied, — there lay the basis of his objection to the ambiguous pastime. As he meditated it, his awareness of this intimacy became so troubling that,

withdrawing his thoughts from it decisively, he fixed them upon the mere visual perception of Antonia's hands, and Miss Latimer's.

Miss Latimer's were small, dry, light. The thumb curled back and, though the palm was broad, the finger-tips were pointed. He had no link with them, no clue to them, and, though he strove to see them as objects only, as pale patterns on the dark wood, he was aware, disagreeably, that he shrank from them and their hidden, yet felt, significance.

Antonia's hands he knew so well. But he was not to rest in the mere contemplation of their beauty. Everywhere, to-night, the veils of appearance were melting before the emergence of some till now unseen reality; and so it was that Antonia's hands, as he looked at them, ceased to express her soft, sweet life, its luxury, its mournfulness, its merriment, and, like the breathing and the heart-beats, conveyed to him the mysterious and fundamental part of her being, all in her that she was unconscious of expressing. Laid out upon the darkness, they were piteous hands — helpless and abandoned to destiny.

And his own? As he examined them, he felt himself sinking still further into the sense of forbidden revelation. Small, delicately fashioned, if strong and resolute, they expressed his own personality in what it had of closest and most alien. He did not like himself, seen at these close quarters; or, rather, he frightened himself: the physical machinery was too fragile an apparatus in his make-up. It did not secure him sufficiently. It did not sufficiently secure Antonia. For, while there was the strength, the resoluteness, there was fear in his hands; more fear than in hers. He saw more than she did; or was it that he was more alert to fear, more aware of what was to be feared? While she wandered sadly in dreams and

abandoned herself to peril because she did not know where peril lay, he saw and felt reality, sharply, subtly, like a scent upon the breeze, like a shadow cast by an unseen presence; and because he was so subtle, so conscious and resolute, he was responsible.

That was what it came to for him, with a suddenness that had in it an element of physical shock. It was he alone who saw where peril lay, and he alone who could withhold Antonia from thus spreading her spirit on the darkness. He looked back at her hands, and a pang of terror sped through him. Something had happened to them; something had passed from them, or into them. He was an ass, of course, an impressionable, nervous ass; yet he saw them as doomed, unresisting creatures; and, while he controlled himself to think, knowing himself infected with the virus of the horrid game, the table suddenly, as if with a long-drawn, welling sigh, stirred, rose, — he felt it rising under his fingers, — and slowly tipped toward Miss Latimer.

It was Antonia, then, who said, almost as if with frivolity, 'We're off!'

Miss Latimer sat silent, her head bent down in an attitude brooding and remote.

The table, returning to the level, after a pause rocked slowly to and fro.

'Cicely, if it raps, will you say the alphabet for it, while I spell?' Antonia murmured.

He recognized the forced commonplace of her voice. Miss Latimer bowed her head in answer.

The table rocked more and more violently. Antonia had half to rise in her chair to keep her hands upon it as it tipped from her toward Miss Latimer. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was still, and then he heard a soft yet sharp report, as of a small electric shock in the very wood itself. One, two, three; a pause; and, one, two,

three, again. A rhythm distinct and detestable.

Conjecture raced through his mind. He had said that he had played the game; but he had only seen the table turned and tipped; he had never heard these sounds. Unable to distrust his senses, though aware that anyone else's he would have distrusted, he located them in the very wood under their hands. They did not come from Miss Latimer's toe-joints; nor from his or Tony's. Well, what of it? It was some oddity of magnetism, like the tipping; and now that the experience was actually upon them, he felt, rather than any panic, a dry, almost a light curiosity, seeing, with relief for his delay, that to have interfered, to have stopped the game and made a row, would have been to dignify it and fix it in Tony's unsatisfied mind stamped with a fear more definite than any she had felt.

'Are you there?' Miss Latimer was saying, in a prim, automatic voice, as of one long-accustomed to these communions. 'One for no, and three for yes, and two for uncertain. Is that agreed?'

The table rapped three times.

'Are you ready? Shall I begin the alphabet?'

Again three raps.

Her voice now altered. It was almost drowsily, with head bent down, that she began, evenly, to enumerate the letters. 'A, B' — A rap fell neatly at the second sound.

'B,' Antonia announced.

Miss Latimer resumed: 'A, B, C, D, E' — Another rap arrested her.

'Oh — it is going to be "Bevis"! 'Antoniamurmured. 'It's for you, Bevis!'

'Rap!' said the table.

'That is no; it is not for Captain Saltonhall,' said Miss Latimer drowsily; and, drowsily, she took up the alphabet.

The table, uninterrupted by any

comment, spelled out the word 'Beside.'

'Beside. How odd!' said Antonia.

It was very wearisome. Already they seemed to have sat there for hours. His fear had not returned; but curiosity no longer consciously sustained him. An insufferable languor, rather, fell upon him, and fumes of sleep seemed to coil heavily about his eyelids. He wished he could have a cigarette. He wished the thing would go more quickly and be over.

'T, H, E,' had been spelled out, and Antonia had reported 'the.' Miss Latimer's drugged voice had taken up the alphabet again, and the table had rapped at 'F.'

Now the word demanded nearly the whole alphabet for the finding of its letters. 'O,' came. Then 'U.'

Antonia sat still. Her eyes were fixed, strangely, devouringly, on Miss Latimer, whose head, drooping forward, seemed that of a swooning person.

'F, O, U, N, T,' was rapped out.

Not till then did it flash upon him, and it came to him from Antonia's face rather than from the half-forgotten phrase. He sprang up on his insecure leg, righting himself by a snatch at the table.

'Stop the damned thing!' he exclaimed. 'It's quoting you!'

Miss Latimer's hands slid into her lap. She sat as if profoundly asleep.

Antonia rose from her place, and at last she looked at him.

'Beside the fountain. Beside the fountain. He is there,' she said.

Bevis seized her by the wrist. 'Nonsense!' he said loudly. 'Miss Latimer is a medium — as you know. Her subconsciousness got at yours. They are the words you used the other morning.'

'He is there,' Antonia repeated, 'and I must see him.'

He held her for a moment, measuring his fear by hers. Then, releasing her,

'All right,' he said. 'I'll come, too. We shall see nothing.' But he was not sure.

They crossed the room, Antonia swiftly going before him. She paused so that he might come up with her before she drew back the curtain from the third window. The moon was high. The cedar was black against the brightness. They looked down into the flagged garden and saw the empty moonlight. Empty. Nothing was there.

'Are you satisfied?' Bevis asked her. He placed his arm around her waist and a passionate triumph filled him. Empty. They were safe. Motionless within his grasp, she started and stared and found nothing. Only the fountain was there, a thin spear of wavering light, and the fritillaries, rising like ghosts from their narrow beds.

'Are you satisfied?' Bevis repeated. They seemed measurelessly alone there at the exorcised window — alone, after the menace, as they had never been. He held her closely while they looked out, putting his other arm around her, too, as if for final security. 'Will you come away with me to-morrow?' he whispered.

She looked at him. No, it was not triumph yet. Her eyes were empty — but of him, too. They showed him only a blank horror.

'What does it mean?' she said.

Dropping the curtain behind them, he looked round at Miss Latimer. Had she just moved forward? Or for how long had she been leaning like that on the table, her head upon her arms?

'It means her,' he said. 'She read your fears; she saw them. Have you had enough of it, Tony? Have you done playing with madness?'

'How could she read my fear? I was not thinking of it. I had forgotten it. It was not she. It came from something else.' She was shuddering within his arms and her eyes, with their devour-

ing question, were on the seated figure.

'No, it did n't. From nothing else at all. It came from you and from me — and from her — all of us together. It was some power in her that conveyed it to our senses.'

'You, I, and she — and something else,' said Antonia.

She drew away from him and went toward the fire, but so unsteadily that she had to pause and lay her hand on a chair as she went. At the table she stopped. Miss Latimer still sat fallen forward upon it. Silently Antonia stood, looking at her.

'She's asleep, I think,' said Bevis. He wished that she were dead. 'It has exhausted her.'

Antonia put out her hand and touched her. 'It never was like this before. — Yes,' she said, after a pause, 'she is breathing very quietly. She must be asleep. And I will go now.'

She moved away swiftly; but, striding after her, he caught her at the door, seizing her hand on the lock.

'What do you want?' she said, stopping still and looking at him.

He said nothing for a moment. 'You must n't be alone,' he then answered.

'What do you want?' she repeated; and she continued to look at him with a cold gentleness. 'I must be alone.'

'I must come with you. I make my

claim, in spite of what you feel — for your sake.'

Still with the cold gentleness, she shook her head. 'You don't understand,' she said. 'You could n't say that if you understood. Good-night.'

When she had closed the door behind her, he stood beside it for a long moment, wondering, even still, if he should not follow her. Then he remembered Miss Latimer, sleeping there — or was she sleeping? — behind him. He went back round the screen. She had not stirred and, after looking at her for a moment, he leaned over her, as Antonia had done, and listened. She was breathing quietly, but now he felt sure that she was not asleep. The pretence was a refuge she had taken against revelations overpowering to her as well as to Antonia. She was not asleep, and should he leave her alone in the now haunted room?

Restless, questioning, he limped up and down, and, going again to the window, he drew the curtain and again looked out. Nothing. Of course, nothing. Only the fountain and the white fritillaries — strange, ghostly, pallid and brooding. Well, they would get through the night. To-morrow should be the end of it. He promised himself, as he turned away, that Antonia should come with him to-morrow.

(To be concluded)

SKETCHES IN PEASANT RUSSIA

FROM THE MIND GONE OUT

BY EDWIN BONTA

'You will proceed to Kófkula with supply convoy of ten sleighs,' my orders had said, — 'head of the drivers, M. Popóv.'

I was to be the only passenger, apparently, on a four-days' trip across the frozen bogs and forests of Arctic Russia; for it was late February, and winter was at its depth.

The under-officer in charge of the dispatching took me out into the sleigh-yard in search of my head driver. At his call a squat figure separated itself from a chattering group of drivers, men and women, and came lumbering toward us in his heavy winter clothing. The face and contour seemed vaguely familiar, and I looked again at the figure and again at the order in my hand. 'Kófkula. M. Popóv.' True enough! It was indeed none other than my companion of the Moscow train, Mefódi!

At the same moment he recognized me, and a pleasant smile played hide-and-seek in his reddish beard, and lighted up the corners of his eyes. He blew his nose with his fingers, wiped them on his pantaloons, and presented them to me in a cordial hand-shake.

'*Zdrávstvuite*, Mr. Officer; how glad I am to see you again! You will be traveling with us in our convoy, yes? Magnificent! And you will consent to ride with me!'

And at his order the women and men unloaded the bags and cases from Mefódi's sleigh and transferred them

to the others. This must have been a genuine sacrifice for Mefódi, for passengers paid only a small lump sum for transportation — not nearly as much as his sturdy horse could earn by hauling freight.

It was very cold. Rime coated the shaggy horses, and hoar-frost clung to the beards and shawls of the drivers, even powdering their hair with white. Clumsy mittened hands piled my baggage into the deep box of the sleigh, and in the midst of my pieces Mefódi made a snug little nest for me.

'Plant yourself, please!' said Mefódi, and buzzed around me, swathing me up in robes and burrowing into the hay in the bottom for a warm place for my feet, punctuating every movement with 'so,' 'now look,' or 'see how,' until at last, satisfied with the job, he stepped back and beamed on me from his kindly eyes.

'How now? *Nichegó?* — nothing to complain of?'

I could n't have been more comfortable, I assured him. So, after one last tug at their binding ropes, the convoy started down the village street, past the shrine at the cross-roads, and out on to the winter road through the dense pine forest.

And the stillness of it! Fancy a land that never hears the sound of train, or steamer, or factory; where for six long months no sound of a wagon-wheel is heard; where runners slip noiselessly

over the smooth track, with never even a sleigh-bell to announce their approach; where even the thud of horses' hoofs is smothered in the soft snow! Small wonder that the peasant plods on hour after hour in silence, head bent, eyes gazing blankly into space, thoughts wandering off and off, only God knows where, evolving childlike philosophies to startle a sophisticated world.

Just so we journeyed on, I snug in the warm nest Mefódi had made for me, and he trudging stolidly alongside, only occasionally calling out to Dóbry, the horse. (Pretty conceit that, calling him Dóbry — kind, gentle, good! But of course Mefódi would do it — it was just the kind of thing he would do!)

The road turned down a sharp little hill and on to the ice of a river. One by one, as the sleighs came to the brow of the hill, the horses pricked up their ears, hunched their withers, and with a snort of joy plunged at a dead run down the steep grade — their eight-hundred-pound loads behind them, and their gleeful drivers racing alongside shouting glad words of admonition.

It came our turn and down we went — one wild whizz! I felt an impulse to cross myself — I think Mefódi did, with the hand that held his whip! With the other he held the lines, while his two feet pelted down the hill in a mad effort, bundled as he was, to keep up with his running horse.

The excitement over, Mefódi came alongside again, panting for breath, his eyes snapping with excitement.

'Nichegó?' he asked; 'nothing the matter with that?'

'Delightful!' said I. 'But is n't it dangerous with this load? If the horse should stumble and break his legs?'

'But he does n't stumble.'

'But — suppose he did stumble?'

'But he does n't stumble!' repeated Mefódi, with an air of finality, dismissing the subject.

Now, the road running for miles along the level ice, it was easy hauling, and Mefódi hopped on at my feet. He accepted a cigarette, broke it carefully in two, fished a very dirty holder out of his pocket, and fixing half the treasured smoke in the end of the holder, lighted it at my match.

'How do they call you, Mr. Officer?' asked he.

'By Peter,' said I.

'Peter! So. And you're from what district?'

'From no district, Mefód'ka; I come from America!'

I watched furtively for the effect of this announcement — the name of our great land of liberty to which, we have been told, all oppressed Russia has looked for decades.

'America,' repeated Mefódi. 'North America or South America?'

Asáf, just ahead of us, threw the lines over the front of his sleigh and came back to join us.

To me, 'Zdrávtstvuite!' and to Mefódi, 'What for a man is this?'

'This is an *Amerikánets*,' replied Mefódi, in the manner of one who had hobnobbed with Yanks all his days.

'*Amerikántsyl*! Yes, I know them,' said Asáf sagely, nodding his head. 'I know them well. They're from-the-mind-gone-out!'

'From-the-mind-gone-out?' asked Mefódi in surprise. (They had already forgotten my presence.)

'Very, indeed,' replied Asáf. 'Could n't you tell they were? See how they must always be drinking water! Look at the crazy spectacles they wear, with little frames as big as horse-yokes! And how they must have everything done in a hurry! And when they say "no" it means "no"! Anyone understands that "no" does n't mean "no." Could n't you see that they were from-the-mind-gone-out?'

'But they're very capable,' ventured

Mefódi mildly; 'they can do everything. Did n't they have the trams going again in Archangel in the wink of an eye?'

'And how not do everything?' snapped Asáf. 'Could n't we do everything if we ate as much as they?'

'My wife's uncle's father-in-law,' mused Mefódi, 'went away into America, and one beautiful day he died, and all the relatives received money.'

And for the moment he was lost in memories.

'Oh, they're all rich, these *Amerikántszy*,' explained Asáf. 'They're born with gold in their teeth. I myself have seen it.'

We went on and on, back into the pines again, over a low ridge, and after nightfall wound down a long hill to an *izbúshka* in the depths of the forest.

'Here we will rest,' said Mefódi, 'four hours, and then off on the road again. Let's be drinking tea.'

The *izbúshka* was a great low hut built of logs. It served as a rest-house for the convoys traveling over the winter road in either direction, and some forty sleighs and horses stood in the yard. A door four feet high gave entrance to it on one side. In a corner of the interior was a large pile of stones that served as a stove, the smoke from which was expected to find its way out of the doorway, or a small hole under the roof, depending on the wind. The logs were charred with smoke, and the panes of the two small windows stained dingy brown. At a rough table sat a dozen or more drivers, drinking tea and making jokes about the women of the company, after the manner of their kind. Along one entire side was a crude log-shelf, on which were filed away some twenty-five or thirty other drivers, — themselves and themselves, — packed in like herring and snoring away blissfully, quite warm and happy

in their heavy winter clothing. There were in all some forty-odd people, and what with the smoke, not air enough in the hut for eight, but warmth enough for eighty. Their idea of comfort, may be, but not mine — even though it was ten below out-of-doors.

'Fód'ka,' said I, 'do you know what? I'll sleep outside in the sleigh!'

Mefódi said never a word, but a gentle compassionate look appeared in the depths of his gray eyes as he followed me out and arranged the little sleigh for sleeping: a big bag of hay under my head for a pillow, and heaps of loose hay over my feet. I had on a sheepskin great-coat, and felt sure of being warm. But Mefódi knew better. From the bottom of the sleigh he pulled out his *kush*, made of heavy reindeer skin, with deep furry cuffs and a great hood to go completely over the head.

'But you'll need this yourself, Mefódi,' said I, 'on the road in the early morning. It will be bitter cold then!'

'I shan't be needing it,' he replied. 'If I did, I'd tell you.'

And he tucked me in as tenderly as Ánnushka tucked in little Ványa at home; and I lay snug and warm under the snapping frost and crystal stars.

I was awake, though, when they finally came out of the *izbúshka* and took to the road again. Asáf came out with Mefódi. Through half-shut eyes I saw him stop and look down on me bundled up in the hay in Mefódi's furs. He bobbed his head gently up and down, and struck a comic attitude, one thumb indicating me, the other pointing in the direction of the nice, warm, smelly nest out of which they had just come.

'Now look, Fód'ka!' said he. 'See how! Did n't I tell you they were from-the-mind-gone-out?'

A GREAT PRIVATE CITIZEN

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

I

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, who died in Boston on November 14, 1919, personified to an extraordinary degree a quality in American citizenship for which the need was never greater than at the present moment. This was the quality of a patriot's idealism evoked in time of war and sustained to the very end of a long life. He was the embodied refutation of the doctrine, now proclaimed on many sides, that the war-time spirit of idealism is all very fine, but that it cannot be expected to endure. In him it did endure — in him and a few others, scattered throughout the country, who offered their lives in the physical struggle of the Civil War, yet found in it also a great spiritual adventure, from which they returned spiritually quickened for the rest of their days. The rigid realists can point to their tens of thousands, not so quickened, but rather hardened to make the most of every material opportunity that reared its head once war was put aside; and none can deny that such there were, in disheartening numbers. Such no doubt there will be again, in the new period on which we have entered. But a life like that of Major Higginson, ending on the threshold of this period, has something to say both of the past and of the future. What it meant to the young men of successive generations for whom he was an inspiring visible presence, his memory may still mean to the multitude of his countrymen who have now laid down their

arms after the greatest of wars, and are confronted with the immediate danger of losing that generous spirit of idealism which it nourished in them. He did not lose this spirit — nor need they.

If Major Higginson, in respect of his sustained idealism, represented an exception to the general rule, he embodied also several obvious contradictions. His very title of 'Major' was one of them; he was in reality brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.V., before the end of the war 'for gallant and meritorious services,' and might naturally have gone through life 'Colonel Higginson.' He was commonly designated 'the first citizen of Boston' — and so justly that no second citizen has stepped at once into his vacant place; but, not even a native of New England, he was born in New York, November 18, 1834. He was a preëminent son of Harvard, but studied at the University for less than a single year, the freshman year of the class of 1855. He was best known throughout the country as a patron of music and education, as the 'founder and sustainer' of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a liberal benefactor of Harvard; he was a Puritan at heart, and in his daily life a hard-working, hard-headed man of affairs, deeply immersed in intensely practical matters, a member of an important financial firm, a director of powerful corporations. For approximately forty years he held a conspicuous place in the public eye;

but he never held public office. It was as a private citizen, a great private citizen, that he did his far-reaching work for his community and his country.

Major Higginson was forty-seven years old when, in 1881, he established, out of resources acquired by his own industry and intelligence, not through inheritance, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and committed himself to maintaining it by means of resources still to be acquired on the same terms. This work lasted for thirty-seven years. It would have been an impossible task but for certain personal endowments, native and cultivated — courage, unselfishness, a capacity for public friendship, and a pervading sense of whimsical humor, that surest companion to a true sense of relative values. These gifts were not suddenly bestowed at the age of forty-seven. They grew out of his inheritances, his boyhood, and the maturing experiences of his earlier manhood.

The essential Puritan in him, that part of him which cried out against extravagance and waste, both public and private, and gave to his personal habits an austerity quite foreign to the households of modern American financiers, came to him direct from the earliest settlers of New England. His first American ancestor of his own name was the Reverend Francis Higginson, who came to Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629. This Puritan divine had, in the words of Cotton Mather, 'a most charming voice, which rendered him unto his hearers, in all his exercises, another Ezekiel, for *Lo, he was unto them, as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well upon an instrument.*' This suggestion of music in a pioneer of bleak New England may be associated, by no overstraining of fancy, with his distant descendant.

The generations between the Salem minister and Major Higginson's father,

George Higginson, were constantly fed from the streams of Massachusetts blood and tradition. To cite these tributaries would be to make a catalogue of family names intimately associated with the civil and religious direction of New England. It is enough to say here that in his father Major Higginson had a friend and exemplar who definitely affected the course of his life. George Higginson's early mercantile ventures in New York came to grief in the financial disturbances of 1837. He then came to Boston, where in 1848 he formed, with his cousin, John C. Lee, the stock-brokerage firm of Lee & Higginson. It was a day of comparatively small things, and George Higginson never owned a house or a horse of his own until within a few years of his death in 1889. But he gave his children, four sons and a daughter, all that the time and place afforded in the way of education, and set them a high standard of helpfulness and integrity. One day a business friend, irritated by some misconception, walked into his office and said, 'Mr. Higginson, I always supposed you were an honest man.' 'No, you did not,' was the answer; 'you knew it.' Taking such facts for granted, and a constant readiness to do things for others, were thus bred in the bone of his son Henry.

When he was a boy at the Boston Latin School, he took his part with a fierce energy in the snowball fights on Boston Common. Henry Adams, in his *Education*, recalls the battles between the Latin School boys and all comers on the Common, the trick of inserting stones in snowballs, and his own depression one day at 'seeing one of his trustiest leaders, Henry Higginson — "Bully Hig," his school name — struck by a stone over the eye, and led off the field bleeding in rather a ghastly manner.'

His college career was cut short be-

fore the end of one year by a weakness of his eyes. This did not disqualify him for business, and for several years he was employed in the counting-house of S. & E. Austin, a well-known firm of Boston merchants. But 'Trade,' as he wrote from Europe to his father in 1857, 'was not satisfying to the inner man as a life-occupation.' Having gone abroad, in 1856, without definite plans, he soon found himself bent on the serious study of music. 'If I find that I am not profiting at all by my work,' he wrote to his father, 'I shall throw it up and go home. If I gain something, I shall stick to it. You will ask, "What is to come of it all if successful?" I do not know. But this is clear. I have then improved my own powers, which is every man's duty. I have a resource to which I can always turn with delight, however the world may go with me. I am so much the stronger, the wider, the wiser, the better for my duties in life. I can then go with satisfaction to my business, knowing my resource at the end of the day. It is already made, and has only to be used and it will grow. Finally, it is my province in education, and having cultivated myself in it, I am fully prepared to teach others in it. Education is the object of man, and it seems to me the duty of us all to help in it, each according to his means and in his sphere. . . . And now, old daddy, I hope you will be able to make something out of this long letter. You should not have been troubled with it, but I thought you would prefer to know all about it. It is only carrying out your own darling idea of making an imperishable capital in education. My money may fly away; my knowledge cannot. One belongs to the world, the other to me.'

These were thoughtful and prophetic words to proceed from a youth of twenty-three. A letter written to his father in the same year contains another sig-

nificant bit of self-revelation: 'What is money good for, if not to spend for one's friends and to help them? You've done so all your life — let me do so too, when I can, for it is in me (I have always known it) to be a close man, a miser. I know about this.'

For about four years the young man remained in Europe, at first preparing himself, — chiefly in Vienna, — by hard study of the piano, singing, and composition, for such possibilities as a musical career might open to him, and afterwards adjusting himself to the necessity of abandoning it. This was the direct result of over-exertion. A headache that lasted for three days drove him to a barber, who let blood from his left arm to relieve his suffering. He returned to his piano practice too soon after this experience, and disabled his arm, as an eminent physician assured him, permanently. 'I came home,' he wrote, 'and swore like a pirate for a day; then, coming to my senses, I decided to sing away, study composition, etc., hard, magnetize, and await the result. . . . I've hurt myself many times by doing things which other people avoid as a matter of course.'

While reconciling himself to his disablement, and to a growing realization that his musical gifts were not such as to make him a musician of the first order, he supplemented his personal economies by giving lessons in English. Some months before returning to America in November of 1860, he wrote to his father, who must have wondered at his protracted absence from home, confessing the disappointment he had met, and adding, 'If you consider the whole thing and remember that I enjoy in the depths of my soul music as nothing else, you'll easily comprehend my stay.'

Long afterwards, when the orchestra he founded had been established in Boston for more than twenty-five years, he

wrote to an old friend who had advised him wisely at its origin, a letter which confirmed the modest estimate he had made of himself as a musical student in Vienna, and at the same time revealed, in his words about Beethoven's Third Symphony, an appreciation of music, and a response to its appeal, which were a life-long justification of his early studies. Thus, in part, the letter runs:

'A few words about our talk last night. Of course I loved music, and therefore studied it — and found no talent whatsoever.

'We young folks used to consider the problems of life, and the rights and needs of men and women, and the injustices of both, also the need of refreshment and not of luxuries or even comforts. And it seemed to me that we of the young beautiful country should and could have music of the best. Hence my hopes and efforts, both for the sake of art and the sake of humanity. Do you see? But talent, or even keen perception of musical talent in others, I have little or none; nor have I ever found talent for anything, except power of work, and of recognizing friends of the best, and the enormous value of them to me. It is all second or third class, and I've been built up and lifted up to a wrong place by friends.

'As to the "Eroica," I had meant to tell you how I felt about it, but it opens the flood-gates, and I can't. The wail of grief, and then the sympathy which should comfort the sufferer. The wonderful funeral dirge, so solemn, so full, so deep, so splendid, and always with courage and comfort. The delightful march home from the grave in the *scherzo* — the wild Hungarian, almost gypsy in tone — and then the climax of the melody, where the gates of Heaven open, and we see the angels singing and reaching their hands to us with perfect welcome. No words are of any avail, and never does that passage of

entire relief and joy come to me without tears — and I wait for it through life, and hear it, and wonder.'

The dreams of youth and the realities of old age — for Major Higginson was nearly seventy-five when he wrote this letter — have not often stood in a closer relationship.

II

When he returned to the United States late in 1860, realities were soon to supersede the dreams. Within six months Sumter was to fall, and the mettle of individual Americans to be tried. Henry Higginson met the test by immediate participation in the forming of the Second Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry, begun April 18, 1861. A remarkable group of young men joined in this undertaking, and became officers of the regiment. The name of Robert Gould Shaw typifies the quality of them all. It was a band of chosen spirits, aflame with the ideals for which a war is most nobly fought; and it was entirely characteristic of Henry Higginson that his friendship with these men entered into the very warp and woof of his army life, and permanently influenced him. A passionate devotion to his country may fairly be counted the controlling motive of all his years. With it was inextricably interwoven a passionate devotion to friends. Indeed, he seems to have conceived virtually all the relations of life in terms of friendship. In his attitude toward his country, his city, his college, even toward the art of music, there was something intensely personal — just as there was in his dealings with individual men and women. It was in blended patriotism and friendship that he made his two chief gifts to Harvard College — the Soldiers Field for athletic games, the Harvard Union for social intercourse. He set up on Soldiers Field the names of six soldier friends,

and said about them to the students of Harvard College:—

‘Now, what do the lives of our friends teach us? Surely the beauty and the holiness of work and of utter, unselfish, thoughtful devotion to the right cause, to our country, and to mankind. It is well for us all, for you and for the boys of future days, to remember such deeds and such lives and to ponder on them. These men loved study and work, and loved play too. They delighted in athletic games, and would have used this field, which is now given to the College and to you, for your health and recreation. But my chief hope in regard to it is, that it will help to make you full-grown, well-developed men, able and ready to do good work of all kinds—steadfastly, devotedly, thoughtfully; and that it will remind you of the reasons for living, and of your own duties as men and citizens of the Republic.’

An older man does not wholly improvise thoughts of this kind. He brings them out of an experience like war because he takes a great deal into it. As a young officer Henry Higginson took into the war a full measure of enthusiasm and energy. He worked hard at recruiting and drilling his men before they went to the front. They recognized a fighter in him, and liked him. One day he overheard a soldier swearing in the ranks, and checked him, saying, ‘If there is any swearing to be done in this company, I will attend to it.’ No doubt he did, and by means of the vigor it implied stiffened the discipline for which he was responsible. Talking to some college students in 1913 about discipline in the army, he said,—

‘One incident of the time showed the power of obedience which our men had learned. One afternoon, as the regiment came in from drill, I, being on guard, noticed a man who was talking and talking. I knew he was a black-guard, having noted him before. In a

few moments he was sent down by his captain to the guard-house, to be kept there until he was sober. I said to the corporal, “Get the man’s knapsack and rifle and bring him here.” (In those days we expected an attack, and our rifles were kept loaded.) The man was brought back and told to march up and down. The guard-tents were in a row, and the muskets stacked about fifteen yards from the officers’ tents, where I stood. The man marched up and came back, clubbed his musket, and told me he would like to knock my head off. “No matter,” said I, “march on.” (We had taken the cap off his rifle in order that he should do no harm.) He marched up and down once or twice, and then stopped where the rifles were stacked, took a percussion-cap out of his pocket, put it on the rifle, and took a good aim at my belt, and used queer language about a “hole in my body.” There was not much chance for me, for if he had fired, I should not be here talking to you. All I said was, “Bring that piece to your shoulder!” and he brought his rifle up to his shoulder; and then I said, “March on!” and he marched up to where I was. Then the sergeant took charge of him, unloaded his rifle, and the man marched until he dropped from fatigue. He was a miserable soldier, and about ten years ago I saw him in Charles Street coming out of a rum-shop.’

While the young officer was imparting discipline after this fashion, he was also acquiring his own experience of it. The infantry regiment he had joined at its inception went to the front in July, 1861, when he was promoted from second to first lieutenant. In October he was transferred from the Second Massachusetts Infantry to the First Massachusetts Cavalry, formed in September, and received a captain’s commission. In his brief infantry experience he saw no battle, but was much engrossed in

the routine duties of soldiering. With the cavalry, which had by degrees to disprove its inferiority to the mounted forces of the Confederacy, his fighting began. It continued through the Antietam campaign, in the autumn of 1862, through the winter months before Fredericksburg, and the spring campaign of 1863 in Virginia. On June 17 it came to an end, at the beginning of the battle of Aldie, when Major Higginson, sent to recall a fellow officer, Captain Sargent, who had gone beyond the point to which he had been ordered to advance, followed him, in the zest of an unexpected fight, and found himself and his men overpowered by superior numbers. His horse was shot under him, and in the hand-to-hand encounter that ensued he was wounded by pistol-shot and sabre-cuts, one of which left its scar on his face for life. When he recovered consciousness, he contrived to save himself from capture, but the wounds he had received incapacitated him from any further active service. As soon as he could do anything, he made himself useful again in recruiting, and for a brief time served on the staff of General Francis C. Barlow.

He would himself have been the first to say that his war-record was not exceptional. The passionate spirit of patriotism in which it was rendered, and his communion in that spirit with noble young contemporaries, many of whom gave their lives for the Union cause, left their indelible marks upon his character. Like many another fighter against disunion, he gave to the reunited country in its entirety the same devotion through life that he had given to the cause of the North in his earlier years, and again and again spoke of the men against whom he had fought as only a chivalrous foe could speak.

An incident of later years, related by one of his business partners, is significant. A Confederate officer nearly

eighty years of age came into the firm's office one day, and said he would like to shake hands with Major Higginson. He was asked to sit down and await the major's return, which was expected at any moment. While waiting, the visitor, subject to an old heart trouble, fainted away, and was carried to an inner room where restoratives were bringing him back to consciousness when Major Higginson returned.

'What's the trouble? Who is that?' he asked.

'Colonel ——, Confederate officer in the Civil War. He came in to see you.'

Mr. Higginson stepped forward, leaned over the old man as he opened his eyes, and said, 'I am sorry, colonel; but there's one good thing — you can't die here. This is an Abolitionist's office.'

A flickering smile was the visitor's reply, soon followed by his sitting up and entering into conversation. Before long the two old men left the office arm in arm, and the Southern colonel was heard to say, 'You certainly did put my trolley on the wire to-day, major!'

Still another story illustrates the quizzical humor that was quite his own and accompanied him into all surroundings. He was discussing truth-telling one day with a younger associate. 'It is essential in business,' he is quoted as declaring, 'but socially it is very diverting to lie. For instance, I was standing on the corner of Park and Tremont Streets the other day when a motor came down the hill, locked wheels with another, and turned over. In a moment a crowd was buzzing round; it was just like kicking a hornet's nest. A lady came by — uncertain of age, nondescript clothes, flat heels, carrying a bag — you know the type, you see them in Boston. 'Addressing no particular person, she said as she passed me, "Anybody hurt? Anybody hurt?"'

‘Very politely I replied with a bow, “I hope so, madam.”

‘She looked at me sharply, and discovering that I was old and gray and probably deaf, she repeated the inquiry in a louder tone. “Yes, madam, I heard the first time; I said, I hope so; think how disappointed all the people would be if nobody were hurt.”

‘Murmuring, “Whata wretched, wicked old man!” she walked on about ten feet; then, turning, she came back, and scrutinizing me closely, said, “Are n’t you Mr. Higginson?” “No, madam.” “You look very much like him.” “I have been told so.” I lifted my hat and bowed most politely as the lady walked away in a quandary.’

The twinkling look that went with words like these, never deceiving the quick-witted for more than a moment, cannot be reproduced in any telling of the anecdote.

Such chaffing of a woman encountered by chance was characteristic of him in all his social relations. But of women in general, and especially of their high place in the true partnership between man and wife, he was the un-failing champion. His own marriage, with a daughter of Louis Agassiz, about six months after his disabling fight at Aldie, placed him in a rarely harmonious domestic relation which to the end of his days afforded the basis of happiness, sympathy, and coöperation in which all his other relations were rooted. Through this marriage, moreover, his intimacy with his brother-in-law, Alexander Agassiz, his classmate in college, became so close as to count among the positive influences of his life, with notable results both in affairs and in thought.

Yet it was from his comrades in arms that the incentives to the citizenship he practised were primarily derived. Even before the war one of them, Charles Russell Lowell, a kinsman with whom

he was in the closest sympathy, had revealed in a letter to their common friend, John C. Bancroft, son of the historian, the attitude toward life which their little circle of idealists was taking. ‘Last February,’ he wrote from Rome in 1857, ‘when Henry [Higginson] joined me in Florence, we laid our heads together to get you across the water; as a preliminary standpoint we concocted an extensive plan of migration, you and Jim Savage and Henry and I were all to move to Virginia or somewhere — we were to cultivate the vine and the olive, to think none but high thoughts, to speak none but weighty words, and to become, in short, the worthies of our age.’

After they had ‘moved to Virginia’ several years later, for a purpose then quite unforeseen, the future took on a new aspect, and Lowell, who had discovered ‘a thorough born merchant’ in his friend Higginson while they were traveling as youths together in Europe, wrote to him in the last year of the war, ‘I hope, Mr. Higginson, that you are going to live like a plain Republican, mindful of the beauty and the duty of simplicity. Nothing fancy now, Sir, if you please. . . . I hope you have outgrown all foolish ambitions and are now content to become a “useful citizen.” . . . Don’t grow rich; if you once begin, you will find it much more difficult to be a useful citizen.’

The attempts to attain independence were at first unsuccessful, both in an oil-venture in Ohio and in a cotton-planting enterprise in Georgia, an experiment in which a patriotic motive played an important part. With his joining the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., in Boston, in 1868, more prosperous days began to dawn; but it was only after thirteen years of hard, self-denying work that he found himself in a position to carry out a purpose he had long been forming, the establishment and

maintenance of a great orchestra which should give to the people of his own city and country music of the same supreme order of merit as that which had nourished his spirit as a young man in Europe. This was essentially a patriotic purpose, conceived in the desire to enrich the life of his own beloved country. Music, as he had long before written to his father from Europe, was his province in education. Long afterwards he quoted the words that Fanny Kemble had once spoken to him: 'Life in the United States is hard and dry. Your country is a great cornfield. See that you plant flowers in it.' Still later he amplified the same thought in saying, 'This beautiful land is our workshop, our playground, our garden, our home; and we can have no more urgent or pleasant task than to keep our workshop busy and content, our playground bright and gay, our garden well tilled and full of flowers and fruits, our home happy and pure.' It was precisely for these objects that he established the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1881.

III

At that time public benefactions of this general nature were far less familiar than they have since become, and such a benefaction in the realm of music was wholly original. The endowed or privately supported orchestra is now an accepted institution in many American cities, and this is so in large measure because of the pioneering example set by Mr. Higginson. The value of that example lay by no means only in the spectacle of large annual expenditures, the fruit of annual earnings and income which might otherwise have been employed in the rolling up of a modern fortune, but also in the devotion of personal energies to an immensely difficult and complicated task. How exacting this task was, — in the selection and

judicious handling of conductors, to say nothing of the whole company of highly temperamental persons who constitute the orchestra; in dealing with the *genus irritabile* of soloists and with a public sometimes only a little less difficult, — few could realize. Humor, patience, a decisive will, an infinite desire to serve his generation carried him over many rough patches of the long road. At the very end of it, when he had carried on this work with increasing success for thirty-seven years, the tensivity of war-time feeling and the sorrow that came from clinging too long to the trust he had placed in one who proved unworthy of it, imposed a burden he could no longer bear, and, broken by the bitter experience, he committed to other hands the institution he had created. But on the very last day of his life he found occasion to deplore the course of a contemporary who had recently bequeathed a great fortune to a worthy object, on the ground that his wealth might have been doing good through many years of its accumulation, and to pity him for having missed all the fun of spending it for others.

When Mr. Higginson wrote an article, 'A Hint to the Rich,' for the *Atlantic* nine years ago, he began and ended it with the quotation: —

What I gave, I have;
What I spent, I had;
What I kept, I lost.

There was his whole philosophy of riches. His practice was itself a hint to the rich, for his constant refusal to count the cost in what he did for others was offset at every turn by the little severities he imposed upon his own mode of life. 'I look at fifty cents myself,' he wrote in a private letter soon after the war broke out in Europe, 'and think whether I will take a carriage or walk. Indeed I nearly missed my train on Sunday because I did not take a carriage. There is something about "the

spigot and the bung" that applies to everybody.'

Personal indulgence of any kind was as alien to him as to his Puritan forebears. 'Puritanism!' he wrote to a friend in 1889; 'the older I grow, the more I incline to their ideal, and the luxury and the wastefulness and a thousand things send me that way — in thought, though hardly in deeds and living perhaps.' It could not have been entirely from the Puritans of tradition that he derived, for example, his interest in schemes of profit-sharing. It was a cardinal principle of his economic creed that the wage-earner should have 'a larger piece of the pie.' The same sympathy which prompted this feeling kept him youthful to the last, drew him and his young associates, in business and friendship, together, and placed him constantly with those whose eyes were turned toward the sunrise.

His personal presence truthfully bespoke the man within. Compact of stature, visaged with distinction, military in bearing, alert and vigorous, forthright and staccato of speech, both in public and in private, he visibly embodied the qualities of utter fearlessness and honesty, joined with a fortunate capacity for quick and righteous anger. These qualities, moreover, were not wholly unrelated to a human and endearing tendency to make impulsive mistakes. But they stood in an equally close relation to a definite gift for bestowing and winning affection. To a remarkable degree his letters spoke with his living voice. Nothing of good or evil fortune could befall his friends without his writing to them, briefly or at length, in terms appropriately compact of sympathy and humor. His good letters were not the product of accident, for he had a theory of letter-writing which he once communicated to a business associate as follows: 'You sit down and visualize the person you are

addressing; you dictate exactly as if he were present; you watch the changes in his face and anticipate his replies. You go through it and cut out all the adjectives and adverbs; then you probably have a good letter.' A point of his own practice is not enumerated here — namely, the addition of a postscript in long hand, to almost every type-written letter, making it even more personal than it was before.

Major Higginson's letters will long continue to speak, with authentic inflection, for the man himself, to all who may read them. In this place a single letter published twenty years ago in Dr. A. V. G. Allen's *Life of Phillips Brooks* will surely not be unwelcome to readers who have seen it before; to them and to others it will carry a clear suggestion of the personal quality of its writer — not a churchman, or a regular church-goer himself, but a holder of the simple faith that 'without God the bottom drops out of everything.' It needs only to be said that the letter was written to Phillips Brooks, his school and college classmate, at the time when he was considering an urgent call to quit his work at Trinity Church, Boston, and become preacher to Harvard University, from which any call came to either of these two friends, these devoted sons of the college, almost as a command: —

BOSTON, April 12, 1881.

DEAR OLD CHAP, —

Forty years is it since we began learning Latin and mischief together — you the Latin and I the mischief? Since which we have never had a cross word, and so I will run the chance of one by impertinence.

Folks say that the College is asking for you; and it is true, I know. Since you took your course for life, you have gone on steadily and enthusiastically until you've won a great place. Just think of the empty old church and of the present full church! Just think of the men and women of the intelligent and educated classes whom you've drawn into your fold! Think what these

men will do for the less fortunate people of our city, and still more, think how your women work! We have not seen the like for a great, great while. It has fallen to you to do this thing, and I will not pass on your deserts, but merely on your luck to have done something in this life worth doing. Is not that what we all are after, and what goes far to save us from remorse or despair? How can a chap be content for a day, unless he is aiming at something of a serious kind? It is the only theory on which one can explain this life, is n't it? And how many of our comrades have made a success of their lives? or how often does it occur in our experience to see it?

You have — no matter how or why; and still more, the future for you is greater in promise than the past has been in performance. Don't dream of leaving your own field. Your personal contact with all these folks is a necessity, if you will go on. How can you then think of Cambridge and the dear old University? You can't work on those boys in the same way, simply because they are at the questioning, critical, restless age. The worst of them are not bad, but frivolous or idle-minded. The best of them are seeking for the truth everywhere, and had better seek by themselves. Let them ferment. Of course you can help many a restless spirit, when he *wishes* to be helped — but you can do it as well here as at Cambridge. You certainly can talk to or preach to or teach them at Cambridge occasionally — as in Boston. But, for Heaven's sake, don't leave your stronghold for this new field. It would be the mistake of your life — and you will rue it deeply and forever.

Now how do I know? I do not know, and yet I feel absolutely sure of it. I've talked to some of the middle-aged and some of the younger folk of it, and listened with much interest — to but one reply.

You know that personally I get nothing from your being in town. We both are too busy to meet often unless at church; and there I do not go. So I am free from bias. But I can't but feel much interested in your work, and glad of your great influence. Don't risk losing it — don't go away until your sun sets.

This letter calls for no reply. If it annoys you, burn it and forgive me for the sake of

old times. I know that it is presuming, impertinent, arrogant even. It has not one word of praise or admiration for you. Such a word is not called for or needed, but no one can value work and enthusiasm more than I. You know full well how I feel about your life.

God bless you, old fellow.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON.

There is much, very much more that might be said and quoted. From the many fields of activity of this great private citizen — fields of business, education, art, friendship, and public service privately rendered — instances innumerable might be drawn to illustrate the living out of his avowed belief that 'there seems no other outcome, no other foundation for a happy mankind, for civilization, than a full, generous, wise use of our powers for the good of our fellow men, and a happy forgetfulness of ourselves.' But this is far less a memoir than a suggestion, a turning of consideration to the immediate meaning of such a life as Major Higginson's.

When the eighty-fifth birthday he did not quite attain was drawing near, and some observance of it had been proposed to him, he wrote to a friend: 'I've had only too many kind words of praise for doing my duty, and only my duty, as my eyes and those of dear, dead friends saw it. The simple tale — that he tried to fill up gaps and sought to bring sunshine into the lives of his fellow men and women, that he usually kept his word, given and implied, and that he worshipped his country and had the very best and most far-seeing of friends — is the whole story.'

Thus in retrospect he saw his life. To others it may stand preëminently, as these pages began by suggesting, for the possibility of sustaining from youth to old age an idealism born in time of war. This central meaning of it was richly symbolized at his burial. Into

and out of the academic surroundings of a college chapel the veteran soldier, the indomitable lover of righteousness and beauty, was borne in the uniform of his army days, his sword at his side; and over his grave the 'grieving bugle' sounded its martial note of farewell. For his country and its ideals he

enlisted in the war of more than half a century ago. The enlistment proved to be for life. He believed with all his heart that the young men of this later day were the true spiritual sons of their fathers. It is for them, in the light of such a life as his, to justify this faith of the older generation.

BOYS

BY R. S. V. P.

I

PARENTS who have a boy always disclose the fact with a smile, or in a tone of gratification. Then usually there follows the assurance that he is a 'real boy, too.' Though you might think him noisy and untidy, bent upon his own concerns, and a great tease, rather rough and inconsiderate, yet, for themselves, they do not mind: they like boys. Boys will be boys, and a real boy is the real thing.

You meet this 'real boy,' too, in all books about boys. You even seem to see him constantly on the street and in your neighbor's yard, or trespassing on your own land. You unquestioningly believe schools to be full of him, and your office-boy perhaps appears to be a sample of him. But among boys whom you really know, which one is really such a boy? Is your well-beloved nephew that kind of a real boy, or the boys you know well among your pupils? Were your brothers like that, or your own son, or you yourself? Scarcely. Yet, if this is not the real boy, what is a boy, really? What are boys like?

Here are hundreds of them passing before us, swiftly, vigorously moving from babyhood to manhood. What definite things do we really know about them? and if they are not like what we think they are like, why do we think they are like that, and not like what they really are like?

Our habitual assumptions about boys are pretty definite. They have a positive reputation. During the past ten years, I have been collecting what is currently said and constantly written about boys, noting and jotting down each familiar phrase as I happened across it. Putting them all together, I get a popular characterization which runs thus (everyone will recognize how common the ideas are):—

Boys are noisy and decidedly in need of physical activity, for they possess an inexhaustible supply of surplus energy. Boys are dreadfully untidy, very inconsiderate, bent upon their own concerns and inobservant of all else. Boys are pugnacious and athletic, yet they are lazy. To lessons they are indifferent,

laughing and rebelling at them and at all poetry, sentiment, and religion. Scornful of mothers, girls, and babies, boys are, nevertheless, generous, brave protectors of the weak; are good-hearted and loyal, and hate meanness, lies, and cowardice. On the other hand, they are impatient of reproof and insensitive to it, as well as to disgust and fear; they spend much of their time dodging their duties, deceiving those in authority, and teasing those beneath them. Boys love so to rule that they are superlatively resistive and rebellious. They are full of creativity, because of which they devote themselves to keen interests, one at a time, with the passion of collector and specialist. At the same time, they are very emulative, and so responsive to competition, that two young boys together are scarcely safe in a dangerous place where either one alone would be perfectly trustworthy, and three together are sure to get into trouble. Indeed, they have such an inclination to show off, that they thus speedily take leave of their common sense when they gather in groups; but they hate to be shown off by others. In truth, boys have so great a desire to excel, that it is said that every boy at some time wants and expects to become president; this gives them a high standard in whatever they undertake; so, if they think they cannot reach that standard, they refuse to try at all. Indeed, when you come to know them, you find boys supersensitive and very dependent on sympathy and comprehension, highly objective and very dramatic, and not at all self-cognizant. They are built in compartments, and a real boy cannot see one part of himself when another is engaging his attention.

Everyone must recognize that this concatenation of contradictory claims and charges, heterogeneous as it is, includes after all only what is currently

said and constantly written about boys. Yet, collected and bound together, it reads like an ill-sorted bundle of unrelated impressions made regarding separate boys of various temperaments and tastes at sundry times — it appears to be, not a characterization, but a scrap-heap. The lads whom we know do not categorically answer to this description, though we recognize that each is like some part of it. Our own lads are sons and brothers and human souls; each is a person, different from all others that ever were. The characteristics which all boys have in common seem to us so few as to be almost negligible, and even these few appear in separate boys in very varying degrees. Besides, there is almost nothing which boys have in common that men do not also have; and most of what makes boy and man is common in girls and women, too.

'Boy' probably pointed out originally nothing but the mere fact that a man is young before he is old. There is, we all know, very little which distinguishes a boy from a man, except his youth — that is, his obviousness in interests, his inexperience, and his inexperience. In thinking of boys, we are thinking of men, minus responsibilities and skill.

Your own boy at twelve or fourteen is as much a full-grown man as Richard the Lion-Hearted ever was (though not as great). He is able, or should be able, to maintain himself in the inanimate world and to handle simple personal relations with some good sense. The only difference between the boy and the man that he is to become is in self-use and in use of the world about him. Nevertheless, in the long ages since there was not even that difference between boy and man, certain salient characteristics may have accumulated in the mere boy, — in boys as boys, — somewhat separate from

men. The word 'boy' has a strong collective flavor of its own, and before we discard it as a mere label, I want to consider it in a different way.

Instead of collecting what people say about boys, suppose we patiently watch many actual boys, regarding each as if he were our own son or brother, and moving our thoughts about so as to see the boy's acts as he sees them himself, and so as to guess how he explains himself to himself; and, in addition, to guess how much of invisible motive and impulse there is which he never explains or thinks of at all: thus we may win at last to understand how the whole conflicting conception of boy came about, and how popular assertions which seem most contradictory are really descriptions of the same traits from divers standpoints of comprehension and incomprehension. The heterogeneous scrap-heap of current notions can, in fact, be arranged like the bits of a picture puzzle into a comprehensible, continuous, and satisfactory whole.

Pursuing the idea 'boy' in this way is trying to detach a group from the great *flood* of life and to define it. This is almost a scientific pursuit. And so, as we set forth to capture that elusive quarry, a definition, let us be sure we know what sort of creature we expect to find in the end. 'In the sciences of Life, a group must be defined, not by its exclusive possession of certain characters but by its tendency to *emphasize* them'—this is sound doctrine and simplifies our search. We do not expect to discover what boys are that no one else is, but only what they emphasize as no one else emphasizes it.

II

Thinking thus, about real boys, my mind runs back, perforce, to the imagined beginning that we all know so

much about. Back there in the Tree and Cave, physical circumstances made the Boy-Man of earliest times inevitably the protector of wife and child, hearth and home, tribe and land, king and country. So, from very long ago, his muscles and his temper have bred themselves to strength and pugnacity, activity and self-protection, through the dangers and difficulties of pursuit, struggle, and capture.

Consequently, he has to-day, if he is healthy, and usually even if he is not, a natural love of physical activity; and he possesses the abundant persistent energy made necessary to him by his position as progenitor and protector of the race. This is not to say that he has special toughness against disease, for he has not; nor has he freedom from fatigue.

Likewise, we know that his office as father put upon him the duty of dominance, self-confidence, and ingenuity after its importunate presence made vivid its demands. All this has no direct causal connection with the reproductive impulse. His character is simply the practical elaborate outcome of a responsible position which he took early in history, consequent, of course, upon his possessing the reproductive impulse, but not caused by it. That impulse simply gave the type, as it were, to his activity—a type marked by vigor and immediacy. It established a precedent for the sort of way in which his desire should work, through whichever part of his nature that spiritual force might ever and anon be active.

So, through whatever channel a boy is working off his spirits, whether it be muscular, creative, or cogitative, he tends always to move with a sort of *generative definiteness*. He is subject to sudden overmastering impulses to action. Now it is hunger: hence raids on the pantry. Now it is muscular motion:

hence trials of strength and the twisting of other boys' arms. Always 'something doing.' Always generative definiteness, even in doing nothing.

This generative definiteness then is his characteristic emphasis: concentration, vividness, intensity, immediacy, exclusion, and selection are apt to control the manner of his activity, whether emotion and passion, steady practical occupation, or mere attention and mental process, be the matter of it.

His historic business in life, the sum of his duty to the race, has been to be bent upon his own purposes, and to strive to rule and to excel to the very utmost of his native capacity, so that he may preserve life and gain advantage, for himself and for those dependent upon him. Hence it is natural that he should often seem inconsiderate, unobservant, and insensitive, to bystanders who have not his attention and wish they had it; who are not interested in his purpose and wish him to be interested in theirs.

Such was the Boy-Man, by force of his personal circumstances; but the primitive tribe wanted him to fit also the communal circumstances. It needed good fighters and loyal clansmen. So, side by side with the real boy, produced because his nature sought to answer its own immediate demands, there grew up an accepted type called a boy, which embodied the community-ideal of what a satisfactory boy must be. He must be against his enemies, brave; and to his friends, good-hearted, generous, open, and loyal. He must protect the weak in his care. He must hate lies to his confederates, meanness to his comrades, and all cowardice. He must be insensitive to fear, disgust, and pain, and also to the weakening claims of all the softer sentiments — because he must be a good warrior and a stern enemy.

III

I think that we all know enough of human nature to know that in such a primitive society, if any individual boy had not these virtues, he must assume them; he must believe that he had them and make others believe it.

Here arose a source of confusion. Internally, for himself and to himself, a boy was, first of all, a conglomerate human creature, compact of innumerable capacities and perceptions, incapacities and obtusities. He could not by any amount of determination or self-deception be other than that particular individual bundle of traits which he happened to possess. He could not by any effort really conform to a type. The most he could do, of course, toward that imperative community demand was to assume an outward aspect of invincibility; while the best he could do for the race as well as for himself was to develop his own traits, each to its best use, irrespective of whether he resembled in consequence any other boy or any accepted type. The early community demanded many more enthusiastic physical fighters than it naturally produced, so the rest of the boys must pretend to these warrior virtues if they could. If they positively could not, the monastery became at last open to them. What these non-fighters did in the earlier ancient days, when opportunities to be priests were comparatively few, it is hard to guess. (Perhaps fewer dreamers were born, since the need for them can have been so little felt.) But absolute natural conformity to the demanded type was, of course, very rare. And so, from time immemorial, boys have pretended to be what they are not, as all persons do upon whom an unattainable expectation is laid. The pretence has not been conscious most of the time. They have fooled themselves, as we all do in the process of submit-

ting to others' expectations. So boys, personally self-wrapped and uncomprehending of others and of themselves, laugh at each other, traditionally and tribally, for showing personal feeling, special interest, or individual taste. They expect from each other acceptance of the group-demand. Often this is good.

To most boys the expression of this community-ideal comes through the 'gang,' and his gang, whatever it is, — school, or scout troop, or merely his set, — is rightly his world. The gang is indeed a boy's larger self; it makes possible for him achievements and joys that he could not compass alone; though he often follows the gang merely because he is made uncomfortable if he does not, yet much of the time he follows it because it provides him with ideas and purposes which he lacks in himself. But even in the gang boys frequently heckle each other because each wants to feel superior to everyone else, and the easiest way to do that is to believe all others inferior, and one's own way always best. They are afraid of each other's ideas, and of being judged by the code. They dread to be thought queer and to be teased, and yet they have to be controlled. Most potent, most firm-bedded in each boy's own nature is the wish to rule, himself anyway, others if possible. He feels strongly the determination not to submit, the instinct to follow his own purposes, to hitch to his own star, to achieve his own victory. Here is a curious and very real 'cross-rip' between the wind of social demand and the tide of self-fulfilment.

Threatened and compelled externally by the buffeting fear of pain or disgrace, and of scorn or laughter from his comrades, and at the same time urged internally by the irresistible current of his own self-directive tendencies, he finds himself in a parlous position,

falsely interpreted by others and misinterpreting himself. He appears at once resistive and acquiescent, rebellious and gregarious. This is his position among his mates.

Similarly, and for the same reasons, the normal attitude of a vigorous boy toward asserted authority is: 'I am inwardly urged to do as my ingenuity and interest prompt me. You must master me if I am to do differently.' It never occurs naturally to him to look at what he does from any point of view but his own. He will accept naturally nothing that does not capture him; he wants his own way, and if he must seem to submit, his first instinct is to dodge. The average careless boy, for instance, does not ask himself, 'Am I telling the truth? Am I acting openly?' He asks, 'Am I protecting myself? Am I defending myself or gaining my end?' We are so used to this, that we do not ask, 'Why?' and 'Is it well?' We merely smile or laugh or growl or sigh or reprove or scold or punish, and say, 'Is n't that just like a boy!' Lazy, inconsiderate, ingenious, and self-willed! By this I do not mean the nicest boy of your acquaintance. I mean the average boy in any big school. It is a common saying among teachers that boys are lazy, and among parents that they are self-willed, and 'old grads' delight in telling the ingenious self-willed devices by which they used to 'do' the teachers.

So, from an ancient community-ideal embodying an imperative need, has arisen community misconception of what any given boy probably is; and each individual boy, as he grows out of babyhood, meeting this misconception, faces it out as best he may. The art and manner of assuming to be a warrior when you are not is still handed on from father to son, and from big brother to little one, all of them tragically and ridiculously unconscious

of the unnecessariness, in these days, in this country, of this dreary discomfort from counter-blasts to which they are thus daily exposed. Boy learns from older boy a tradition which has been ceaselessly handed down from boy to boy since the time when men and boys were one. Of course, if he has by nature only the two simple primitive interests, if he thinks of life in terms of fighting and subduing, — of conquerors and slaves, rivals and supporters, friends and enemies, — he will behave accordingly. He will be self-absorbed, rough, and inconsiderate; or he will be bold, generous, and loyal. Although self-assertion be contrary to his nature, nevertheless, when visitors to the new baby say to the elder brother, 'Your nose is out of joint,' of course, he will grow jealous. He becomes ashamed of taking part where he cannot excel, and so feigns indifference toward things in which he feels no superiority. From the boys just older than himself, and from men, he learns the time-honored 'bluffs' by which he may create a surface of protection and gain an outward aspect of invincibility. If, being modest by nature, he thus becomes self-conscious, who has made him so? Certainly not the inanimate world; certainly not himself. He is naturally as un-self-conscious as a deer's fawn or a bursting bud. Grown folks believe they are eager to see the world-triumph of brotherly love, yet they talk about each other and talk to children as if the old conditions of tribal defense were in full control. No wonder that modest sensitive natures are wrenched, and learn to conceal and to deny their real selves. They do it all in self-defense against a community-expectation which has lost its usefulness in the more civilized groups and yet stands firm and unnoticed, a barrier to further progress.

What we want in this modern democracy of ours is not more fighters or

more blindly loyal followers, not even an increase of wise leaders: it is more able, coöperative, wide-seeing workers, each capable in his own line and ready to recognize and aid the capacity of others. Leaders are born, not made. So long as we keep our institutions and social customs plastic, natural leaders will rise to the places which need them. We have only to provide conditions by which all may become capable, willing co-workers; from among such, the rightful leaders will emerge. We cannot train leaders; we can train useful, civilized men. Our boys are ready and able now to become such men. But they do not get a fair chance, tradition so stands in their way. It raises this false expectation about them from the time they can turn over in their cribs, and it makes them take this false model for themselves as soon as they can understand a word. The false expectation is that they will be self-absorbed, and impervious to fine issues. The false model is the clan-defender.

When I say I think our boys do not get a fair chance, I mean that our present way of meeting them as they come briskly along out of infancy, expecting our companionship, is stupidly inadequate and discourteous. Boys are not young savages, tough and intractable. As a matter of fact, most young boys whom we actually know, most of our own small sons and brothers, are supersensitive and most endearingly dependent upon sympathy and praise and comprehension from those about them. They are subject, these dear little fellows, to most distressing disgusts and repulsions, fears, and physical distresses. They are very demonstrative. Sentiment is dear to them, beauty is a keen delight, and they are eager to be worthy men and true gentlemen. Yet we incline to treat every little boy as though he knew not fear, pain, or shrinking of any sort, had no sensitive

spots, and should be laughed at only to his advantage. If our boy shuns girls and babies, it is because he has been laughed at; or because by them a prophetic feeling is roused in him for which he finds no immediate use — so pervasive that it gives him an unpleasant sense of being mastered — not of mastery. He feels baffled. Because this makes him uncomfortable, he calls it dislike of girls or babies. Just so he looks askance at sentiment and religion. And just so he believes that he dislikes singing and dancing and whatever else hints of a world which he does not understand. He is generally shut off from the road to that understanding by the hackneyed remarks and obtuse arrangements of his elders, instead of being helped along it by good fellowship and sincerity.

Boys, in fact, are full of how many qualities! It is boys who grow into the tender husbands and devoted fathers whom we know. It is boys who become poets and heroes, lovers, leaders, and creators. What a barbarism it is that their abundant pellucid natures should be tormented into rigid bounds or simply thrust into hiding. In most boys does not the stream of inner personality dive underground at about the age of eleven or twelve, and leave a more or less stony surface to the world? It reappears, perhaps, in college with special college mates; or not until marriage, when the husband learns to trust his wife's sympathy; or sometimes not even until fatherhood has given him the confiding trust of children. Or it actually waits, gloomy and distrustful, until the children have grown to an age of comradeship, and then the real beauty, humor, and tenderness well up again. Yet, sadly often they never re-emerge, but the man goes on to the end, puzzled about himself, and misunderstood by everyone else.

But more of an obstacle than com-

mon sense to inquisitiveness from us and to a lack of reserve in him is the blessed fact that he does not himself know what are his hopes and purposes, why he loves and how he is to create. He evades these thoughts, instinctively seeking to live in the present and to avoid invasion by serious far-sighted persons. Boy or man, he frequently has no real notions or emotions. So he seldom knows the real reason why he does anything. What he is going to do and be, he knows even less. Much that he does he does instinctively, to conceal from us some feeling or thought which is too strong for him to understand. He is so very demonstrative that he early learns the absolute necessity for control. Of course, the pity of it is that, by poking fun at him, we stupidly drive him to complete self-repression, instead of respectfully helping him to learn a judicious and satisfying partial expression.

In consequence of this tendency to live in the present and to be unaware of his inner self, a boy seems ordinarily to stay young a long time; he never assumes a virtue until it has become necessary or desirable to him; he waits to express himself till his knowledge shall have related itself to himself; and he dislikes to display a power until he masters it. He is not really young, he is only inexpressive. He is growing inwardly, from the centre. Thought will show on the surface in due time. His mind is fixed on immediate purposes and projects, on prompt achievement, and on the masterful handling of his present opportunities, materials, and experiences. He can, and he usually does with incredible success, shut off from his consciousness all side considerations, all surrounding circumstances, and obvious by-products of his line of thought or action. He can fail to see to right or left, but he sees straight on to the end of what he is

looking at — or he at least tries to see it and thinks he succeeds. So he can be amazingly blind to necessary by-products of his own course of reasoning. This makes him often seem incredibly selfish or stupid. To a boy, life is a succession of experiences. He himself is the centre of life. All things else are events of a drama, elements in a project, obstacles to a purpose, or aids to an achievement. How this, that, or the other action on his part will affect other people or even himself, inwardly, does not concern or occupy him, except as other people's resulting action may affect his own results in the aim which he is just then pursuing. For this reason we find many chums, but few intimate friends, among boys.

Very seldom, indeed, is a boy much interested in persons, and very little of his attention does he give to the significance of human relations. This sort of impersonality is equally characteristic of the most unselfish and of the most selfish boys, of the boy who becomes the beloved physician as truly as of the boy who becomes the social robber. A boy's capacity for not knowing the personal affairs of his best friend is limitless. He is absorbed, not in persons but in pursuits; for him, persons are, as it were, things, elements in his own problems. He senses neither other people as they might know themselves, nor himself as he might be known. That is not his affair. If he is interested in other people's inward life, it is not for their sake, but to add to his own store of knowledge.

So it comes about that we may call boys very impersonal. But, in another sense, we may call them very personal; in the sense that they are interested in the whole universe only as it relates itself to their own personal interests.

Surely, the fact is that a boy's conscious life is intensive. I can but think

that we do not half enough consider this in trying to understand him, or half enough allow for it in the chances we give him for growth. What he observes in any mood is a narrow portion of his total impressions; hence his love of making what seem useless collections, and of getting up what seem irrelevant areas of information. 'If you want to know a thing, ask a boy. He will know all about it,' or nothing. If he is interested, he is thoroughly interested. If not, not one whit. Watch a company of boys. Each is intent upon his own way of taking the matter — even if it be the team-work for the home eleven. The eye of his mind is a dark lantern, the light of his intelligence falls in a straight shaft. His nature is built in separate compartments. This makes it possible for a half-baked boy to be sincerely devoted to his sister and yet tell ribald stories among his boy comrades — in direct preparation for being a good husband and father, while he tolerates the existence of brothels, and laughs at indecent plays.

Because of this exclusiveness of their attention, and because of this absorption of theirs in pursuits, not persons, boys are hard to invade and impress. And when we add to this lack of interest the positive impulse to self-rule and the generative quality of their impulses, it is no wonder that boys are not docile. It is no wonder that the question of discipline is ever present.

IV

Clearly they have to be impressed in some way other than by persuasion or expectation, request or admonition. It is fruitless to drag or drive a boy. Sometimes you can ride him, but generally the way to do is to get beside him and shove with him, so that he feels that you are as himself, pointing out

the bad places in the road ahead. A boy cannot see that an act is important until it becomes somehow a personal interest to him. Then he does it simply, with his whole soul. A real, capable boy will do a thing because he is interested or because he is compelled, but not because he is expected to do it; for with a boy there must be either impulse from within or compulsion from without. The force must be strong. Whatever moves him must seem to him to be irresistible. Custom, the crowd, public opinion are compulsion enough for most boys, even quite contrary to their taste; but one person's wish is not — unless a peculiar devotion happens to exist, and this can never be counted upon for next time. A new attraction may have intervened.

While boys are still very young, under ten, they generally feel personal control to be as compulsion, and if it is strong, that is sufficient to direct them. Consequently, what they learn to believe with their heart in these years appears to them in the later years as a primary liking, a personal taste or a primal ordinance; for they soon forget how they came by this prejudice and that predilection. Their native inhospitality toward unmastered experiences makes another reason for starting them young.

Later, a boy resents personal control because he hates to be a slave, and also because it makes hurt feelings when he breaks over; but he likes law or military control because it makes authority impersonal and gives him a chance, if he sees fit, to outwit the rules of authority without hurting an individual. If he shuns preachments, it is because he feels that, if they merely bring conviction to his mind, they almost surely will not create sufficient force to make him wish to do the thing. They provide him with a chance to pretend, while they take away his hearty satis-

faction in looking upon the whole thing as a game between himself and the powers that be.

Is not your boy, then, loyal? Does he not joy to follow a beloved leader? Yes — but loyalty which is simple-minded and unquestioning belongs to earlier times. The boy of eight or ten corresponds to the loyal feudatory of the Middle Ages. Our boys of twelve or fourteen have their own independence to establish. A moving cause of acquiescence may at any time be affection or admiration; but if a boy of twelve recognizes it as such, he generally refuses the job; he must believe that he does it because he is interested. Even conviction is but halfway compulsion. If he does it consciously for affection, he does it condescendingly as charity, or protestingly as nonsense, or pleasantly as a mere personal favor. It does not become a habit or take its place among his own preferences. And this is well. A boy who is led merely by his affections is a 'sissy,' and a man or woman who by 'affection' alone produces impulse in a boy weakens him.

So a boy's parents send him to boarding-school because they are assured that there he will be submitted to an impersonal process; he will be put through a mill, as it were, and properly manufactured; under compulsion, he will learn to conform to type. They can supply no such assurance at home. Whether the product produced is the best that could have been made of him, they are in no position to know. At all events, he has the chance to be formed by strong pressure.

V

Suppose your boy has been brought to the age of twelve or fourteen well developed, — able, that is, to look after himself in the world, and grown-up according to pioneer standards, — in very

truth full-grown. He still has ten years of 'prolonged infancy' ahead, before he can become a modern man, fit for the complex responsibilities of civilization, able, that is, to act upon principle, to apply a general principle to novel instances, and to see future advantage or invisible good so vividly that self-regulation is a matter of course. The last four of those ten years he will very probably spend in independence at college, under the formative influence of able men, public opinion, and a general atmosphere of intelligent thinking; or he will go into business and come under steady control, and the necessity to do something useful. But what of the six earlier years — are they productive as we now arrange them? Just here is where I believe we fail to give him a full chance.

The two fundamental truths about a boy clearly are, that spiritually his action is always generative and that mentally his attention is toward pursuits, not persons. Rearranged by these clues, the heterogeneous scrap-heap of current notions (which I collected in my opening paragraph) becomes orderly and makes sense.

A modern boy, born of civilized parents, we may define as a human being whose nature emphasizes, as none else emphasizes, activity, adventure, and conquest, with strong generative definiteness. And he differs specifically from a man in that he emphasizes activity and adventure above conquest — the process above the result.

From all of which it is plain to be seen that a boy needs for his best development, not only activity, but adventure; not only adventure, but conquest; and the more you permit him of true conquest, the more you make a man of him. His way of life should provide these three things for him in abundance. What form they should take would depend on the boy's personal

capacities. For the musical boy, it is an adventure to hear a symphony and a true conquest to play a Bach fugue correctly; for a scientific boy, the adventure may be to pursue a new bird and the conquest to mount a perfect butterfly. But every boy has muscles and lungs which need the primitive joys and violent activities. He rejoices to wrestle with the elements, and to try his strength against the forces of nature — among which forces are other boys, of course.

We, the community, have taken from him one by one all the primitive activities upon which he was wont to expend all his surplus physical energy. Nowadays he must not fight 'except in self-defense.' Corporal punishment, hunting, hazing, violent football, daily dangers, gaming, drinking, have all been removed; fealty, partisan pride, rivalry, jealousy, mastery, tyranny, vaulting ambition — all these we would taboo. This is not the establishment of civilized inhibitions; this is stoppage. Fear, pain, and rage and fierce desire have been the chief sources of action and the great generators of force in men since man was. His proper job is to fight a good fight, and pit himself to win against something all the time. If the only obstacles which we offer are rules and masters, he will pit himself against those. It is the old, old instinct, the need to struggle and to overcome. 'Battle' to him means strife, not carnage. Death and slaughter are mere accompaniments. It is not the blood and the devastation that he loves: it is the vivid conflict, with its visible risk and keen excitement. 'Fighting' to him does not mean destruction. It means overcoming. It means the chance of conquest. Destruction seems merely a necessary incident, deplorable, but unavoidable.

Nor does fighting necessarily mean enmity. Only our stupidity makes it

carry that evil connotation. Boys must have danger, vigorous physical struggle, and quick result. If you have a little son who hates to hear tales of fighting, do you not feel an uneasy fear that perhaps he has trouble ahead, through lacking virility? Fighting is not killing; fighting is the hope of achievement. Adventure and invention are fighting; so is the pursuit of an ideal, the struggle for a principle, and the capture of a truth; all these involve fighting, and any private, personal victory brings more joy, though less glory, than a collective victory. Hence, in democracies, where each man is free to have a personal struggle throughout life, men care less and less for wars, and need them less. Fighting is here in the world to stay — but it is a personal fight; that is, each man wants to feel that he has done a good thing himself; any triumph makes him equally glad. Peace must provide fights and physical activity. We in our community have sought to set aside fist-fighting and to discontinue the pain of corporal punishment, that the higher faculties may be developed — toleration, sympathy, unselfishness, justice, and their mates.

But — here is a flaw. Because a faculty is more recently developed, it is not therefore higher. Usually, because it is newer, it is weaker and more erring. At best, it is but additional; not higher in itself, but making the whole higher. The high-grade man retains all his faculties, the primitive as well as the recent. Love of power, old though it be, still is, and forever will remain, the only releasing motive of human energy. If our own power is not sufficient, the next best joy is to behold the power of another and to lend our aid to his victory. So soon as the sense of power deserts us, and the possibility of achievement disappears, then life is stale, bitter, and useless; hence the pathos of old age.

Therefore, in setting up any new community ideals we must give the superfluous energy of boys sufficient occupation to ensure them a sense of power, struggle and achievement. If that energy is simply checked, it will and does take annoying side-channels, because boys have so little inventive resource of their own. Our American boys in other generations have had independence, responsibility, and adventure; they have been belligerent in their own way. They have battled with the elements, and tried their strength and cunning against the forces of nature. If we are providing nothing to take the place of such activities except organized athletics and supervised lessons, we must not yet expect a very satisfactory crop of better men. Games and lessons will not suffice. Such things provide no adequate struggle, no independence, no responsibility, or adventure — only a harmless activity and a formal kind of conquest; they all are good as far as they go, but ridiculously inadequate for young fellows who are really not children at all, but old enough to be their own masters — if only modern life were not so complex.

Of course, the fact that, for youth, every experience is new and is a discovery, does count for much. But it is not enough. We must get the accidental back into our boys' life. And if we are to keep their independence alive, we must give them something creative to fight for, and something actual to fight against, all the time. We must give them vigorous practical work to do in battling toward common purposes and worthy achievements. It must be a battlefield which aims to coöperate, aid, and construct for others as well as for one's self. It is well for us to seek peace, that we may have room to work; but the peace which we seek must not be placidity, or settled order. In it, the

boys must use their strength to fight valiantly against all sorts of dangers and difficulties — only not against people as enemies, that is all.

Boys are chiefly interested in 'something doing.' What they want to do will depend upon what they have learned to find desirable. What they want to fight will depend upon what they have learned to find hateful. They must have action. We elders are responsible for the ideals which prompt any special action. We begin early to mislead their minds. We still say to the smiling two-year-old, gazing at his mysterious, funny little baby brother, 'Are n't you jealous?' And to the four-year-old, we say, 'Look, Johnny, can you do this? You would n't let him do better than you, would you?' We ask who is the best in the class, and we call his fellows his 'rivals.' In regard to every discussion, we talk of attack and defense. Ambition we make a wish to excel others, and competition a wish to destroy others. Verily, there is much vocabulary to be sloughed, and many stock ideas to be got rid of, before fathers and mothers can safely speak without thinking before their children.

VI

Ask yourself what gives you most trouble with the grown-up boys whom we call men, in committee work, in business relations, and in public service — in fact, in any effort to work democratically, which is to say, coöperatively. It is not chiefly the incapacity of each man to see any point of view but his own, retarding as that is. It is not chiefly their incapacity, inexperience, or even credulity. It is jealousy; it is rivalry; it is treacherous and self-seeking suspicion. Self-importance, touchiness, exigence, fault-finding, the imputing of motives, and the unwillingness to act upon other people's ideas, all these are

signs of jealousy, and they come from the habit of fixing one's mind on persons as rivals, — on one's self *versus* the others, instead of on the job. They are sadly fostered by the notion that, wherever two things or two persons are juxtaposed, one is best, and should be uppermost.

In this country you cannot impress upon your boy his life-opinions before he is ten; but you can impress upon him an habitual expectation, that is, a conception of humanity, and a notion of his own relative attitude toward difficulties and toward persons. What parents say and do in the presence of their children can teach that. You can establish his *motives*, too. Good sense, good-will, sincerity, self-restraint, and social cohesion reside in a nation just in proportion to the real democracy of feeling that is shown its boys and girls in the nursery and the school. Democracy knows that every man's interest, rightly used, helps every other man's, and that men are never natural enemies. In this country we all must fight, not enemies, but obstacles, and not so much against anything as for something. We must see what we want and struggle toward it — as does the whole creation. We want to raise our boys to be soldiers, and our boys all want to be soldiers. They are full of fight. We do not want them to spend their fine talents on the primitive vigors of fisticuffs and firearms. But we do want them to be brave soldiers of some sort, and even fighting in the trenches is better than no valor. What they will wish to fight against depends on their intellectual and physical constitution and their basic stock ideas, those cherished notions that they get into their heads before they are old enough to think.

These notions come largely from the community-ideal. Wherever that shifts in recognition that civilization is really possible, there a new demand grows up.

And there a new conception of a satisfactory boy grows up to meet it. A civilized man is a highly artificial product. He is the result of purpose and determination. He does not appear by accident; he is not a sport or a variation of species. A civilized man is not a product of nature at all. He comes by taking thought. He is laboriously produced by his own community. Wishing will not bring him. Only according as we deliberately give our boys a chance, will they become men of a new world. The more they are hemmed in by the visible ingenuities of other folks' brains, the less chance have they for growth. Each invention is one man's conquest, but another man's barrier. Inventions have no civilizing power. Unless a boy can learn to jump them or use them to his own ends, they will not civilize him, but will stultify him. Civilization is behavior, and it springs from consciousness of values. It comes, not by growth, but by choice.

VII

Here then are our sons and our brothers, vivid, immediate, compelling. They have a right to growth and a need to be civilized. They are the pride of our hearts. Eager for mastery, keen for adventure and achievement, ready to devote themselves, in complete self-forgetfulness, to whatever has force to compel or impel them — they like a

thing better, the better it is, if only they apprehend it. They are very real boys; no wonder their parents have pleasure in them, and no wonder we all rejoice in them. What are their fathers and mothers doing with them that suits their true natures? What enlarging experience, what satisfying skill, what deep-lying interests does the community allow them? Here are good material and sufficient force. At present, for six years after they have become equal to pioneer men, they are usually treated as children. Their world has no real use for them. An adequate use should be found — a use productive, creative, and friendly to self-expression, yet at the same time exciting, hazardous, and resistant, so that battles may be waged and strongholds lost and won with cheerful immediacy. War is as natural as earthquake. It should be a purifier and clarifier of hearts and purposes; as it most surely is, where hearts and purposes are ready to go right. Fear, pain, and rage and fierce desire are good; not spent in gusts and paroxysms, but used as power to gain some difficult good. Pursuit, struggle, and capture, danger, difficulty, and fatigue are good; not to gain mean ends, but to make ideals real. These fervent heats are necessary to real life. Real boys must fight, and they must fight for something worth the vigorous conflict and the high endeavor.

TWO SONNETS

I. THE PAISLEY SHAWL

WHAT were his dreams who wove this colored shawl —
The gray, hard-bitten weaver, gaunt and dour,
Out of whose grizzled memory, even as a flower
Out of bleak winter, at young April's call,
In the old tradition of flowers breaks into bloom,
Blossomed the old and intricate design
Of softly glowing hues and exquisite line —
What were his dreams, crouched at his cottage loom?

What were her dreams, the laughing April lass
Who first in the flowering of young delight,
With parted lips and eager, tilted head
And shining eyes, about her shoulders white
Drew the soft fabric of kindling green and red,
Standing before the candle-lighted glass?

II. HANDS

Tempest without: within the mellow glow
Of mingling lamp and firelight over all —
Etchings and water-colors on the wall,
Cushions and curtains of clear indigo,
Rugs, damask-red, and blue as Tyrian seas,
Deep chairs, black oaken settles, hammered brass,
Translucent porcelain and sea-green glass,
Color and warmth and light and dreamy ease.

And I sit wondering where are now the hands
That wrought at anvil, easel, wheel, and loom, —
Hands, slender, swart, red, gnarled, — in foreign lands
Or English shops to furnish this seemly room;
And all the while, without, the windy rain
Drums like dead fingers tapping at the pane.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

ORDEAL BY FIRE

A NOTE ON THE PSYCHOLOGY OF FEAR

BY C. GOUVERNEUR HOFFMANN

ONE afternoon in December, 1918, I took the air in a De Haviland plane, to pass a pupil through the Camera Obscura test, in the course of which colored lights are fired from a Very pistol at the moment when, in action, bombs would be released over the enemy's lines; the target in this case being a darkened room on the aerodrome. Having climbed to a height of 2000 feet and flown over the target, to allow the observer to make certain necessary calculations and adjustments, I laid my course over it again, for the test. At the proper moment the pupil fired, but in such wise that the flare passed into the lower plane of the right wing, near the fuselage, smashing several ribs, and finally setting the wing afire.

At once I went into a vertical nose-dive; but finding the strain upon the machine excessive, I pulled the stick back to neutral position, and at the same time caused the plane to side-slip on her *good* left wing. Wishing to avoid a forced landing outside the aerodrome, with the consequent risk of crashing and perhaps exploding the tanks, I decided not to switch off the motor, but to flatten out and land on the nearest part of the aerodrome. As I executed this manoeuvre, the shower of sparks diminished, and as we touched the ground, I found that the fire was out. We 'taxied' up to the sheds.

The flight lasted a quarter of an hour, the descent about a quarter of a minute.

Such are the facts — what one learns in college to call the 'brute' facts of an experience; but the human organism is complex, and so played upon by a medley of emotions, thoughts, and reflex actions, that an account of the simple facts of objective reality must necessarily omit many aspects of the episode and, like all descriptions, inevitably fall far short of the truth. While directing attention to this unvarnished fact-sequence, for the purpose of emphasizing the continuity of the physical acts performed, the parallel series of psychological stimuli which swept over me like an advancing tide, but never for an instant threatened to submerge the primary working faculties or drown those motive-actions necessary to self-preservation, must not be lost sight of; although from the bare recital of events given above, the whole realm of *feeling*, which in any drama, and according to its intensity, influences for good or for ill the destiny of the individual, has been ruthlessly divorced.

Furthermore, there was a rapid, vivid train of barely born images springing unbidden over the 'threshold' of the subconscious, obtruding with an almost comic unconcern upon a situation balanced on the brink of tragedy. For during that brief interval of lightning decisions and sudden physical efforts, there was clearly and dispassionately pictured in the mind's eye a heterogeneous agglomeration of familiar scenes, conditions, and faces, each responsive

— possibly through some subtle association of ideas — to long-past memories of places and people outwardly unconnected, after the swift kaleidoscopic fashion of dreams.

To select but one example from the multitude crowding those strenuous seconds — I saw, as in a play within a play, the blue mist stealing over the silver waters of the lake that sleeps between the hills in the wooded valley below my home; I saw the steep slopes turn from green to purple as the brooding shadows passed across them; I saw the gathering dusk soak up the changing colors; and I was aware, gratefully aware, of a deepening calm. Here is a single instance, one more enduring, perhaps, than the host of others which might have been recalled at the time the notes for this paper were made (which was only a few hours after the incident); and it will be seen that, as in dreams, a considerable time has apparently elapsed during the shifting scenes thus visualized; whereas, *in reality*, — as we say so glibly and, it may be, so ignorantly, — the element of duration was practically *nil*.

It is interesting, also, to note that, at the present writing, I cannot remember 'what the weather was like' on that memorable day, although through the agency of hypnosis every detail of this experience could no doubt be recovered from, let us say, the Bergsonian reservoir of mind. At any rate, it is evident that my so-called 'content of consciousness' was complicated to a high degree; nevertheless, there was, so far as I could recollect, absolutely no confusion introduced between the report of the senses and the proper motor-reactions — the current flowing freely from external warnings through nerves to the brain, that bureau of interpretation, and thence by muscular translations into directed energy.

In the light of this inner human ex-

perience, we propose to review the chain of events related so baldly, and to discover if possible the position of *fear*. At once the story will become animated, probed by passions, stirred by sharp impulse; for now it deals with the deep-rooted instincts of life itself.

As we flew serenely northward, I was leaning out of the cock-pit to get a better 'line' on the target, when I heard the crack of the pistol. An instant later, I saw a ragged hole in my wing from which smoke began to pour, and realized with a start that the plane was on fire. — Thousands of sparks and wicked little red tongues of flame! What crazy shooting (I thought), when there was plenty of room; the fool must have fired with his eyes shut. Anger was uppermost in my mind, and already I was framing words of indignation with which to 'tick him off,' when we got down. When we got down! Instinctively I had dived, after throttling down the motor, goaded by an intense desire to reach the earth quickly, — yes, that was it, *quickly*, — before the flames burned through a spar or consumed a dangerous amount of the lifting surfaces. I wondered, in a flash of evil anticipation, whether the sparks from the magnesium flare ('can't blow *that* out,' was vaguely registered) would reach the carburetors through their big intake pipes located on that side. Also, it occurred to me that one might have to crawl out on the other wing to adjust the balance, when lateral control was lost — such feats had been done before; but *when* would the ailerons fail to respond? Very different matter, having wires shot away: little worry *then*, with machines inherently stable. Confound those sparks! Infernal carelessness — We're going hell for leather! But we must get to earth *soon*, or — perhaps a nasty crash — better unfasten belt and switch off, in case — must n't think of that now — get down — *fast!*

Then, at the very birth of fear, the rescue was made — by some queer twist of redeeming nature, or by the sure touch of an inscrutable Providence — interpret it as you will, according to philosophic prepossession. For in this extremity, I was strongly conscious of a calm, like the calm at the storm's centre, while a veritable torrent of cherished memories and familiar fancies rose and vanished and rose again, weaving a tangled skein of beauty and — regret.

Yet this train of images persisted with all its charming variety as a separate issue, as a sort of side-show, beguiling but unimportant; like those long thought-vistas conjured in the flickering reason of an exhausted swimmer struggling against the waves. Here, however, was no sense of desperation or desertion, but rather a strange fortitude fighting to deny an impending catastrophe. It was as if the soul were pitted against a universe shouting the approach of the inevitable; yet a soul somehow detached from disaster, and still the determined arbiter of its fate. The spectre of fear lingered menacingly on the edge of my resolve, clinging as it were to the fringe of desire, but without power to drug or paralyze.

Faintly coloring all this co-conscious strain was a certain aloof sadness, a feeling of possible and irretrievable loss: to die, to kill the body — the absorbing interest of this contingency overwhelmed the counter-drag of fear. Nevertheless, above this speculative undertow called into being by suggestive scenes (or *vice versa*), rushed the dominating and well-nigh furious purpose to turn the scales in life's favor. Although most inconsequent details, normally inhibited, were not suppressed, but even accentuated, no confusion intervened to disrupt the correlation of immediate decisions with their practical expression through force. Indeed,

the brain seemed to function with more than usual clarity, and hands and feet upon the controls responded with an added celerity.

But to return to the thread of our story: the plunge earthward; the rush of wind, and the whining wires; the enlarging landscape, and the comet's tail of sparks. What a pace! Away past the safety point! The fabric may tear and rip clean off — it's flapping now. Anyway, the wings will snap unless I take care to pull her out ever so gently, ever so gently. — There we are! Still burning, after that straight drop. — Side-slip, only *away* from the flames, of course. — So!

In a mere fraction of the time it takes to tell, the dilemma was solved — by the simple art of causing the aeroplane to fall almost vertically on one wing: a *modus operandi* not quite arrived at on the spur of the moment, yet perhaps not so tardily when one considers that the elapsed time of fall through about a thousand feet was roughly half a dozen seconds. It will be noticed that two issues were in conflict, their cross-currents flowing through what may be termed the 'here and now' aspect of my cognizance. On the one hand, rapid descent was essential; on the other to nose-dive in such headlong fashion was to invite destruction. Each involved a concomitant hazard, the choice seeming to lie between the devil and the deep sea.

There is no point in following the analysis any further, since the element of fear did not intrude again. The bleak record has expanded into a human experience. In its curiously composite photograph the atavistic strain is slight, so far has our civilization — despite its wars — removed from the individual the primitive dread of death. The past of a pilot is bound to have its lurid and indelible memories of planes afire crashing; and yet the throat-grip

of fear, with that resurgence of the principle of survival, was obliterated almost in its inception by the rise and sway of anger.

A word may be added. On landing, a deep thankfulness took complete possession of me. We went into the air

again with a new ship, completed the test, and then with light hearts came down for tea. Shortly afterward, while smoking a pipe, I burned my finger — and discovered that the play of a lively imagination is not an unmitigated blessing.

ON COMMENCING AUTHOR

BY A. EDWARD NEWTON

I

IF to be misunderstood is to be great, then all my life I have been great, and never greater than in these last few months.

It came about in this way. My life has always been a singularly duplex affair: one half of it — no, much more, nine tenths of it — has been hard work, the rest of it has been spent in my library; even when I was a boy and had only a shelf or two of books, I always called it my library.

As a result of much reading — and very little thinking, for like Charles Lamb, books do my thinking for me — I became moved to write a paper on the pleasure of buying and owning books; and, much to my delight, not only was it accepted by a well-known editor, paid for, and published, but people read it and asked for more. It is the first step *qui coûte*, as the French so eloquently say. After the acceptance of my first article my ascent was easy.

I have said that I have always been misunderstood. For example: I never had any education, whereas it is commonly supposed that I have sat, or at

least stood, at the knee of some great scholar like Kittredge. The fact is that kindly disposed relatives took me in hand at an early age and sent me from one dame — I had almost said damn — school to another, according to the views of the one who had me in charge for the time being. This is a bad plan.

In like manner, when I grew up I got a job in a bookstore, Porter & Coates's, and a fine bookstore it was; but I never sold any books. I suppose it was early discovered that, though I might take a customer's money, I would never part with the books, never deliver the goods, as it were, and for that reason I was put in the stationery department. I made my first acquaintance with pens, ink, and paper by selling them, and in those days I had no idea what delightful playthings they make. Because I spent a few years at Porter & Coates's, I am supposed to have gained there the knowledge of books that I am credited with.

And later on I was for a time in a banking-house, and a most respectable banking house it was, too: Brown Bro-

thers & Co. — a sort of younger son of Brown, Shipley & Co. of London. There I drew bills of exchange in sets of three: first, second, and third of exchange, I remember they were called. I never became much of a draftsman, but I soon became expert enough to make three separate blunders in a single bill. It took time for these blunders to come to the surface. I made a mistake in June in Philadelphia, and it came to light in Shanghai in December. I used to dread the arrival of a steamer. I did not mind 'steamer day': that meant outgoing mail; what I hated was an incoming post. I can see now the brief notes written in clerkly longhand, — it was before the introduction of typewriters in respectable houses, — 'calling attention for the sake of regularity to the error in draft' — number, name, and amount given. I came to know just how long after the arrival of the mail it would be before someone would tell me that Mr. Delano wanted to see me in the back office.

This was the unhappiest time of my life, and I determined to throw up my job and go into business for myself: to do in a wholesale way what I had done at retail. After some years, when I had accumulated a little money, a man, thinking I had much, called on me with a view to selling me an interest in an electrical business. I was told that what was needed was a financial manager; and when upon investigation I discovered that the business was in the hands of the sheriff, I knew that I had not been deceived.

A story of suffering and disaster is usually more interesting than a story of commonplace success. How in time I became the president of an electrical manufacturing company, without knowing a volt from an ampere, or a kilowatt from either, might be interesting to my family, had they not heard it before, but to no one else. It is enough

for me to say that by the happiest kind of a fluke I came to have a name not unknown in electrical and financial circles, although nothing of an electrical engineer and very little of a financier.

And now in my old age, — for if an electrical business will not prematurely age a man, nothing will, — when I sometimes so far forget myself as to talk of eddy currents and hysteresis, I see that I deceive no one; that I am listened to as an old man is, when for the hundredth time he starts to tell what he thinks is a funny story; for I am known to hate every living mechanical thing with a royal hatred — automobiles especially, with their thousand parts, each capable of being misunderstood. Even a screw-driver fills me with suspicion, and a monkey-wrench with horror.

And I am not altogether alone in this: others so situated share my weakness. I was dining once in London, quite informally, with a great electrical engineer, a very trig maid in attendance. On the table near my host's right hand was a small block of white marble and a tiny silver mallet. When he wanted the maid, he struck the marble a resounding blow.

I was somewhat amused, and asked him if he had ever heard of a push-button for the same purpose.

'My boy, I have,' was his reply, 'but I get enough of electrical devices in the city; I don't want a single one of them in my own home. I've not come yet to using gas; I prefer candles; they are not so likely to get out of order. I hate this pushing a dimple and waiting for something to happen. When I make a noise myself I begin to feel a sense of progress; that's what we stand for in this country' — with a knowing wink — 'progress.'

Do not be alarmed, gentle reader; this introduction is almost over. It is

like a door stuck tight which, when, by a great effort, you have forced it open, you find leads nowhere.

II

I set out some time ago to tell how I came to be an author, and then I lost my place; better authors than I ever hope to be have done the same.

I shall start over again. There is a rhyme to this effect: —

A little home well filled,
A little wife well willed,
Are great riches.

Having these, I wanted one thing more. I wanted to add a leaf — I did not ask to add a tree, not even a sapling, only a single leaf, to that forest which we call English literature, that stately forest in which for many years I have delighted to lose myself. It is an honorable ambition and I gave it full play, and I was as pleased as Punch when, after a time, it was suggested that if, in addition to a number of essays that had already appeared in the *Atlantic*, I had some other literary material, as it is called, it would be read with the idea of publication in book form.

In due time a book appeared; a book, mind you. Boswell, in conversation one day with Johnson, remarked that he had read a certain statement. 'Why, Sir, no doubt,' replied the sage, 'but not in a bound book.' There is a great difference between an essay in a magazine and the same essay in a bound book. My book was bound. As one of my critics very kindly said of the publication, it might not be worthy of the immortality of morocco, but it certainly was a very pretty success 'in boards.'

But, after all, reading is the test. Anyone can write and print and bind a certain number of pages; the thing is to get people to read them. A great man can wait for posterity, but for a little man it is now or never. A book's life is

almost as brief as a butterfly's. There is something pathetic about the brevity of the life of a book. A man works over it, thinks about it, talks about it, if he can get anyone to listen to him; at last he finds a publisher, and the book appears. For a few days perhaps it may be seen in the bookshops, and then, like the snowflake in the river, it disappears, and forever. Speaking by and large, the greatest successes escape this fate only for a moment. There are so many books! Go into any public library and ask what proportion of the books on the shelves are called for, say, once in ten years. The answer should make for modesty in authors. That it does not do so only proves with what eagerness we pursue the phantoms of hope.

But I must avoid a minor note in my carol. D'Israeli has written of the Calamities and Quarrels of authors — I write only of the amenities of authorship. When writing ceases to be a delight, I will give it over. Meanwhile the trifling honor that has come to me is very gratifying. My book was published in November, 1918. Within a short time commendatory letters began to arrive. They came from every part of the country, at first single spies, and then battalions. Almost all of them from entire strangers. Not many of my friends wrote me. When a man is publishing his first book, his friends, feeling that a great joke is being perpetrated, want to have a hand in it and do not hesitate to remind him that they are looking forward to receiving a presentation volume, the inference being that they, at least, may be depended upon to read it. But I remembered Dr. Johnson's remark: 'Sir, if you want people to read your book, do not give it to them. People value a book most when they buy it.'

When the book finally appeared, and people began to read and talk of it,

many things, grave as well as gay, resulted, the gayest being a dinner given to me at one of the clubs, at which I was presented with a copy of my own book superbly bound by Zucker in full crushed levant morocco. A special page was inserted in it, whereon was printed, among other gibes and floutings, a paragraph from the book itself: 'I trust my friends will not think me churlish when I say that it is not my intention to turn a single copy of my book into a presentation volume.' This was followed by a *'stinging rebuke'* from the uncommercial committee which is paying for the dinner and which regards presentation copies as the cardinal virtue of good book-collecting.'

It was a merry dinner, and well on toward morning, after the wine had been flowing freely for several hours, my friend Kit Morley wrote on the back of a menu card the following parody of Leigh Hunt's well-known poem, 'Abou Ben Adhem': —

ABOUT A. EDWARD

A. Edward Newton — may his tribe e'er wax —
 Awoke one night from dreaming of Rosenbach's,
 And saw among the bookshelves in his room,
 Making it like a 'Shelley first' in bloom,
 A Boswell writing in a book of gold.
Amenities had made Ben Edward bold,
 And to the vision in the room he said,
 'What writest thou?' The Boswell raised its
 head,
 And with a voice almost as stern as Hector's,
 Replied, 'An index of the great collectors.'
 'Sir, am I one?' quoth Edward. 'Nay, not so,'
 Replied the Boswell. Edward spake more low,
 But cheerly still: 'Sir, let us have no nonsense!
 Write me at least as a lover of Dr. Johnson's.'
 The Boswell wrote and vanished. The next
 night
 He came again with an increase of light,
 And showed the names whom love of books had
 blessed —
 And lo, A. Edward's name led all the rest!

In the cold gray light of the morning after, it was seen that this poem lacks some of those transcendent qualities which have given Shelley's 'Cloud' and

Keats's 'On First Looking into Chapman's Homer' such enduring fame; but at the time it was composed and read, it produced a prodigious effect upon the company, and some day my heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns may sell the manuscript at auction for a price which will amaze them. — But this verges upon prophecy.

For months, each day brought me at least one letter, and frequently several, which added greatly to the joy of life and proved a very welcome change from the more usual communications, which I have grown accustomed to, that 'a prompt remittance, would be highly appreciated.'

III

Written, as my book professedly was, for the tired business man, it had an equal success with the sex which we have been taught to think of as fair. I came to have in some small measure the astonished feeling that Byron had when he awoke and found himself famous, except that I feared to wake and discover that my success was a dream. I dreaded the arrival of the time when flattering letters would be a thing of the past, and when friends would no longer stop me in the street to tell me that they never would have supposed that I could write a book.

My reputation as a Johnsonian grew out of all proportion to my knowledge; and if I recast a bit of dialogue with a casual acquaintance on a street corner it must stand, not for the single encounter, but for a hundred.

FRIEND. — I never hear Dr. Johnson's name mentioned without thinking of you.

N. — That's very good of you (*with a leer*).

FRIEND. — There were two Johnsons were n't there? Did n't one write plays?

N. — Yes, but they spelled their

names differently, and Ben Jonson died —

FRIEND. — I remember I sat in his seat in a tavern the last time I was in London in 1907 — no, 1909, I can't remember now whether it was 1907 or 1909, — but I sat in Dr. Johnson's seat in a tavern; let me see, I have forgotten the name, but it was in the Strand.

N. (*wearily*). — No, it was not in the Strand, it was in Fleet Street, and the name of the tavern was the Cheshire Cheese —

FRIEND (*exultingly, as one who has found great treasure*). — That's it — the Cheshire Cheese! I had lunch there and I sat in Dr. Johnson's seat. Have you ever been there?

N. — Yes, and it may surprise you to know that there is not one single contemporary reference to Johnson's ever having visited the Cheshire Cheese.

FRIEND. — Why, that's queer. I was told —

N. (*firmly*). — Yes, I know very well what you were told, but it's all fiction. The legend that he frequently visited the Cheshire Cheese has grown up in the last century, and is founded on nothing more than possibility, or at most probability.

FRIEND. — You surprise me. Well, it's a dirty old place, anyhow. I always preferred going to Simpson's.

N. — Now you're talking! Don't you wish you were there now? Well, I must be on my way.

For the reason, I suppose, that it was soon recognized that my book was written in the leisure hours of a busy man, it escaped severe treatment at the hands of the critics. Allowances were made, — Dr. Johnson suggests that a woman's preaching should not be criticized; rather, one should be surprised that she does it at all, — so amiably was my writing considered. It was, however, rather disconcerting to discover

that in no single instance, I believe, have I been asked a question that I was able to answer. This leads me to reach the profound conclusion that there are many more questions than answers in this world.

One thing greatly surprised me: it seems that my book had created the very erroneous idea that all old books are valuable, especially those in which *f*'s takes the place of *s*'s. This form — which began almost with the art of printing, continued throughout the eighteenth century, and signifies exactly nothing at all — was supposed to be a mark of special significance; and it took all the tact I was master of to break this news gently to those who were thinking of selling a few volumes which had long been regarded as invaluable family treasures.

When the famous Gutenberg Bible was bought by Mr. Huntington at the Hoe sale in New York, in 1911, people generally — especially in the remote country — formed the idea that, Mr. Gutenberg having recently died, his widow had disposed of the family Bible for the sum of fifty thousand dollars, and, it was thought, would be willing to pay a substantial moiety of this sum for any other old Bible which might be offered. Consequently, 'Mrs. Gutenberg' was overwhelmed with offerings of Bibles, most of which would have been dear at one dollar.

In like manner, I was overwhelmed with offerings of Burns. I had casually mentioned, in speaking of a Kilmarnock Burns in boards uncut, that the price might be about five thousand dollars. The book was published in 1786, and the reasoning which went on in the minds of those who addressed me on the subject seems to have been: if a copy of Burns printed one hundred and twenty-five years ago is worth five thousand dollars, a copy half as old would be worth half as much; certainly

a copy of Burns printed in 1825 must be worth, say, a thousand dollars.

One old lady, suffering from sciatica and desirous of spending some months at Mount Clements, decided to part with her copy for this amount. She wrote me as follows: 'My copy of Burns belonged to my grandfather. It is of 1825 edition, bound with gilt edges, and is in fair condition for so old a book (almost a hundred years). It is of course very yellow and some pages are much worn; *however, it is all there.*'

Another lady wrote: 'Understanding you are desirous of buying old books I write to say that I know of families having same in their possession. Before I make inquiry I want to get all the information possible. I am anxious to make money in a pleasing way, and this seems along the lines of my taste and inclinations. Please let me know what you want to buy, by return mail.' Not getting a reply by return mail, she wrote another letter, this time sending a stamped envelope: 'I wrote you recently about old books. I am anxious to begin. Please write at once, sending me a list of books that are valuable.'

From a man in Texas came this gem on a letterhead of William Crawford, who called himself an Electrician, Plumber, and Steamfitter: 'Dear Sir: I understand you have gotten out a book giving a list of old books that are valuable. Does it come free of charge? If so, send it right along, as I know where some books are that I would like to know the value of.'

Many of these tributes to my genius I owe to the editor of that enterprising paper the *Kansas City Star* for an excellent review which appeared in that paper, — I call it excellent because it was so flattering, — and which was copied far and wide, even in the metropolitan press. It created the idea that I knew all that was to be known about the entrancing subject of book-

collecting. 'Get hold of a book entitled *The Amenities of Book-Collecting*, by A. Edward Newton, and you will find therein the golden key that will open up for you whatever there is of mystery about the game,' the review said.

This 'golden-key' business bedeviled me for a time. I was asked to send forward promptly the 'golden key,' and at the time, not having seen the article, I was quite in the dark to know what was meant. It seemed as if, the moment this phrase met the eye of the reader, he or she followed the instructions *au pied de la lettre*. One man, evidently a business man in Minnesota with no time for the *Amenities*, wrote me briefly and to the point: 'Give me all particulars about old rare books. Send me the "golden key" at once. I have some.'

But not all my correspondence was of this character. I received some letters which would give delight even to so hardened an author as H. G. Wells. Captains of Industry, whose names are household words in Wall Street, seem to have found relief from the cares of the hour in my pages; and officers just returned from duty in France, anxious to forget the horrors of the Argonne, dipped into me as if I were a bath of oblivion. Finally, I was asked to name my price for lectures. Of the many unexpected results of my little success, this was the most amusing. I invariably replied to requests for 'terms' by a story told me by Sir Walter Raleigh, the great Oxford scholar. A friend was asked to name his fee for a lecture, and replied, 'I have a three-guinea lecture and a five-guinea lecture and a ten-guinea lecture, but I can't honestly recommend the three-guinea lecture.' I said that I had only a three-guinea lecture in stock, and that I could n't recommend it, especially as I should have to charge a hundred guineas for it. No doubt my correspondents thought me mad.

It was Sir Walter Raleigh who suggested that I write a paper on Mrs. Thrale, although my title for it, 'A Light-Blue Stocking,' is my own. And speaking of Sir Walter, let me tell a story of him which I have never seen in print, but which deserves to be immortal.

He was to deliver a series of ten-guinea lectures at Princeton University, and was expecting to be met by President Hibben at the railway station. Just at the hour of his arrival Dr. Hibben discovered that he had a very important meeting of the trustees, or something, which he could not very well miss. There was nothing to be done but call upon one of the younger professors to go to the station, meet the distinguished man, and escort him to 'Prospect,' Dr. Hibben's residence.

The professor thus called upon was glad to be of service, but remarked, 'I have never met Sir Walter. How shall I know him?'

'Oh, very easily,' replied Dr. Hibben; 'Sir Walter is a very large distinguished-looking man. You can't miss him; you will probably know almost every man getting off the train from New York; the man you don't know will be the man you are looking for.'

With these instructions Dr. Hibben's representative proceeded to the station, met the incoming train, and seeing a

large distinguished-looking man wearing a silk hat, approached him, remarking, 'I presume I am addressing Sir Walter Raleigh.'

The gentleman thus accosted was much astonished, but pulling himself together, quickly replied, 'No! I'm Christopher Columbus. You will find Sir Walter Raleigh in the smoking-car playing poker with Queen Elizabeth.'

The man, as it turned out, was a New York banker; he had heard much of the impudence of the Princeton undergraduate and decided to nip it in the bud. No one enjoyed the story more than Sir Walter himself when it was told him.

In the words of 'Koheleth,' — as my friend Dr. Jastrow prefers to call the author of *Ecclesiastes*, in his delightful book, *The Gentle Cynic*, — 'Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: "Much study is weariness to the flesh."' 'Much' study, observe. I have given my subject only such study as has produced, not weariness, but pleasure. Books are for me a solace and a joy. We are told that of the making of them there is no end. Be it so. Let us rejoice that, whatever comes, books will continue to be, books that suit our every mood and fancy. If all is vanity, as 'The Preacher' says, how can we better employ our time than by reading books and writing about them.

WILLOW POND

BY HELEN ELLWANGER HANFORD

ESTHER BROWN came softly out of the bedroom and waited on the little porch, breathing unconsciously a sigh of relief. The whispered cry of the sick woman, the look on her white face, touched her with too sharp a pity. She was not unused to this pain of sympathy: so sensitive was her nature, that always she had only to come near the lives of others to feel their emotions of happiness or sorrow vibrating in herself. Nor would she have had it otherwise. Above all else, she desired to live, to be keenly, thrillingly alive to everything about her, whatever that might mean.

Life sought her out in unlikely places. Six weeks ago she had come with her husband and little daughter to this quietest of villages set in the hills, — from where she stood now she could see the cottage where she was staying, — and already her nearest neighbors had become for her a subject of absorbing interest.

Two women they were, Eliza Clark and her mother of eighty. Nature had not made the face of the daughter a mirror for emotions; but on that older face she had set such a seal of patience and dumb longing that the most casual eye would have been arrested. From the first, Esther, divining some hidden sorrow, had longed to bring comfort; but as yet she did not know what comfort was needed. To-day, as if at the approach of death, all but the essential had faded away; the look was intensified until the face almost told its own story.

The house, little and low and very old, stood on a rise of ground, from which, in the pleasant afternoon sunlight, she could look across gentle fields to the hills which cradled the village. Far down below gleamed a spot of blue. That was the 'pond,' which she could not see from her own house. She felt a sudden desire to go and sit beside the sparkling water.

A slow tapping sound made her look down. Rover, the old dog, warming himself in the sunshine, was wagging a greeting. She stooped to pat him, and he looked up at her in friendly fashion.

Eliza Clark came out and stood beside her. 'She's gone to sleep,' she said in a low voice.

The two women moved away from the door to the other end of the porch, where their voices would not reach the sick woman.

'She's not so well this morning,' went on Eliza. Her plain, large-featured face was working; she folded her arms tightly across her breast. 'She did n't know us then; you saw that. She just lies there and calls. *To-day is the day,*' she added in a still lower whisper. 'I've tried to keep it from her, but she knows. Is n't that strange, don't you think, when she hardly knows me? Early this morning she woke up and said, "It's the tenth of July, Eliza"; and since then, every time she's sort of lost herself, she's called and called. It *hurts* me!' cried Eliza impotently. She saw the question in Esther's eyes. 'You don't know?' she asked. 'But, of course, you would n't know. You've just come,

and the people here don't talk much. It was years ago, years, when I was — Hark!' There was a faint sound from her mother's room. 'She can't sleep, you see, poor mother!' She went in noiselessly, and Esther could hear her crooning, 'Hush, dear, hush! Yes, by-and-by.'

Esther brushed away the tears. 'I'll go now,' she thought, 'and come back later when Faith has had her supper.'

At her own words, she started and looked about her with that quick sweep of the vision that mothers know. Then she hurried to the back of the house, calling softly, 'Faith, Faith!'

There was no answer. She stood for a second, her eyes dilated, her hand at her throat. She had left the child playing in the yard when she went into the house five minutes ago. Five minutes — how long had she lost herself in the pitying contemplation of the two women? It seemed now an eternity since her eyes had rested on the adored little form playing among the daisies.

'She's not in the house,' whispered Eliza from the doorway. 'Look around the barn. She can't have gone far; it's only been a minute.'

Esther nodded. 'No, she can't have gone far. I'll find her and take her home and then come back.'

She smiled up into Eliza's face, though her heart was beating wildly. The barn stood at the left of the house, a little down the slope. She hurried out to it.

The child was not in sight. Here, away from the house, she called her loudly, a shrill note coming into her voice. Only the echo came back to her: 'Faith, Faith!' She looked down the white, dusty road that led to her own cottage, a quarter of a mile away. The child, tired of waiting, might have gone back to her father. She was safe then. But there was a chance —

The old dog had risen lazily from the

porch and followed her. Now as she stood, uncertain what to do, he took a few rambling steps down the hill and looked back at her with a dim inquiry in his watery eyes. She looked past him down the long slope. And far off, the blue of the lake called her! 'No, no,' she whispered to herself, 'it's too far; she *could n't*.' But all the time she was hurrying down the path, the dog more alert now, beside her. She knew of this lake, — Willow Pond they called it, — a little blue gem in the valley, with great willows bending over it. No children played there. The day she came to the village, some one had warned her of that treacherous water, dropping off suddenly from shallowness to unknown depths. Esther had never taken her three-year-old child to the place, lest the fascination of the rippling water should carry her back to it some time alone. 'She did n't come this way!' The dog made a sudden bound to the side and stopped at something white. It was a little sunbonnet!

After that, she went in terrible plunges over the uneven ground, while the dog, left behind, followed more slowly. She was not crying: tears take strength and blind the eyes. She was not even thinking, unless those relentless pictures burning into her brain could be called thought. She had lost sight of the lake now. In a minute more, at a turn of the path, she would see it again. She would know then, perhaps. She would know surely, if she saw little footprints leading to the edge and not returning. That thought wrung from her one cry of agony. Then she sank to the ground, unable to take another step, for her cry had been answered by a child's laugh, a 'Here I am!' — and running toward her in the sunlight was her baby.

Esther caught her in her arms, sobbing out her questions. 'Why did you, darling? Oh, why did you come so far?'

'She's not hurt,' said a clear voice.

Esther started violently and looked up. A little girl, perhaps eight years old, dressed in a bright plaid frock, had come around the bend of the path and stood smiling at her, a shy little smile of reassurance and welcome. Her hair lay in glossy ringlets over her neck and about her fresh round face, half hiding her eyes, great bluish-gray eyes, with heavy, black lashes — quite the loveliest eyes Esther had ever seen. Even in her preoccupation she felt that, with the quick pang that beauty always brought to her.

'She's not hurt at all,' the child repeated, speaking with the curious slowness which one often meets in sparsely inhabited rural districts, and which on her baby lips was delightful. 'Just her feet are wet, and her skirts.'

'Girl pulled Baby out,' volunteered Faith.

'You went in for her?' cried Esther. 'Then you must be wet, too!'

She put out her hand to feel the child's clothing; but with a quick motion, like that of a bird too closely approached, the little girl darted aside.

'No, I'm not wet,' she said; 'I just reached out and caught her little hand.'

She smiled at the baby and back at Esther, watching her with interest as she drew off the wet shoes and socks and rubbed the baby's feet.

'Wrap her in your skirt,' she suggested; and laughed gleefully when Esther did so. 'Now she's warm and snug!' The laugh died on her lips suddenly, and her soft face became almost stern. 'That is wicked water,' she said. Her eyes, gray a moment before, looked black. 'It is cruel. It looks so blue and beautiful, and it calls to little children till they come to it from where they are, all safe at home, and they take one little step, two —' She shivered. 'It goes down, *down*, nothing to hold to, no one to help —'

Faith, frightened, burst into a wail. It came to Esther that perhaps the child had lost someone in the depths that she described with so shuddering a pain. She stretched out her hand; but at Faith's cry, the little girl's look had changed to one of tender satisfaction.

'But your baby was n't hurt, the darling. She just started to wade out — and I had her! Only her shoes,' she added anxiously, 'they're wet, and such pretty shoes, too! Pretty things should n't be spoiled. Do you mind?'

Esther fought back a wild desire to cry hysterically. 'No, I don't mind,' she answered. She thanked the little girl, or tried to thank her, and the child listened with grave attention.

'I'm so glad I was here,' she said. 'Often I'm not, but I love best of all to come and sit here in the sunshine, and to-day they let me.'

With the prettiest little air of pride, she looked down at her dress. Though rather oddly made, it was quite new.

'What a pretty dress!' said Esther, smiling. 'And what dear little buckled slippers!'

The child nodded assent. 'Yes, I dressed up and came here. I did n't know —' She did not finish the sentence, but stood looking off seriously, while Esther watched her in silence. With every thought, the expression on the small face changed. 'I'll tell you a secret,' she said, presently, turning to Esther with a wise little smile. 'I don't know for sure, but I *think* my mother's coming to-day! I'm waiting for her now.'

'Is your mother away?' asked Esther.

'Away?' The child regarded her steadily for a moment. Then she threw out her little empty hands. 'Oh, I have n't seen my mother for so long!' she sighed, 'and I want her!'

A chill struck at Esther's heart. So that was it! The child's mother was, of course, dead. Was it she who had been

drowned in the treacherous lake? No doubt. Another thought filled her with immeasurable pity. The shock of the mother's death had left its mark, never to be erased, on the tender mind of the child. In no other way could she interpret a strangeness she had vaguely felt from the first.

'But you have your father,' she said soothingly, 'and sisters?'

'My father, but not any sister. And all the rest. But they're not my mother!'

'Muddie,' said Faith, 'I'm cold.'

'Oh, my baby!' cried Esther. How had she chanced to forget her, even for a moment? The afternoon was drawing to a close; already the air held a slight chill. 'I must take her home at once,' she said hurriedly. 'But I must see you again, dear. Where shall I find you? Do you live near?'

'Not near, but not so very far. It does n't take long, if you know the way. But I'll walk a little piece with you now.'

'And you're sure you'll know your way home again?'

The child smiled a strange, brilliant smile. 'How could I miss that?' she cried.

Again Esther felt the chilling dread.

They walked on in silence and rather slowly. Esther could not put Faith down; the need of the little body clasped to her heart was imperative. But the weight held her back.

'There's the dog,' cried the child in delight. 'It's almost like one I —'

'It's Rover,' said Faith. 'Come, Rover, Rover!' she called.

Far ahead of them, the old dog was hurrying back to the house.

'Come, Rover, Rover!' echoed the little girl in her shrill sweet voice. 'I like Rover for a dog's name,' she said, 'and I like Faith for a little girl's. What is your name?'

Esther told her name with the simplicity that always drew children to her.

'And I like Esther for a grown lady,' said the child.

'And what is your name?' asked Esther.

But with one of her instant changes, the child had bounded aside and was stooping over a flower. No suggestion now of anything sinister. She might have been a brilliantly colored butterfly, poising for a moment before it darted off into the bright air.

'She's beautiful,' thought Esther. 'I'd love a picture of her.'

They had come halfway up the slope. The Clarks' house was in full view. The child stopped abruptly, her face very sober again.

'I can't go any farther,' she said. 'I'm sorry.'

'But you'll come some time,' urged Esther, 'or tell me how to find you? I'll see you again?'

'If I can; if they'll let me,' the little girl answered with sweet precision. 'Oh, listen,' she murmured, 'listen!'

Up from the church in the valley floated the clear sound of the bell that called the villagers to a moment of silent prayer. Esther bowed her face over her baby's soft head, mingling broken words of gratitude with her prayers for a suffering world. As she prayed, she heard a whisper — scarcely that, the breath of a whisper, so sharp with joy that she opened her eyes: 'There's my mother!'

She looked up the hill; no one was coming.

'Where, dear?' she asked. Her voice sounded curiously loud, as if she were speaking in some vast solitude.

She looked around. The child was no longer beside her. She called, 'Little girl, little girl!'

'Girl gone,' said Faith, with light finality.

Esther clasped the child more closely in her arms and went on home. She attended to her wants quickly, urged

by some nameless feeling to return at once to the other house.

As she opened the gate, she was conscious of a change. The house looked quiet and aloof. As she reached the porch, she heard Eliza Clark speaking quietly to someone else, heard a quiet answer; then Eliza came to the door.

'I found her,' whispered Esther. 'And your mother?'

Eliza had been in the shadow. She stepped out now, and Esther could see that her face was very white and strangely majestic in a new calm.

'I'm glad you found her,' she said simply. 'I was frightened too. Mother — Mother's gone.'

'Your mother! Not —'

Eliza nodded. 'I did n't expect it so soon; I hoped to keep her. I wanted every second. Oh, you don't know —' She paused a moment and then went on calmly. 'For a while after you left, she lay whispering and calling just like you saw, sleeping a minute and then waking up and calling again, never quite herself. She was so weak she could not raise her head. And then the church-bell began to ring. She was dozing, but she started just the way you do when you're called suddenly, and she raised herself half up in bed and stretched out her arms and said, "Mattie," again, not pitiful and complaining, but in a real young, happy voice and as if she *saw* Mattie. It seemed almost a minute she sat like that, and then she fell back on the pillow and closed her eyes; but before she died she opened them just once and whispered, "Dear Eliza!"' Slow, painful tears were coming into the woman's eyes. 'I've never begrudged her one thought of Mattie,' she sobbed.

Esther held her closely. 'Mattie was your sister?'

Eliza faced her, calm once more. 'Ah, I've never told you. But I'll tell you now.'

They sat down in the gathering twi-

light. Esther could see that the recital was in some way a relief to the other; that to live again in the old accustomed sorrow eased her present pain. As for herself, she had borne too much in the last hours to listen attentively to the tale of another's bygone grief, even the tale she had so wished to hear. Of the first sentences, only a few words came to her.

'It was fifty years ago to-day,' began Eliza slowly. 'I was ten, and Mattie, my little sister, was seven, going on eight, and we lived here in this same house, which was n't old then. One day, I was helping mother with the canning, and Mattie was out of doors playing. She loved to watch the birds and flowers and chase the butterflies or play with the dog. She was the loveliest little thing, crazy over animals and babies, but most of all she loved our mother. Only that morning she had stopped her play and run to mother and flung her arms tight about her, and mother had stood there, with her hands all juice from peaches, laughing down at her. It was a real picture: mother so young and happy-looking, — she was only thirty, — and Mattie so little and pretty. I remember after she ran out of doors, mother turned to me and said, "My good little helper!" But I was n't jealous. I was never jealous of Mattie.

'By-and-by I glanced out of the window and there was Mattie running past. The little thing was all dressed up in a new dress that she was n't supposed to wear until Sunday. My mother saw her too, and we both smiled. Mother took a step toward the door and then came back without telling her to come in and change it. She knew how Mattie loved pretty things. I suppose she just could n't wait for Sunday. And she did look so sweet. Wait a minute; I'll show you.'

Eliza Clark rose to her feet heavily

and went into the house. It was very quiet outside. The sun had set at last; night was coming on. Again Esther felt that icy feeling at her heart. She had felt it earlier in the day; she had felt it when — She shivered and looked about her uneasily.

‘There,’ said Eliza, ‘there she is!’

She held in her hand an old photograph, a crude specimen of a new art. She gazed at it a moment, and then put it carefully into Esther’s hands.

Esther looked down, and choked back a cry. She found herself suddenly in a world that reeled and whirled, where there was no light or breath of air, for she had looked full into a pair of beautiful gray eyes, at a quaint old-fashioned dress, at a spirited grace of pose that no crudity of art could conceal. She had looked again at the Child of Willow Pond! Eliza’s words came to her from a great distance. She was losing herself, but she struggled back to consciousness. She must hear, she must know. She refused to let herself sink into the black depths of faintness that claimed her.

‘There she is,’ said Eliza, ‘just as she looked then. This was taken only a few weeks before, in the very dress she had put on that morning. It was a dear little plaid, made so prettily, we thought, though it looks odd now. See her pretty curls and her eyes. I always thought she had the loveliest eyes! And do you see the way she sort of rises out of the picture as if she were going to fly? That’s the way she always was.’ She sighed. ‘So little and pretty and young!’

‘Well, we saw her go past, and then a few minutes later, — perhaps ten minutes, it surely was n’t any more, — we finished our work and went out. Mattie was not there. We looked and called the way you do, carelessly at first. Then we got awfully frightened, and

my mother sent me for my father, and we hunted everywhere, calling. I can see my mother’s white face; it never looked young any more after that. We hunted all that day. Next day they even dragged the pond; but it is very deep. We never found her. Poor mother!’ said Eliza.

She stood looking off in silence. Her story told, she was taking up again her newer, heavier burden of grief.

‘Will you come to see her?’ she asked.

She went into the dimly lighted bedroom, and Esther, white and shaken, followed her. A neighbor, sitting there, rose and went out softly, and the two came to the bedside and looked down. The face on the pillow was scarcely whiter than when Esther saw it last, but it had changed. The look of sadness was gone, and in its place was a smile of tenderest joy. As she gazed, Esther felt the wild terror of the last few minutes slipping from her. She had had a strange, momentary glimpse of another world, yes, but it was to the everlasting strengthening of her soul. She was interpreting it now by the beauty of the aged face before her. Where the soul of this frail woman had gone forth, there were peace and safety — and eternal goodness. She heard again the ripple of her child’s laughter.

‘It was just as the bell rang,’ repeated Eliza. ‘She raised herself up on the pillow, real strong for a minute, and she put out her arms and called Mattie. Her face looked as if the sun were shining upon it. And then she just sank back and spoke to me. And all the time the church-bell was ringing. It was a good way to go. She’s happy now, she — and Mattie.’

She looked questioningly at the other.

‘Yes,’ answered Esther. ‘Listen, dear Miss Eliza.’

She drew her tenderly out on the little porch.

A TEACHER OF HISTORY

BY EDWARD YEOMANS

I

IN writing on these school affairs I am entirely conscious of these facts: first, that distinguished ability is always rare; second, that the character of the teaching suggested requires a very special kind of teacher — a teacher already endowed with many gifts which have been denied to most people, and therefore to most teachers. And this also is true — that those who have not this endowment can never get it.

You can graft a good apple on a poor apple tree, but you cannot graft a good apple on even a good walnut tree or cherry tree. In other words, the species cannot be changed. Operations in normal schools or teachers' colleges will not change the species to which a person belongs.

And the grave and overshadowing consideration about a teacher is whether he or she belongs to the teaching species, or is only trying to imitate the habits of that species and thereby draw a salary. The rules of the teaching game are fairly well made out, and are being daily elaborated and extended by pedagogues, by psychologists, by medical experts; and all for good where the intelligence is sound and disinterested.

But it will always be true that the imponderable influences of individuals of the actual teaching species will outweigh any set of rules and definitions and methods of teaching.

What is this supreme symbol that educational establishments like to use on their stationery? It is one hand holding a torch and another hand open

to receive it. If it means anything, it means that something illuminative is passing, or can be passed, from one human being to another — from teacher to scholar. And so it can be. 'Wisdom cannot be passed from one having it to another not having it'; but this strange subtle undercurrent, this wind of the spirit which bloweth where it listeth, — which cannot be defined or confined or expressed in any formulæ, — this whole core and substance of the educational process, can be passed. It can be passed on one condition, and only one, namely, that the teacher is actually a source of illumination — not a reflected light, but a light-producer; not a moon but a sun; and that the scholar is capable of catching fire, is combustible, is spiritually organic.

The great thing about a teacher of youth is not at all how much he knows of the science of education, the laws of learning, the administration of a school, or of the particular subject which he teaches. The important thing is his personal radiative power as an illuminant along the highways which his pupils have to travel. One could weep, one *must* weep, to observe how, in place of this, something manufactured is substituted.

Did you ever read about the teacher in Nexo's *Pelle the Conqueror*? Read it and reflect on what constitutes the thing we call education. Where shall children get their Light — not their knowledge of arithmetic and spelling, but their Light?

Well, you say, why not at home or at church? Are not schools designed for the particular purpose of doing the thing the home and the Church cannot do as well, if at all, namely, teach certain definite topics and end there? That is what they were designed to do; but it is as plain as can be that if they don't conserve all the by-products from the teaching of the subjects intrusted to them, and also add things that used to be entirely domestic or ecclesiastic, children as a whole are not going to be fit for anything except the paths of life beaten hard and sterile by prejudice, complacency, and inarticulate or bel-lowing ignorance.

It is not to be supposed that children will be equally sensitive to the stimuli which this ideal teacher provides. Are not commonplace teachers therefore good enough for commonplace children? Is not society composed almost entirely of ordinary humdrum people, from all eternity predestined to be so: to be possessed of rather bad taste, of pretension, showiness, shallowness, and a blissful, mischievous, or malevolent ignorance?

No doubt about it, at all. But who can tell how much this huge percentage could be reduced if, at a certain early period in their lives, people went through a better process of screening? There would still be prodigious piles of refractory material, and certainly something very unpleasant and unfortunate would happen if there were not.

But some extremely valuable qualities would be saved from obscurity by a certain spiritual specific gravity in their possessors, by hidden capacities to respond, as the gold button forms in the fire-assay when there is gold in the ore.

And these constitute, so far as we know, — and that is not far, of course, — the sole *raison d'être* of the universe. So that you come to a rather astonishing realization that the business of a teacher seems to be to prove that our

solar system is worth while; and the real teacher does it.

When it comes to finding teachers for different subjects, there is a certain area within which you can capture real teachers if you have a clear idea of their habits, and can therefore recognize one when you see him. Against a background of school-routine these rare spirits are often indistinguishable except to a hunter of discrimination.

Many a teacher-hunter goes out with a net like the Roman *reticularius*, which he throws over something that looks inviting, without considering, without having the experience or the understanding to warn him, that for one real teacher there are ten imitations, and that these imitations are either terrible things to get entangled with and may easily 'bite you first,' as the saying is, or else are too thin and watery, and in both cases, therefore, useless as nutriment in his school.

You may remember a dialogue by the roadside between a young and curious angel and a hard-working spider in Stephen's *Demigods*. Mostly, he said, he caught thin little flies without much eating on them; but that was better luck than the lad below with the thick hairy legs had, for yesterday he caught a wasp.

'What did he do then?' inquired the angel.

'Don't ask him, sir; he don't like to talk about it,' said the spider.

The area in which you are likely to find real teachers is not the school-area only. In the public schools you are confined to certified people — professional teachers.

Does it not seem unfortunate that a superintendent of discretion should not be able to use non-professional people who are peculiarly qualified to teach certain subjects? This is the privilege of the private school and of the college, and it is a privilege rarely abused. But

the 'safeguarding of public institutions' peremptorily forbids it.

When the president of a college wants a man to teach history, for instance, he has a right and a duty to pick the very best man he can afford. President Eliot picked Henry Adams to teach mediæval history at Harvard. Adams had never taught before, and did n't want to teach at all; but such was the President's way with people he invited, that Adams taught the mysteries and obscurities of mediæval history for six years.

If you have read his book, *Mont St. Michel and Chartres*, you can easily understand President Eliot's determination to have that man on that subject. In other words, it would be an excellent thing if teachers could be taken where found, and not always out of the confinement of the normal school and the teachers' college.

When it comes to a teacher of history, you would think that such a teacher must be capable also of teaching natural history and geography.

There are too many compartments in schools. Education is all of one piece, and yet a school is a place of compartments. They try to join things up, but you can't join things up very well that are so separated by walls and by textbooks and by narrow minds, with their partitions over which there is not much opportunity for children to look.

Even music must be taught — if it is to be adequately taught — by those, and those only, who are much more than musicians. Nothing is deadlier than the effect produced on a child by a music-teacher who knows of little but music — who is incapable of connecting music with all art and all experience.

II

The history teacher must in some way account for history. And when you are called upon to do that, then you are

compelled to go back of the recent, to those huge foundations laid in century piled upon century of astronomical time. To such a teacher the Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal man, the Glacial Epoch, and rivers and mountain-ranges are even more interesting than the Punic Wars and the Crusades.

It happened that I knew one geography teacher — a man; and it happens that I also know one history teacher — a woman. A woman, and an elderly woman; a woman who understands that the history for her children must be the philosophy of history, and who therefore has to teach natural history and arrive at human history as human history was actually arrived at; and who knows as much of geography as of history, and loves it with an equal passion.

Having, as Stevenson says, 'thrown her soul and body down for God to plough them under,' she has grown up out of that furrowed field with a certain fierceness of joy in life that can best be contained in the robust and tireless body which fifty years have seemed only to tune to pitch, and to leave humming to the great winds of heaven. And yet such a simple woman, without an affectation, without a single pose, without self-consciousness, without pride of intellect, with apparently nothing but prodigious good-will, gigantic good sense, and brimming good-humor, and unlimited patience, and an energy and interest and curiosity equal to the sum of the energies and interests and curiosities of all the children in the school.

You would not think that this plain elderly lady, of Quaker ancestry and Quaker bearing, had traveled most of the trails of history on her own feet; that she read Latin and Greek quite as well as she read German; and that she spoke three languages. Nor would you think that she knew as much about the literature and music of nations as she did of

their history. Is there no place for a Leonardo like this in a school — in a public school?

There is a place, and I will tell you where: it is *everywhere*. But it is especially in the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades, in the ages of fourteen to sixteen, in that restless and dreaming age, the age of adolescence, of great beauty and potential danger. And in these grades she taught.

I have been many times in her classroom — that is, I have been present on occasions when she was teaching, her classroom being as often in a ditch by the road as in a building.

But I first met the lady sitting alone in front of the Hermes of Praxiteles in the little museum at Olympia, whither she had come on a donkey from some obscure part of the Peloponnesus, talking modern Greek with the peasants as she passed along their vineyards.

'Before this thing my soul is prostrate,' she whispered as she rose. Afterward we walked beside the Alpheus, and 'Listen!' she said; 'there's some *live* Greek history, the exact thing!'

It was the frogs of Aristophanes, — the *brack-ki-ki-wax*, *brack-ki-ki-wax*, — totally unlike any sound of frogs I had ever heard; and there they were, at home, as usual, in their old river!

The last time I saw her she was standing by a roadside in New England, with a turtle in her hand, engaged in unveiling the mysteries of sex to a group of ten-year-old boys in such a way, with such directness and such delicacy, as Fabre himself might have used in speaking of these things with his own boys and girls. Wherever she went she was quietly building bridges over places where fatal accidents might happen to children through the ignorance or timidity or laziness of parents.

What teacher of natural history do you know who is capable of making her subject the occasion to illuminate for

pupils the origin of life and processes of reproduction, so that thereafter the vulgarities and familiarities of the less fortunate can only repel these young people, the truth about this matter having made them free from the contagion that breeds in unenlightened minds?

But schools have to leave that sex-question out; yes, democratic institutions must be safeguarded, and therefore they have to leave out almost everything that is really important.

If I describe the schoolroom in which this teacher meets her classes during the school year, you will learn still more about her, because the rooms where people live always reflect pretty accurately their lives and minds.

One side is occupied by windows, and almost half the windows are occupied by aquariums, so arranged that the light comes through the water from the top; and the quiet, cool effect produces an antidote to the feverishness of school-rooms in general.

The opposite wall is covered by a map of Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the flat relief so exquisitely worked out by George Thomsen, showing the mountain-ranges, river-valleys, high plateaus, and all the elevations, depressions, and barriers which have produced diversity of life, and have therefore produced natural history and human history as it was and is and evermore shall be.

On shelves everywhere are fossils and relics — Assyrian, Egyptian, Etruscan, Roman, Greek; Archæological, Palæontological, Geological.

At the upper end of the room are two statues, each about four feet high: one of the Stone-Age Man, and near it a reproduction of St. Gaudens's Lincoln. I could easily guess that those two figures had a very definite significance in that room, without anything at all being said about them.

At the other end of the room stands

an equally large reproduction of Barnard's great symbolic statue, The Two Natures.

Now history taught in a room with these things in it might still be dull and profitless. But you might be pretty sure, to say the least, that the teacher who put these statues in a history classroom, who had to go to great trouble and expense to get them, no doubt, was quite likely to be a teacher of history who proposed to make that subject contribute something more than names, places, and dates to the minds of children. A certain intelligence of the heart was evident there. It was not difficult to see that she proposed to connect her children up with history, and, in some sense, promote an allegiance to that mysterious upward thrust which we call 'goodwill,' which is the only worthwhile thing ever produced or to be produced, except beauty — and it is, of course, a part of that.

And yet there would be no moralizing. You heard both sides; you took your choice. When a case is adequately presented, choosing is not so difficult.

Perhaps most of the mistakes in ethics everywhere are due to the misfortune of never having heard the case presented as it ought to be, to conform to the truth of the matter.

If you look at Barnard's statue long enough, you learn certain things which thereafter help to deliver you from your adversary. And yet Barnard never made that statue for that purpose — or for any other purpose except the recondite purposes of art.

Nevertheless art cannot escape its ministrations, protest as it will.

A much abridged statement of what this teacher had to say one evening, at a meeting of the Parents' and Teachers' Association, on the subject of history, will further illustrate her way of looking at things in her department, and also her theory of the relation which

should exist between a school and its pupils.

She spoke in that confidential quiet manner of the person who gives you something, rather casually than by design, out of a great store of experience, quite as if you knew it already, — as if everybody knew it, — but, lest you might forget it, she would remind you. And while you listened, you increasingly, and, finally, intensely realized that here was one of those burning bushes of Moses — which it was well for you to have turned aside to see.

She began by saying that, as her father and her grandfather had both been ministers, she could rarely resist the temptation to use a text: it was something that seemed determined to come out, resist as she would. And when she talked about children in schools, she felt that there was one biblical text that covered the case — that expressed for all time the sort of thing a school should be and the attitude of parents and teachers toward children; and she repeated, slowly, 'And he shall be like a tree, planted by the *rivers of water*, that bringeth forth *his* fruit in *his* season.'

'I am not going to expound this text,' she said; 'it is quite unnecessary. All you need to do is to repeat it, to repeat it in reference to your own son or your own daughter; to demand, then, that a school shall be more like a river of water, that flows, that sparkles, that lies out under the sun and the stars. And also you must not be in a hurry. You must allow this tree of yours, planted by this river, time and space — leisure to grow in, quiet to grow in, so that in *his* season, not in *your* season, he may bring forth *his* fruit.

'The entire philosophy of education is there — from Rousseau to Dewey.

'But I am supposed to-day to talk to you about history — that is my subject. You want to know what sort of a

history teacher I am. Then you must come to the classroom — not once, but often. How is it that parents go so seldom to see their little trees, to see what sort of irrigation they get at school?

‘I wonder whether you will agree with me as to the origin of history — of human history.

‘Human history started in the sun. — Why, of course; why not? The trouble is, you never heard anybody say so before, did you? The trouble is that people don’t go back far enough to arrive at the root of things. All the seething and boiling and explosive energy was inherited from that perfectly impossible conflagration we call the sun. So easy to call it that — ‘the sun’; but what is it? Do you suppose anybody *knows* what it is? Not a living soul! But at any rate, the earth is a minute piece of it, cooled off but still kept going by the heat and the light from the original lump.

‘The gases, condensed, made water, and the salts, the chemicals, in the water, acted upon by the sun’s rays, made protoplasm. The inorganic got worked into the organic by one of these miracles which only time can perform.

‘And in that protoplasm were things as incredible, as incomprehensible, as huge, as turbulent, as fierce, and as fiery as the sun itself. The single word for the whole thing is Energy. Now there are two predominating elements in this protoplasmic energy, and they are two expressions of solar energy, I suppose, simply transformed and finding a new expression. These are Hunger and Fear; and they are confronted by two other very strange and violent ingredients, namely, Love and Death.

‘So, you see, with stuff in it like this, history is bound to be, not only extremely dramatic, but even tragic. History is a mixture; it is a bowl as large as the earth, at any rate, filled with the most

terrible brew concentrated from stardust, from violent gases and flames, from water and air and dirt of every sort, and it boils everlastingly.

‘What we propose to do in school is to get a little of the odor of it and a little of the taste of it. We are in the pot ourselves, but for the time being we must get outside the pot.

‘And then history is part of our present daily intimate life: history *is not* just a story! Is your own past life history? Is n’t it the most vivid and intense history to you, and a big part of your present life, and is there any story of it? History is life a day or two past, — life *forty centuries* past, — and history is part of us. And the accounts of history are often the feeble mumblings of old stick-in-the-muds, who, in a frantic effort to ‘embrace the subject,’ as they would say, were squeezed to death *by it*, were turned to stone because they were false lovers, or too rash.

“‘Here is the earth,” says Emerson, “complete in every detail — sound as a nut; but the *theories* of the earth, and the *accounts* of the earth, are things of shreds and patches.”

‘And while I am on the subject, I might as well go a bit further. The life of the past is significant to us because it is the life of men, women, and children very much like us, although in different skins and costumes.

‘And that means this: it means that it would not be worth a moment’s thought, if the bulk of it was really only a mass of wars and the perfectly atrocious antics of most of the folks on top — their speeches and their parades.

‘You understand this, and you understand the inner nature of society. It is the *little things that count*. What is it that keeps the earth fruitful — that is, that keeps the soil which we depend on for producing vegetable life from becoming sodden and unproductive?

‘Earth-worms! Now what is that

curious statistic about these beasts? Why, as I remember it, the whole surface of the land — that is, arable land — goes through the long muciferous stomach of the worm-tribe every five years or ten years — something like that.

‘The soil of Society is worked by this same myriad of swallowers and digesters and excreters, and out of it therefore things grow — heroes grow, and artists, poets, and musicians. Let old Carlyle talk about his heroes — and how gloriously he does it! The fact is that it was all in the black dirt of the hero’s ancestry, the dirt he goes back into when his day above the surface is done, and his works frequently follow him.

‘One thing has saved society from rotting at the core — or, I should say, two things; two things in the life of man make it worth while — worth talking about and worth thinking about. The two things are Virtue and Suffering — Courage and Pain.

‘Did you ever realize that the man who wrote Revelation, the Book of the Revelation, — the man John of Patmos, — was a tremendous mural painter? Do you read Revelation much? Well, read it, and let that pageantry work on your mind. One of these scenes illustrates the inhabitants of the Earth, the inhabitants whose courage had raised them into a great light — a light which illuminated those millions of eager faces and stretched arms and fingers as they sang there an oceanic sort of song like one of Bach’s or Palestrina’s; and underneath that picture John wrote, “These are they who have come up out of great tribulation.”

‘History is the threshing — the terrific threshing — of life; that’s history: that is what we are studying.

‘Two great flails — Time and Chance, or Time and Destiny — beat down on the groaning centuries and the wheat and chaff get separated. So

much suffering, so much bewilderment, so much failure — and so much courage.

‘But, you understand, this mangled and disfigured body of human history is like Samson’s old lion that lay where he left it, torn in two, by the road. “Out of the strong cometh forth sweetness.” Out of the vitals of history comes whatever is lovely and of good report, and the chaff gets blown into the place that is reserved for chaff — not a bad place, but a place where chaff can be *used*. Not a bit of it is wasted; nothing is wasted.

‘See here — here is a little piece of clay; what is it? It’s an Assyrian book. On a book just like this, written 4000 years before Christ and dug out of the hot sand in Arabia the other day, are these words in cuneiform: —

‘Trembling one, pursued by Evil, dash thyself against the bosom of thy God.

‘And have we anything new to say to-day? Have we found any substitute at all?

‘The next time you sing Dr. Newman’s hymn “Lux Benigna,” — “Lead, kindly light,” — remember this old Assyrian!

‘Now I propose to talk to your children about these things in some way or other which they can understand, so that they may appreciate a little, perhaps, what they have come from, and may not be fooled too much by the racket, by the maddening slam-banging and apparent speed of the present; by people making deafening noises and proposing impossible things. It’s slow — it’s fearfully slow — it will never be anything but slow!

‘For instance, suppose we were talking about the Nile. I should hope to make them visualize that old Nile, so slow and so muddy, but so beneficent to Egypt just because it was slow and muddy. It was opaque, and it was full of fecundity. Things grew because

of it, things grew amazingly, and see what happened: Egyptian civilization brought forth its fruit in its season.

'Now, whether this Egyptian civilization was worth all the time spent on it, they will have to determine themselves after they know more about it.

'Civilizations happen just the way the Nile mud happens — there is no choice about it. They are deposits; and if, out of all the mixture of mud and water, passions and tears, and centuries of sunlight to stew in and to bake in; if, after all the frenzies and terrors of conflict, the endless and deadly toil of generations of slaves, there is a residue of something very precious and very rare as a contribution to the human spirit, to science and to art and to religion, then it was worth while — and they will see that there was.

'They are going to tell me all about it. They are going to write delightful essays on that subject; they are going to museums and libraries; they are going to have a perfectly grand time living in old Egypt if we — you and I — will assist them a little.

'You see, my dear people, a school-room must be a high place, a place from which we can see off and see enough to excite our most intense interest and curiosity. Things started there have *got to carry*. We have to put that old discredited stuff they called "phlogiston" into the lives of children, to keep them from becoming soggy.

'I look out of my school-window across the street, to a large wholesale millinery store, and see the processions of girls in and out of that establishment, each one clothed in the latest mode — all their little goods, as the saying is, in the show-window. What would you do? What's a school for? Where else will they get this thing in the shape they can get it here? A school which clarifies the selections, the ethics, the interests, the tastes of its pupils, which heads

them positively toward that furnishing of the *interior* as opposed to the furnishing of the *exterior* which you see over there, — a school which teaches the "Mystery of Life and its Arts," as Ruskin had it, — is an educational establishment; otherwise not; otherwise *absolutely not!*

'I want to know whether the keels of men and women are laid the way they used to be. I don't know. Down at Fairhaven last summer they were building a four-masted schooner. It was a magnificent thing, prodigious, standing there in its ribs and bones only, and apparently equal to any kind of strain and stress, besides having that subtle, indescribable beauty of a ship even in this early stage. Everything they built into her helped — helped her strength and helped her beauty too; that was perfectly plain.

How about children? Does everything we build into them help their strength and beauty, do you think? Really, it is a lucky thing that they are able to resist or escape a great deal of it. They have a certain protective coloration and a certain imperviousness, which may be there because, if it was n't, the world would n't get on; the necessary faith in itself would n't survive; disillusionment would set in, and the game would be up.

'But one day I asked an old whaling captain who lives down on the "Drift Road," as they call it, whether he had seen that vessel up there. "Oh, yes," he said, "I was there when they was stretchin' of the keel; and I'll say this — they ain't puttin' the keels into vessels now that they used to."'

III

One evening at her house, instead of talking over these very profound and serious things, we devoted part of the time to trying to locate a tree-toad,

and part to playing with her Amazonian monkey.

'Let me introduce you to a child of a million years ago,' she said, as she brought in the creature with his quizical face, a little black hand wrapped around his owner's thumb. 'Just think — here's one of those early efforts of nature to get herself humanized, to get herself sinning and repenting, sinking hospital ships, singing the "Messiah," weighing the planets, painting, praying, writing, massacring, educating — What a mess it is!

'And what can an individual do, tell me that, but just distribute such little gifts as he has to give, which increase the chances for happiness by increasing the appetite for — what? The things of the spirit? And for the teacher there is but one way, one way by which you can keep going. You have to take in a very great deal more than you give out. And then you have to wait. You must have seclusion — enough seclusion in which to wait, to "suspend judgment," as Powyssays; to "wait upon the Lord," as the Bible says; and by some such process, — by waiting after having done your job each day, — and each year, you renew your strength.

'Look there at your feet — do you see that little green light, like the star-board light of a tiny ship? That's the larva of the firefly. He's going to carry that light down underground, away below the frost-line, and he's going to bring it up again in June and flash it in the air, and at last transmit it to his heirs, to the children of light.'

On my way home, through the massive shadows and mysterious presences of trees, with a great glory of stars arched overhead and the autumnal cricket chanting his own *In excelsis*, I felt as anyone would feel who comes from even a very casual conversation with that teacher, that almost all of us have gone through life without catch-

ing fire from a source like this — a source where high emotions glow, burn, sparkle, flame up into passionate, resolute, and tireless effort to refine the ore of life. Therefore we remain, if not a little stony and cynical, at least rather damp with doubts and reservations, or very sure that personal or corporate or political efficiency will make the paths straight through the wilderness. The American mind opens and closes; but in general, and in comparison with the European mind, is generously open, and its spirit still capable of being set alight. That has been the effort of the great schoolman at Washington, namely, to light these millions of inward flames from his own. And that is the mission of every real teacher everywhere.

But that inward fire — what a rare thing and how beyond all telling is its worth, fed from those emotions which go back into the darkest recesses of human history!

Among the tall grass, briars, and weeds of the twentieth century, all drenched with the rains of modernity, of hurry and violence, how steadily and clearly that old emotion burns; how buried, but how immortal, that 'Lux Benigna' of Cardinal Newman, that 'Lux Perennis' of an ancient verse of plain-song taken from the black bag of mediævalism and sung so beautifully by the students at Princeton the other day, in their desire to express in the loftiest and holiest manner their sorrow and their faith in remembrance of the boys who died fighting for what they believed, and what we believe, to be some Kingdom of Light: —

Jam sol recedit igneus,
Tu Lux Perennis Unitas,
Nostris beata Trinitas,
Infunde lumen cordibus.

As fade the fires of the Sun,
Thou, Light Eternal, Three in One,
Oh, ever-blessed Trinity,
Illuminate our hearts, we pray.

I MISLAY THE BAND

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

MY first adventure in France was a musical one. From the capacious maw of the Leviathan we had been disgorged, like Jonah from the whale, upon the shores of Brest. En route to a place humorously called the 'Rest Camp,' we had been approached by the first detachment of the ten million ingratiating young innocents who were, in the ensuing months, destined to grasp our hands and demand 'une cigarette pour papa à Verdun.' As we marched, the girls and women had smiled and waved and thrown flowers at us. The men, mostly cripples, had saluted. It was altogether the most inspiring walk that I had ever taken.

By supper time we had made the 'Rest Camp.' This was a very small enclosure of the sacred but liquid soil of France, roofed by a desperately weeping heaven. The enlisted men threw up their pup tents and, in default of supper, slumbered heavily. We officers had an excellent chance to get near to Nature's heart, or at least her Brest. For our tents, bedding-rolls, and hand-baggage, though officially present, did not appear until late the following day.

About the time they appeared, our colonel sent for me and thrust a wad of francs into my hand.

'Lieutenant, we entrain at five-thirty to-morrow morning. You will purchase five rations for each of the headquarters officers. The regimental band is still probably on board the Leviathan. You will see that it entrains.'

As I hurried down to the port, I real-

ized that I was in a dilemma. If I went out at once in person to get the band, all the stores would be closed before I could return and buy food for the long journey that lay ahead of us. If, on the other hand, I bought the provisions first, I might miss the band. Whichever I did, I was almost sure to go wrong.

By good luck I found, almost at once, the skipper of the official lighter, and sent him out to the Leviathan, with strict instructions to bring me back that band. Then I got a detail of dough-boys, and with them raced for the shops against closing time. A strange picture my detail must have made as they stumbled back through the black streets of Brest. Their arms were heaped high with figs and huge branches of grapes, and every pocket of their blue jeans was bursting with wine. I thought they offered a fair modern version of the spies returning from the land of Canaan. But I did not tell them that they looked like spies. It would have been bad for the morale.

At eleven I met the returning lighter. No band! That skipper vowed they had taken another lighter an hour and a half before, bound for a remote place called Pier 7. Gracious heavens! It was a case of innocents abroad. It was a case of the little children of the fairy tale wandering about bewildered till Robin Red-Breast should come and gently cover them over with beautiful leaves. So far as I knew, those artless bandsters could n't muster two words of French between them. Even the French

horns were pure Irish. Fisher, their leader, had but recently been commissioned. And while he could lead the fingers and the lips of his men through the Maritana Overture in masterly fashion, I feared that he might lack the more mundane capacity to guide their feet through the stygian mazes of a strange foreign city, darkened against air-raids. I imagined that miserable band wandering about like lost sheep, weighed down by the tuba and the big bass drum and dragging them wearily deeper and deeper into the dark labyrinth of the slums.

Of course I hastened to Pier 7.

No! Positively no band had arrived there that evening. No band of any kind. If they had, they would most certainly have been held up for a tune. The dusky American stevedores always worked better under the stimulus of the divine art of melody. No band was ever allowed to effect a landing there without limbering up their instruments and playing a shake-down and a cake-walk. 'You ought,' continued the young shave-tail, 'to see the "shines" put their backs into it when that happens. And it happens quite often. They unload a boat in half the time. Say, do you know, what I've seen on this dock has convinced me that we're going to win the war *toot sweet*. The very first month we Yankees took hold here we unloaded twenty-nine times as much freight as the French had ever unloaded in their best month. Why, there'll be nothing to it. But about your band. I wish they'd show up here.'

I stemmed the young officer's rhapsodies over the effect of my favorite art on the activities of the darker side of the S.O.S. The S.O.S. was not what interested me just then. What interested me was helping to get the 313th Infantry intact to the front. I asked what he thought could have happened to the band. He could n't say for sure, but

a couple of lighters had that evening broken away from the Leviathan and were rapidly drifting out to sea in a helpless manner. Perhaps my band was on one of these.

Good heavens! The outlook was growing worse and worse. A lighter that had got so far out of control as to break away and drift seaward might be in a sinking condition. My unhappy imagination boggled at what it beheld. Why, the poor fellows most likely did n't even have life-belts along. I imagined their frantic but vain efforts to plug both ends of the bass tuba so that it might float and serve as a life-raft. This failing, I beheld, with the blood-shot eye of my mind, the thirty-seven heroes all struggling in concentric circles to lay a hand on the buoyant bass drum.

In vain! Down goes the doctor of philosophy who performs so divinely on the piccolo. Their last gasps bubble up from the lips of the plumber who plays the bassoon and the tutor who tootles the flute. For the third and last time the commanding head of Lieutenant Fisher emerges from the foam, commanding his merry men to swim *allegro vivace*, while his baton arm rhythmically caresses old ocean's gray and melancholy waist.

Wild-eyed I hunted up the quartermaster lieutenant in charge of unloading operations, and persuaded him to send out an inquiry to the Leviathan regarding the whereabouts of the band. He was a good fellow and consented at once. According to him it was a perfectly simple matter. He would merely telephone to the Naval Station, which would flash the message by Morse code to another place, which would pass it on to a dreadnought. And the dreadnought would flash it out to the Leviathan. It was all as easy as A B C. The answer would be back in twenty minutes.

Two hours and a half dragged their slow length along. No answer. We called up, and the Naval Station vaguely but optimistically reported progress. It was two in the morning and we were to entrain at five-thirty. We flashed out another and more imperative inquiry. At length that great, slow-moving body, the Leviathan, responded. It was an ambiguous message, saying that the band had just left. It did not say which band or what pier it was bound for. But the lieutenant explained that there were only two possible docks where it could land, and he was positive that there was no lighter *en route* to either of these docks. He said he ought to know about that if anybody on earth did, as he was the ranking officer in charge of docking facilities. By a process of elimination, the 313th Infantry band must be still on board the Leviathan.

There was only one thing to do. I extorted a small tug from the authorities, climbed precariously over the mountainous cargoes of three freighters waiting to be unloaded, swung down a chain into the tug, with difficulty aroused the French skipper and his crew, and, in no more time than it takes to get sleepy and reluctant Frenchmen limbered up and launched into a full tide of activity, we were off.

There was room in the cabin for only ten men packed close; and I spent my force figuring out where to accommodate a band of thirty-seven souls, supposing them not to have been on one of the lighters that had drifted out to sea. For large waves were breaking over the scanty deck above. And where should I dispose the bass drum out of the wet?

We drew alongside the huge cliff of the Leviathan, and I tackled the deck officer. He thought my band had left, but was not sure how or when or why, or to what end. I thought of recommending to that band, if I ever caught

it, to adopt as its motto those lines of Omar Khayyám's:—

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence*?
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!

But then I recollected that the stanza ended in a resolution to hit

Full many a cup of this forbidden wine,

and it occurred to me that it might perhaps be better not to bring these encouraging words to their attention.

At a moment's notice it is a difficult thing to lay your hands on thirty-seven dreamy, unpractical, and retiring musicians, in a ship whose war-time capacity is fourteen thousand souls. Beginning with the officers higher up, and progressing methodically to those lower down, I woke up all the naval dignitaries, one by one.

Like true knights-errant of the sea, they were all dignified and courteous, once they had dug the sand out of their eyes. But none of them knew anything definite about the 313th band except that it had played very agreeably during the voyage. Of this fact I was already aware. And as I was now hungry and thirsty and a bit on edge, I had some ado to restrain myself from pointing out that my knowledge along this line equaled theirs in every respect.

I woke up the men of the band of another regiment of the 79th Division which had not yet disembarked. (I thought I could distinguish the bandsmen from the less æsthetic doughboys because they snored with greater sonority and sweetness, and because their combined efforts blended into one mighty barber-shop chord which came nearer to being the lost chord than anything I have heard since on sea or land.) I asked them what had become of the 313th band. Wakened thus abruptly in the small hours, they had some difficulty in deciding whether this was to-night, last night, or to-morrow. But

they finally agreed that my band had left the evening before. They could, however, supply none of those precise details for which my soul yearned.

I woke up their colonel. He heaved aloft his pink-spotted pyjamas, pondered darkly for a space of time, and then swore softly to himself.

'Well,' he finally said, 'I'm an old West Pointer and I've heard of mislaying everything in the United States Army from a firing-pin to a field kitchen; but I'll be ——d if I ever heard of mislaying a military band!'

Then he pulled the blankets over his head and morosely prepared to relapse into slumber. As I went out I could hear him mutter:

'Lost a band! Well, I'll be d——d!'

Finally, from one of the stokers in the hold I learned definitely, with impressive concrete details, that different sections of the 313th band had left that night at eight and nine-thirty in two coal barges. Destination unknown.

On this I climbed back into the tug, aroused the French nation, and combined a nice cool shower on deck with watching the early dawn streak the surface of that marvelous harbor. If I had been in a properly receptive frame of mind, I should doubtless have received some very æsthetic impressions.

'That's bad!' exclaimed my lieutenant of the port when I told him the stoker's story; 'I never thought of those coal barges. Your band is probably, at this moment, five miles away down the harbor, hopelessly stymied. Here it is, four-thirty, and only an hour left before your entrainment. With the fastest truck I have, you could n't possibly get out there and back in an hour through the mess you'd have to negotiate.'

At that crucial moment, had I for a second lost control, I should have begun to gobble like a turkey and run up the walls. Never before had I realized

so clearly the wonderfully expressive power of that vulgar phrase, 'to beat the band,' in connoting superlative states of longing or passion. In a superlative degree I now passionately longed to beat the band of the 313th Infantry, A.E.F.

'There's only one hope left,' said I. 'That stoker, like everybody else, may have been wrong. I'll call up the railroad station again on the chance.'

I had never liked the telephone much; but that morning I experienced a change of heart toward it; and if the Signal Corps had only been courteous enough to run a wire out from the port to the so-called Rest Camp, I probably should never have another word to say against that instrument of torture, even if I lived to be older than the Father of Lies who had distributed his offspring so plentifully about the city of Brest.

'Hello, hello! Yes, the 313th band have just arrived. I can see them now through my window, sitting on their instruments in the yard. Yes, yes, I see both the bass drum and the big bass tuba. They look intact. Talk with Fisher? Why, certainly. Hold the wire.'

Then Fisher explained to me in a voice faint from exhaustion that, in obedience to orders, he had taken the band from the Leviathan at nine-thirty the previous evening, by still another lighter than had ever been heard of by me or by the port-lieutenant; had landed at still another dock that was far out of our combined kens; and had spent the entire night of my anxious researches marching, like the King of France and thirty-seven men, up the hill to the Rest Camp, and immediately turning around with the outfit and marching down again, dragging the bass drum and the tuba in his wake.

Nunc dimittis! I had the band and I had the grub and I had the five-thirty, too.

IF I WERE THE LORD GOD

BY CLAUDIA CRANSTON

If I were the Lord God,
Of the beauty that lies in my heart,
I would make a tree,
And give it to man as a gift;
A slender young tree, with the tender green leaves
To hang like lace from the branches —
If I were the Lord God.

If I were the Lord God,
Of the wonder that lies in my eyes,
I would make a lake,
A tiny little lake like a jewel,
With the pearly blue sky
Turned down like a cup on a saucer —
If I were the Lord God.

And as I am not, shall the beauty that lies in my heart,
My Gift, go ungiven forever?
And as I am not, shall my wonder
Die out like a ring on the water?

A DEMOCRATIC SCHOOL

BY JAMES G. COZZENS

IN his discriminating criticism of the American boarding-school Mr. Parmelee presented to the *Atlantic* readers an interesting study of the situation and the remedy. To the former nothing can be added. The American boy's temperament reacts in the manner described to the conditions that surround it in boarding-school life; one might say in any school life, for, I believe, a number of the symptoms considered walk hand in hand with all American educational systems, both public and private. As to the remedy; this is my fourth year in a school that has been fully tested out and has proved to the satisfaction of all concerned that its system is the answer, the only practical answer, to the various problems discussed by Mr. Parmelee.

I will take up his three principal points one by one, and offer the solution — not the visionary solution, but the solution that, in one school at least, works to-day.

'First, as regards their commercialism. A school of this kind, however high its ideals, is, we must remember, at bottom a business, and in the view of its authorities the first requisite of such a business is that it must pay.'

This is Mr. Parmelee's first difficulty. It is evident that, to make a school of the average type pay in this age, the rates must be high, too high for middle-class boys to profit by the advantages of attending a boarding-school. The task is to reduce expenses in such a way as to lower the tuition fee. This, of course, must not be done by decreasing the number or salaries of the faculty, or by

detracting from the quality or quantity of the food. An impossible case, you say? Yet the question has been solved. In the school I have in mind the self-help system is a thoroughly practical answer. Large sums are saved by the work around the buildings which the boys do (no kitchen or laundry-work) without inconvenience, or interference in the slightest degree, either with the necessary academic work, or with regular athletics. It is to be noted that the hardest tasks set can be done thoroughly in the half hour allowed twice a day; and generally less time is required.

Let me assure you that this is no visionary fancy. It is a fact; it works; it has worked for over ten years. The school in question has grown from the cautious experiment to the present splendid fulfillment. It has never been publicly advertised, yet the waiting list numbers several hundred. Never has the future looked brighter. The system has spread, in some or all of its forms, to several other schools. It is the coming type.

Next, the question of arbitrary discipline. Self-government is the satisfactory answer. Here, Mr. Parmelee observes, all head-masters balk. It is a too-much-talked-of and disastrously tampered-with subject to find favor or even toleration with the preparatory-school faculties. Can the average head-master conceive of a big study hall, with every desk filled, no authority in the form of masters in the room, or even in the building, and yet the ticking of the clock far down in front distinct

and sharp in the very last seats—this not for a moment, but for hours at a time? Again you say, impossible; and again I say it is true, and it is working side by side with the self-help system, to the adequate solving of these two serious boarding-school problems.

To be more clear. The members of the faculty have no duties of any kind except their classroom work. The entire discipline is controlled by three 'prefects' appointed by the head-master from the graduating class, and four other fellows elected by popular vote, two from the fourth and two from the fifth form. These seven make up a council, which meets once a week, and has practically absolute power, — excepting the right of expulsion, — subject, of course, to the head-master's veto. Perhaps it does n't sound practicable, but then, it works. The difference in the attitude of boys to the masters is astounding. A more sincere spirit of friendship and respect is developed, because the 'spy system,' with its mutual lack of confidence, is done away with. Of this I will speak later.

The prefects, with another corps of inspectors drawn from the sixth form, are in charge of the regular working of the self-help system. They make out the job 'list,' which is changed from day to day, and is formed by entering numbers opposite the names on the school list. These numbers represent certain 'jobs,' so that the prefects have little knowledge of 'who gets what.' The jobs are done twice a day, and inspected and reported on in job-assemblies held before the morning and afternoon school sessions. Jobs that fail to pass inspection are done over at stated periods, and reported to the prefect of the day. A very poor job, or a failure to do a job over, receives an hour's 'detention,' which is served immediately after lunch by an hour of outdoor manual la-

bor. This hour's detention is the standard penalty used both by the council members and by the faculty.

In exchange for the 'spy system' mentioned above, a form of honor system is used. Questions of all sorts are asked in assembly, and it is a tradition and a point of honor very loyally upheld that the offenders will at once own up, regardless of the nature of the act or the consequences it involves. It is a credit both to the system and to the boys in the school that practically no questions go unanswered.

Mr. Parmelee's third point concerns the spirit of college entrance. The greater part of the boys who attend such a school as this, and plan to go to college, are making no 'social function' of it. It is with them a serious matter and they act accordingly. They are the very type which Mr. Parmelee regrets has so little chance.

It is not my place to discuss the rights or wrongs of the College Entrance Board. The standards it sets may be unwise, but conscientious work finds no trouble with them, and the aim of the school I am discussing is conscientious work in every department. Conscientious work on the 'jobs' has solved the great economic problem of schools. Conscientious self-government has proved practical in forwarding the plan. Conscientious study is swinging wide the doors of the colleges.

May I suggest as our crying need, rather than Mr. Parmelee's 'American Cecil Rhodes,' more men of the type of the head-master of this school, who conceived this educational system. He has endowed American boyhood with a great gift — a gift not yet fully under stood by present-day educators, but one which we who have benefited by it must believe to be the coming school, the true, democratic, American school.

THE VIRTUE OF INTOLERANCE

BY ROBERT KILBURN ROOT

ONE of my friends, by temperament always a somewhat belated adherent of already waning enthusiasms, has just built a spacious sleeping-porch on his hitherto comfortable suburban house, and now discourses warmly on the frigid healthfulness of outdoor sleeping, though the north wind blow never so keenly. Very scornful he waxes over the exploded superstition that some strange noxiousness lurks in 'night air.' I have no quarrel with him on that score. Though I cling to a comfortable bed in a comfortable room, I comply with the age so far as to throw wide the windows — to the great scandal of the kindly French family on whom I was billeted in the December of a year ago. But my friend is not content with the virtues of night air; all day long he keeps 'open house,' so that a visit under his otherwise hospitable roof stores the mind with many shivering memories.

Save for the acknowledged invalid, the open-air life is already on the decline; one hears on every hand the cry of back to sense and comfort. Very much indeed can be said for the snug fireside, for a roof and stout inclosing walls. Whatever may be true of our merely pulmonary life, it is at any rate clear that our mental life transacts itself better indoors than out. Concentration of mind is easier at a study desk than on a breezy piazza. Keeping open house — figuratively or literally — is not the nearest way to wisdom.

Of a much subtler character, though not wholly unrelated, is that idea of widest currency that a man must at all

costs keep an open mind. He may build himself a house of brick and stone, he may lock his front door and even shut tight his windows; but his mind must be open as a sleeping-porch to every wind of doctrine and every breath of a new idea, under penalty of intellectual quick consumption. The idea has, of course, its quantum of truth. The catch-phrase is but the quintessence of a broad generalization, and as such is an inextricable weave of truth and falsehood. The mind impervious to new ideas, the mind hermetically sealed, will find no advocate and needs no prosecuting attorney; one may be no fresh-air enthusiast and yet value good ventilation. For a tubercular or atrophied mind one may well prescribe a regimen of open air; but the healthy mind needs its inclosing walls and its fireside, where it may be at home. It will slowly extend its walls, open new windows to the east, build itself new watch-towers; it will from time to time issue forth on travels of high adventure, and bring back the wealth of Asia, or sail to new Americas; but, weary of wandering through eternity, it will, unless it be a mere 'hobo' of a mind, seek back to its fireside and its four walls. There it lives, there it does its fruitful work. The little mind builds itself walls of prejudice; the greater mind fashions them out of convictions. The truly open mind can have neither the one nor the other. Better walls of prejudice than an ineffectual homelessness.

With the ideal of the open mind, or as merely another phrasing of it, goes the

ideal of broad tolerance. Have I not a right to my own opinion? and if so, mere generosity must accord the same right to my neighbor. It is an interesting case of casuistry, this supposed right to one's own opinion. I suspect that its loudest asserters seldom stop to ask what sort of a right they are talking about. If they mean legal right, the answer is simple. The most ruthless minions of the most despotic government cannot keep me from holding what opinion I please, so long as I also hold my tongue; the law can challenge only the utterance of opinion. And here my legal right varies according as I am in Bolshevik Russia or the United States. It varies also with peace and war. I am told that here at home there was, during the war, a rather considerable curtailment of our accustomed liberty of speech; certain it is that, as a member of the army, I found a double watch set on tongue and pen. Even in peaceful 'free' America there are limits to our freedom. A man is legally free to believe that the President — or shall we say a carefully chosen group of senators — should be assassinated; but the public utterance of this belief will entail the penitentiary or the madhouse. I may hold what opinion I will of my neighbor's character, and of his wife's; but the expression of it carries unpleasant possibilities of criminal libel. It is but poor compensation that I may freely declare the opinion that this is a geocentric universe, or that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare and heaven knows how much of Marlowe, Spenser, and Milton. Who cares a fig for matters like these?

If by 'right' one means not legal but absolute right, as established by abstract Justice in the high court of Truth, the liberty of private judgment is not so wide. One can have no absolute right to any opinion except a true opinion; one can have no *right* to believe

that two and two make five, or even four and a half. In matters of a less demonstrable finality, the right to my own opinion presupposes that I have taken into account all the evidence, that I have the requisite skill to sift it and the knowledge to weigh it. Many people go through life without the right to form their own opinion on any matter of more weight than the probable formula of a salad-dressing or a new cocktail — and this latter opinion is now becoming a question of merely scholastic abstraction! The only man with the right to an opinion is the expert; and in any matter that we consider really important, we seek his opinion, and acknowledge its superior worth by paying roundly for it. Sensible people quietly abdicate the right to their own opinion when it is a question of estimating the strain of a cantilever span or of ordering a capital operation. They prefer to exercise their 'right' only in matters of less serious moment, such as the League of Nations or the immortality of the soul.

What men demand, after all, is not so much the recognition of a right as a toleration of their idiosyncrasies, if not respectful, at least kindly and good-natured. And toleration within certain limits we are all ready to grant; even the Grand Inquisition could be tolerant in non-essentials. Society will tolerate almost any opinion which does not seem to imply important consequences in the way of action. It will tolerate a sufficiently theoretical attack on the institution of private property, or of marriage — particularly if the attack sparkles with good Shavian wit; it has not tolerated, up to this time, open advocacy of burglary and promiscuous love. Tolerance presupposes indifference, and precludes any eagerness of love or hate. It is not in human nature to be tolerant when we are deeply in earnest. A man is not tolerant when

his wife or his sister is slandered; he is not tolerant when his honor is at stake. We were not tolerant of Mr. Hohenzollern and his system, or of such of our misguided countrymen as would, however indirectly, lend him aid and comfort; we are not tolerant to-day of Mr. Lenin and his Bolsheviki. An army organized on principles of kindly tolerance, where each officer and man had a right to his own opinion, would not have driven the invader out of France. Tolerance is a plant which thrives best during a protracted peace, when the public conscience is blunted by much dipping in the flesh-pots of prosperity and ease; but even in times of peace a successful business man is not tolerant of dishonesty or inefficiency among the men whom he employs. We are in earnest about these things, we have settled standards, we have established judgment in our gates; and we guard the establishment with complete intolerance. Tolerance in non-essentials, yes; but we must not forget that some things are essential.

We reserve our tolerance for those things of the mind which seem divorced from practical affairs, the things about which we do not really care: religion, philosophy, and rival schools of art. Our attitude finds complete expression in the trite formula: 'It does n't make any difference what a man believes, as long as he lives right.' As if real action could ever be divorced from real belief! Mere habit and polite conventionality may take one through a humdrum day; but in every crisis action springs from a genuine belief in some abstraction, in some theory of life, though never, perhaps, phrased into the formality of a creed. The beliefs systematically propagated in the German mind for forty years have made some serious difference to the world. The organized campaigns of propaganda let loose upon us from every side would seem to indicate

that it does make some difference what men believe. Anarchy of thought must ultimately issue in anarchy of action.

We still have a few generally accepted standards of conduct; for our more abstract thought we have next to none. Intellectually our modern world is an anarchy. It is not a case of sharply drawn conflict between two standards of thought struggling for the mastery. Such struggles the world has had in plenty, and has survived them with profit; they are always a sign of life, if not of health. There is in our modern world conflict of a sort, but without battle-cries and without leaders, like the battle of embryo atoms in Milton's Chaos, mixed confusedly: —

To whom these most adhere, he rules a moment.

To this dim battle of the mists can come no decision which will not more embroil the fray; for, if it has any discoverable trend, it is toward the conclusion that there is no such thing as a decision, that one opinion is as good as and no better than the next. There may come an armistice, but no peace. Meanwhile, we stagger to and fro like drunken men, and startle the night with our cries of 'Progress,' forgetting that progress implies a measurement, and that measurement implies standards.

It is surely in no spirit of cowardice that one sighs for the earlier, simpler days when the fight was pitched in ranged battalions; when Romanticist went out to slay Classicist because he knew he was right; when Nominalist and Realist closed in deadly grapple; when Humanist met Scholastic with bitter scorn and beat him about the head with a stout cudgel cut on the mountain-slopes of Hellas; when every other sentence did not limp in on a 'probably' or a 'perhaps.'

Yet there are better days than those of battle. If war gives a certain stimulus, it is rather in an ardent peace that

man works most productively. There have been periods of human history, brief but glorious, when a whole nation, a whole civilization, had made up its mind about the important things of philosophy and art, and all men could work together in generous rivalry, or with, at most, a disagreement over the detailed application of established principles. Those have been the periods of great achievement. The age of Pericles was one; thirteenth-century France was another; and, on a lower plane, the France of the Grand Monarque. The great churches at Bourges and Amiens, the ruined glory of Rheims, are but the supreme monuments of an age when all builders were agreed that the only architecture worth a tinker's damn was that which we know as Gothic. In accordance with its canons they built cathedral and parish church, castle and farmhouse and granary.

When Sir Christopher Wren lifted the dome of St. Paul's over the ashes of the great fire, all of London was being rebuilt in the same school. No one had an 'open mind' in which to entertain the rival claims of a despised Gothic. What is the dominant architecture of present-day New York, or London, or Buenos Aires? The Greek temple, affected by our modern money-changers, jostles a Romanesque clubhouse or a French château; a severely Georgian portico endures stolidly the exuberance of florid Gothic just across the way. Who shall arbitrate? To every man his taste. Yet out of the confusion rises no supreme triumph of the builder's art.

When Milton composed his great epic, all literary Europe was agreed that the heroic poem was the one thing supremely worth writing. From the critical chaos of the present there emerges no great master in any of our discordant manners. If one poetic form more than another expresses our

corporate soul, it is the anarchy of *vers libre*. The one established canon of painting is the denial of all established canons. Who shall chart the quagmire of our philosophy and religion, its spiritualisms, its pragmatisms, the revamped Manichæism of Mr. H. G. Wells, 'Ethical Culture' and 'New' Thought, the thousand struggling sects of protestant Christianity — struggling not for final dominance, but for bare survival? And so in all affairs of the spirit we tolerantly spread our sails to every wind of doctrine, and, doubtful to which harbor we should steer, conclude that there is no such thing as a harbor anywhere in all our barren sea.

To this indictment of general anarchy there is one striking exception. The realm of intellectual activity which we call science is no region of vague liberalism and kindly tolerance. Scientists may reach discordant results, though the scoffer is prone to exaggerate the discords; in the fundamentals they are in absolute agreement. There is perfect uniformity in the articles of their creed: the invariability of natural laws, the conservation of energy and indestructibility of matter, the continuity of organic life. Whoever should deny these articles of faith is branded heretic, and read out of the communion with bell, book, and electric light. There is, also, an established procedure which we call scientific method. Whoever departs from it in any essential is a quack and a charlatan; and the canons of this method are so sharply defined that the charlatan can be convicted of charlatantry with due reason shown. No scientist recognizes the charlatan's right to his own opinion. 'Of course, I may be wrong' is not a favorite prefatory phrase with the scientist; it is his business to be right, and demonstrably right, with the smallest possible margin of error. The scientist has established judgment in the gates of his laboratory;

he has built for himself a house instead of a wind-swept sleeping-porch; he is notorious for his intolerance, for the narrowness of his mind; and traveling a strait and narrow path, he has reached his goal. The most fruitful and enduring intellectual achievements of our age are beyond question those of the scientist.

I would not have all the world turn scientist. Heaven forbid! Philosophy and the humane arts may yet contribute as much to human happiness as can the most exact knowledge of the reproductive processes of unicellular organisms. But I should be glad to see in the professors of these arts some of the fine intolerance of the scientist; for that would argue seriousness of conviction. We have no academy to establish canons for our thought and practice — or to lend real zest to heresy and revolt; since there is no orthodoxy, there can be no heresies. 'Of course, you may be right; but I prefer to think this way.' That makes but a muddy, drab world of it; the wine of the spirit is prohibited, along with the more obvious varieties that come in bottles. And so by the average man in the marketplace this drab and bone-dry world of the Seven Arts is not accorded the compliment of a passing glance. Even the college undergraduate, who spends four casual years in its outskirts, too often finds it but a world of shadows. Tolerance, which is a growth of indifference, begets a deeper indifference of its own. I remember with what growing tedium I heard in my own undergraduate days from lecturer after lecturer that 'the truth lies somewhere between this extreme view and that.' I hoped, in vain, that I should some day sit under a professor who would, as one having authority, boldly defend one extreme or the other, or who would at least define sharply the intermediate 'somewhere.' Since then I have become a professor

myself, and better realize the lure of Laodicea; it is rarely possible to establish truth of fact with sharp-cut definition. But truth of principle must always be three parts faith; and what is faith unless it burn with a clear flame?

It seems unlikely that our own generation will attain any substantial unity of faith, any body of accepted principles in art and letters, in philosophy or religion. Very well, then; if no king is crowned, no bishop mitred over us, to enlist loyal service, — or provoke bold rebellion, — we must make the most of sect and faction; at least, we can be stout partisans. Having, after due study and meditation, chosen allegiance, — and without such choice creative thought is impossible, — let us maintain this allegiance tooth and nail, without 'if' or 'perhaps,' until we have established it beyond dispute, or are battered out of it by the superior weight of opposing evidence. If intellectual order is ever to supervene over present chaos, it will arise, not out of easygoing tolerance and the indifference of a genial give-and-take, but out of a good clean fight.

The intolerance I would advocate does not mean persecution; it is directed, not at the mistaken individual, but at the wrong idea; not at the heretic, but at the heresy. It does not involve burning people at the stake or shutting them up in prison; that is a stupid and futile way to combat error — though I sometimes wish people were enough in earnest to find these courses tempting. No, I can smoke a pipe of tobacco in all friendliness with a man whose opinions I abhor and detest. I can even understand those damnable heresies of his, while still detesting; for an intolerant mind need not be a narrow mind. Indeed, a narrow mind cannot in the best sense of the word be intolerant at all. To fight an enemy, one has to reconnoitre his positions and form a just

estimate of his strength; one must have the imagination to see the situation as he sees it. Intolerance militant must organize its service of intelligence. Broad-minded intolerance, moreover, will discriminate its hostilities. It will carry no dogmatic chip on its shoulder, nor seek a quarrel over every trifle. Where the broad mind is intolerant, the narrow mind will achieve nothing but bigotry; and bigotry — obstinate, unreasonable, unenlightened — is but a base caricature of fine intolerance. It is bigotry, not intolerance, that draws the sword of persecution, or scornfully declines the pleasant dinner-party at the house of publican and sinner. The bigot may in his blind and stubborn fashion hold fast that which is good; he is forever incapable of obeying the other half of the apostolic counsel, — to make trial of all things, — because he has quenched the light of his own spirit.

They tell a story of two army chaplains, a Roman Catholic and a Methodist, who were assigned to the same regiment. The two soon became inseparable cronies; they were quartered together in one partitioned-off cubicle of an Adrian barracks; they were unwearied in good works and spiritual ministrations to the regiment, each after his kind, and shared, with never a trace of friction, the limited facilities which the camp offered for their work. The chief recreation of their rare leisure was theological discussion, hotly urged on

either side, but resulting in no diminution of good-fellowship.

Then one day came orders transferring the Methodist to another unit, and he sought out his Roman colleague to bid him good-bye.

‘It has been a real privilege,’ he said, ‘to be associated with you. I have never before been thrown much with preachers of your church. In spite of all our arguments, I want you to know that I honor and respect you, and that I believe you are serving God in your way, just as I am trying to serve Him in *his* way.’

There you have the spirit of true intolerance — abundant charity, but no compromise.

Yes, one can smoke a friendly pipe of tobacco with the most heterodox of one’s acquaintance. I can even spend a pleasant week-end, when the weather is not too raw, with my friend of the sleeping porches and the wide-flung windows. But he has been hinting recently that before another winter he may decide to inclose those wind-swept porches, toward the north, at any rate, with good window-glass. There is something to be said for window-glass. It admits the sunlight, and without obstructing the view, affords at least a brittle shelter from the ever-shifting wind.

But then, with a house of window-glass, one can’t enjoy the fun of throwing stones.

THE RISING TIDE IN JAPAN

BY VICTOR S. CLARK

JAPAN, revisited after the interval of the war, seems at first glance less changed by its share in that experience than we might anticipate. To be sure, tall gantry cranes, straddling aloft from new shipyards, are the first objects to greet the eye of a person approaching Yokohama or Kobe from the sea. Motor-cars, which used to be sporadic, show signs of becoming conventionally epidemic. Spindly iron factory stacks are more numerous and more obtrusively smoky than a few years ago. Occidental and half-occidental buildings have multiplied, until one catches an occasional street vista that reveals hardly a suggestion of the Orient. But these changes were coming so rapidly before the war, — they repeat so exactly what occurred during previous periods of absence, — that they do not appear extraordinary.

It is the shock to the visitor's purse that first reminds him of a real and unprecedented transformation. Prices have mounted faster than even in New York or London. No longer is Japan a land where our pleasure in the exotic is heightened by the impression that we are getting it at a bargain. Rickshaws now cost more than cabs used to cost in Europe. The better shops maintain Fifth Avenue prices. At the hotels Russian refugees, lucky enough to have escaped from their country with well-lined pockets, Japanese millionaires and profiteers, and war-enriched spenders from every obscure corner of the Orient, compete for the best accommodations. The white race has ceased

to be the sole plutocratic caste in public places. It is being elbowed out of its previous exclusive haunts by Oriental competitors, who can pay liberally for what they want, and who rejoice in their purse-power.

Yet in respect to prices Japan is merely copying the rest of the world. Like ourselves and like Europe, she is on the crest of a wave of currency inflation — in the heyday of greenback and shin-plaster prosperity. A brief chill shot through business circles with the Armistice; but this merely heightened the fever that followed, when it was found that peace hath its profits as well as war. Factories are still flooded with orders. Industrial earnings sometimes reach cent per cent upon the investment. But lust for gain outruns even this generosity of fortune. Promoters and speculators throng the exchanges, grasping at golden visions that spurn percentages. Everyone would dip his bucket into the stream of easy money that flows by so lightly, and draw out an immediate fortune.

A dispassionate stranger naturally asks, 'Where is the physical wealth of which these millions and billions of stocks and bonds and bank-notes are the tokens?' It is not displayed in Japan's show-window. To be sure, the country emerged from the war with more ships, factories, industrial skill, and commercial experience than before. It has accumulated substantial credits abroad which strengthen its foreign exchange and which will eventually be paid in cotton, wool, and steel, and in

machinery to manufacture them. These are real assets. But against them are such set-offs as depleted mines, worn machinery, and that maladjustment of factory equipment to peace needs that always follows war. Large as the credit balance is, moreover, paper titles to wealth have multiplied faster than wealth itself. Part of Japan's apparent prosperity is fictitious. It is based upon capitalizing a state of mind — upon anticipation rather than attainment.

Nevertheless, fictions shape history — both economic and political. For the time being make-believe wealth exchanges for real luxuries and begets extravagance. It thus increases the actual scarcity created by the war. Even the workingman, whose two yen now buy less than one yen bought before, spends with a more liberal gesture.

These familiar phenomena — high prices, a class of newly rich, and a growing thirst for luxury — are accompanied, as they are in Western lands, by increasing social unrest and a sullen murmur from the proletariat. This is the most significant effect of the war upon Japan.

For several years occasional outbursts of local discontent have issued from the sombre army of industrial workers. But they were very local and very transitory, though sometimes briefly violent. In the past, also, educated enthusiasts from the middle classes now and then set up some idol of radical social theory, fished from the stream of Western learning, and worshiped it with the devotion of half-comprehension. For even the educated Japanese have no historical background of native industrial history by which to interpret social conditions until recently peculiar to western Europe. In their country a ready-made factory system was thrust upon a feudal society unprepared to receive it. The peasants still look at life much as Europeans did

in the twelfth century. Feudal loyalty, clan and guild bonds, the superstitions and prejudices and sentiments of an older era, dominate their thought. Indeed, Japan is full of just such contrasts as Mark Twain describes in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

Nothing else could have disintegrated this society so rapidly as the factory system. It transferred millions of people from the unprogressive labor of the paddy-fields to hives of modern industry. It created almost over-night a new wage-earning class, recruited from peasants and fishermen. In 1887 there were just over 100,000 factory employees in Japan. Thirty years later their number had multiplied nearly fourteen-fold.

Rustic habits and traditions determined the customs and the standard of living of the first generation of industrial operatives. The only protest they knew against oppressive conditions of employment was a sudden flare of temper — a rural labor riot transferred to a factory. A very large proportion of these workers were young women and girls, brought by labor agents directly from the parental discipline of peasant homes to the still stricter discipline of mill boarding-houses. It took a full generation to transform these simple-minded, transplanted country folk into an urban industrial proletariat. Of recent years the population of Japan's five largest manufacturing cities and their suburbs has grown thirteen times as rapidly as the population of the country as a whole. This is where the educated leaders of the working people now begin to get an intelligent hearing from the masses.

The individualist philosophy of modern capitalism was grasped sooner by the propertied classes than by the workingmen. During the interval the former took excess profits from the

caste subordination of the latter. Excessively long hours and low pay were almost universal. These conditions begot a numerous progeny of social evils, which finally aroused the conscience of men of better instincts and alarmed patriots by the threat of national decadence. Many of the old landed aristocrats, who looked with scant favor upon the rising industrial plutocracy, patronized the new ideas thus engendered. So the vague aspirations of the masses were seconded by the good intentions of would-be benefactors. But aspirations and intentions are not remedies. Nor is there a visible limit to the present dispute and bewilderment as to what the remedies should be. Meanwhile the people want action.

Therefore the present speculative and industrial climax finds the field ploughed and harrowed for the seed of popular unrest. Indeed, such seed of an earlier sowing has long been silently germinating. Some ten years ago an earlier period of Socialist propaganda culminated in an alleged conspiracy against the government. Twelve leaders of the movement were executed, after a secret trial, and an equal number were sentenced to life imprisonment. As a result of these severe measures, peripheral symptoms of discontent ceased for a time, but the state of sentiment they disclosed seems to have made continuous headway beneath the surface of society. Quiet but bitter allusions to the 'martyrs of 1910' were recently heard on more than one occasion from intelligent Japanese.

Nor is this discontent confined to wage-earners. Inflation and mounting prices have imposed hardships upon salaried people — students, teachers, writers, clerks, and petty officials — quite as severe as in our own country; indeed, more severe. For before the war prices were rising more rapidly in the Orient than in the Western world,

partly as a result of successful wars and a changing standard of living; so that the disparity between the cost of living and fixed incomes was already serious when the present sky-rocketing began. The effect upon the Japanese has been precisely the same as in Europe and America. The lower bourgeoisie and the intellectual proletariat have become radical-minded.

At the same time the sweep toward democracy — both political and industrial — which attended the war, is carrying with it both the laboring and the middle classes.

This trend is indicated by the recent multiplication of newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and larger works devoted to social and labor questions. Standard periodicals are filled with articles on the same topics. It is not exceptional for two thousand laboring men and women to assemble, — and to pay an admission fee as large as would be demanded at a place of popular entertainment, — in order to hear these subjects discussed. Three separate translations of Karl Marx's writings are announced for publication. A veteran university professor, long known as a scholarly exponent of academic Socialism, remarked in anything but a spirit of self-congratulation, 'Many, many of our students, even in the Imperial University, sympathize with Bolshevism. Yes, some of them are secretly outright Bolsheviks.'

This youthful radicalism may be but a passing fancy, inspired by the social upheaval of the war. But there is a deeper current of democratic sentiment, of which such surface eddies are only the transient and superficial symptoms. This current is carrying the working people into trade-unionism and a class-conscious labor movement, and the middle classes into a new liberalism, which may make their country a very different influence in awakening the

Orient from that which we have hitherto contemplated.

Japan is still in great measure a military-bureaucratic autocracy, operating under constitutional parliamentary forms. Authority does not reside in the people or in their representatives. The franchise, though recently extended, is even now limited to a minority of adult male citizens. Agitation for universal suffrage forms part of the present liberal movement. But even were everyone allowed to vote, it is doubtful whether parliament would make its power effective over the well-intrenched ruling classes. The spirit of political self-assertion, like the spirit of labor self-assertion, is waxing stronger — but it is as yet rather a storm-warning than the storm itself.

Nevertheless, public sentiment already controls the course of government more than it ever did before. That sentiment is turning away from the military ideals which until recently held the place of honor in the hearts of the people. Last year the number of applicants for admission to the Academy for training army officers was 1000 less than in 1918, and 2600 less than in 1912; and of the 221 men accepted, 104 later abandoned their right in order to enter civilian institutions of higher learning. A Japanese paper says, 'It is stated that such a manifestation of the unpopularity of the military profession is a phenomenon unprecedented in the annals of the army authorities.' To be sure, the salaries of officers are not high, and this may account in part for the preference shown for civilian careers. But the incident accords with other indications that the army caste is losing favor. The people recently demanded that the new governors to be appointed in Korea and Formosa should be civilians. In the second instance they won their point. For the first time since the ter-

ritorial expansion of Japan began, a man who does not wear an army or navy uniform has been appointed to the highest office in an important dependency. Commenting upon this innovation, a leading paper said, 'The time may not be distant when the posts of Minister of War and Minister of the Navy will be held by civilians, as has long been advocated by some people in this country.'

If one may judge by the frequency and sharpness of public criticism, the bureaucracy is losing prestige even faster than the army. The disparagement of militarism may be inspired by the results of the war; but the depreciation of the bureaucracy is the outcome of practical exigencies of government. A widely read newspaper in Tokio recently voiced opinions that are heard on every hand: 'Japan has outgrown her old bureaucratic régime. This is not a question of merit but a question of fact. The real interest of the country is shifting from Tokio to Osaka, from politics to business. The controlling influence is passing from the hands of officials to the hands of capitalists and landlords. Think how the city of Tokio is ruled and owned! This great political metropolis, the seat of bureaucratic culture, the influence which has made Japan what she is to-day, is not run by its numerous officials and its two million inhabitants. Its gas company, for example —' And we have the beginning of the old familiar story.

So the breaking down of the former political structure, as well as the ancient social structure, under the stress of modern industrialism is turning Japan into paths that may lead to regions of radical experiment. The question now disturbing the country is not how to avoid change, but how to maintain the old authority until a suitable modern authority can take its place.

The paper last quoted laments that 'Japan may be entering an age of the general collapse of discipline.'

That self-determined discipline which is every individual's voluntary habit of conduct is the most powerful stabilizer of existing institutions. But mass discipline imposed from above, whether by force or by dogma, has exhibited during the present world-crisis a dangerously narrow margin of safety as a stay to the existing order. No man of different nationality can presume to assert to which class the superficially remarkable discipline of the Japanese belongs. But the rice riots in 1918, and certain recent political disturbances, suggest that, during the interval between laying aside an old civilization and adopting a new one, — an interval by no means measured by the surface achievements upon which so many foreigners dilate, — the Japanese are more or less cast loose from all fixed moorings. The fear expressed in the last quotation is not entirely groundless. It is a reason for the spirit of pessimism widely current in Japan today.

This pessimism betrays itself in every realm of expression, from education to art, — the centre of attraction at a recent exhibition of paintings was entitled 'Hell,' — and from public discussion to the intimacy of confidential intercourse. It contrasts like a black shadow with the rosy optimism of gold-dreaming speculators and promoters. At a recent school meeting a teacher touched a responsive chord among his colleagues by asserting: 'The spiritual world of Japan is now in a state of unprecedented disorder. Japan is now at the cross-roads.' The rising generation is out of sympathy with the institutions and ideals of the fathers. Its members look upon the old Japan as immigrant children in America look upon the old-world customs and standards of their

parents. A Japanese commentator upon present conditions says, 'It used to be the policy of the educational authorities to force old-fashioned morals upon the pupils, regardless of the spirit of the times. Can such a policy command the respect of the younger generation? It goes without saying that the pupils will no longer accept the imperative or compulsory morals hitherto dictated by the authorities.' Right here we get a glimpse into the mechanism of Japan's national discipline.

What is this new critical and disintegrating spirit that possesses Japanese youth? 'They speak of the "emancipation of school-education," of the "emancipation of sex," and of "emancipation from the guardianship of the home." The proposal to abolish examinations is a sort of emancipation of school-education; opening the doors of private universities to women is the emancipation of sex in education.' The house shortage, which is acute throughout Japan, is said to be rendered worse by the increasing unwillingness of young married couples to live with the groom's parents, where the bride is traditionally treated as a superior servant of the family.

Though the old mystic reverence for the Mikado survives, — possibly a little impaired, but not materially weakened, — no rank outside the imperial household is spared the attacks of current iconoclasm. A newspaper — radical, to be sure, but of wide and unchecked circulation — says, bluntly, 'The peers and the rich are generally more corrupt than the lower classes. Quite true — they had able men among their forefathers. But most of the descendants of the third and fourth generation are mentally and morally inferior to ordinary persons.'

Suddenly acquired war-fortunes have given dramatic prominence to the inequality of wealth, and evidence is at

hand of an almost amusing timidity lest the 'brain proletariat,' as the Japanese call it, may ponder on this theme too much. One newspaper goes so far as to recommend that the use of motor-cars in large cities be prohibited, because they incite hatred of the poor for the rich. Luxury taxes — though not yet levied — are strongly advocated. The authorities are told that, when one of the commonest books seen in the hands of students on the tram-cars is *Das Kapital*, it is no time to be dallying with a revenue system which favors the opulent at the expense of the needy.

Doubters and slow believers, wrapped in their preconception of the Japanese as a people who grow up from unvocal babyhood to a maturity spent in adoration of the Mikado and the banner of the rising sun, will naturally ask whether this is not a superficial and passing sentiment, or possibly the tea-cup fury of excited parlor Socialists, whose knack of getting access to the press enables them to megaphone what are in reality but weak and treble voices. The answer to this is that the hard-headed political and industrial leaders of Japan prove by their acts that they take a serious view of the present state of opinion among their countrymen.

Strikes are shown by government statistics to have multiplied during the past year beyond all precedent; and new labor demands go beyond the question of higher wages. A large factory between Kobe and Osaka displays a sign to the effect that its hands enjoy an eight-hour day. That is the working period already nominally in force in nearly all shipyards and engineering works, and in many factories. 'Nominally' means that most employees still voluntarily remain on duty two or three hours additional, tempted by the higher pay for overtime.

Prominent Japanese liberals, imbued with an ancient spirit of beneficent paternalism, have formed a 'Harmonization Society' to improve the relations between employers and employees. At their very first meeting they raised \$665,000 (yen 1,330,000) for this object; and according to the latest information their subscriptions already exceed half of the proposed endowment of \$5,000,000. Parlor Socialists do not frighten dollars into untried lines of service so rapidly as that.

Yet the Japanese labor movement is in its infancy. Such unions as exist, in defiance of the law prohibiting their activities, have no reserve funds, no corps of salaried officials, and no recognized status in wage-negotiations. Their energy is devoted to political agitation, academic discussion of general social problems, and teaching the rank and file of the working people their elementary rights and how to secure them. The usual strike weapon is what the Japanese call 'sabotage,' which is something different from the European practice of that name. Strikers keep possession of their place of employment by reporting regularly for duty and drawing wages; but they neither perform useful labor nor permit others to do so. Technically they are safe from police interference, since they commit no overt act of disorder; and they make the factory their lodge hall. They destroy no property, create no disturbance, but exhibit at the same time Quaker-like pacifism and unproductive quiescence. These tactics probably work better in Japan than they would with Western employers. They certainly have proved successful during the present intense industrial activity, high profits, and scarcity of skilled workers.

Equally characteristic of the Japanese is the method of protest they adopted when the government selected a delegate to represent the workers at

the International Labor Conference in Washington without consulting the working people themselves. The day the delegate was to sail for America, more than one thousand members of the Yokohama labor organizations assembled at the Seamen's Association office and formed a procession after the fashion of a funeral cortège, with all the necessary paraphernalia, including an ancestral tablet, incense, *shakibi* twigs, and the like, and marched to the quay, singing labor songs as they walked.' Meanwhile large mass meetings to protest against the action of the government were held in Tokio and elsewhere. Some of these were addressed by speakers whose violent remarks landed them in prison.

The government will still resort to strong measures to repress labor agitation — and especially the Socialist movement. But it no longer acts with the old consistency and assurance. Intelligent Japanese, close to high official circles, say frankly that fear of revolution — or something akin to revolution — chills the heart and stays the hands of the authorities. This fear may be exaggerated. It certainly seems so to one who has moved about among the working people and attended their confidential meetings. The ignorant coolie laborers of Japan are still stolid — not people to start anything, or to stop where reason dictates if once started by others. Intelligent and ed-

ucated workingmen, who are by no means a mere handful, are primarily seeking relief from the intolerable burden of exorbitantly rising prices; but in the course of this effort they are involuntarily acquiring more radical ideas and are learning to promote their interests in new directions. The labor movement is marching in Japan.

But above these people is the 'brain proletariat,' restless, alert, dissatisfied, repressed. It has sympathizers and sentries in every government bureau, factory office, bank, and counting-house in the Empire. Its sentiments creep into the organs of public opinion in innumerable covert as well as overt ways. It has the ear of the silent thousands who are doing the manual labor of Japan — whose very discipline may become one day a weapon against established institutions. The thought of this brain proletariat has many aspects, — from Buddhist passivism to Bolshevik activism, — but through them all runs the red thread of a new discontent, of criticism of everything that has been and is. It resents even its former prides and affections. An educated Japanese of liberal sympathies illustrated this by declaring, with his usually conventional English rendered picturesque by irritation, 'These tourists who bubble at the mouth about our cherry-blossoms must have empty heads, or they would see more serious things in Japan to talk about.'

GERMANY'S REPARATION PAYMENTS

BY F. W. TAUSSIG

THE treaty of peace imposes upon Germany charges for reparations which cannot fail to entail far-reaching changes in the trade between her and other countries. Through a period of thirty years, more or less, she will be compelled to make heavy remittances to other countries. Without entering now on any close estimate of her obligations, — more will be said presently of the treaty clauses which define them, — it may be premised that they require the regular payment to the Allies of sums quite beyond anything heretofore known in international transactions on government account. The German government will have to effect payments which cannot be less than \$750,000,000 a year, and may reach, even exceed, a round billion.

The treaty provisions on this subject divide themselves into three parts. In the first place, Germany is to pay five billion dollars by May 1, 1921. (For simplicity, I reckon the gold mark as equal to a quarter of a dollar — 20,000,000,000 marks equal to 5,000,000,000 dollars.) This first installment, however, will virtually not figure in the remittance operations. As credits toward making it up, Germany is to be allowed to count all the ships, securities, coal, machinery, cattle, and like immediate assets which she may turn over to the Allies until the date mentioned. Whatever remains to be paid after these credit items have been exhausted is to be charged with no interest, but is to be converted, on May 1, 1921, into interest-bearing bonds of the character

described under the second head. It is impossible to say how much the credits will amount to, and how much will remain to be funded into the interest-bearing bonds. I should suppose that a very liberal estimate would be to allow one half of the total — two and one half billions — on account of the credit items, leaving an equal amount to be funded in 1921.

Second, Germany is to issue at once ten billion dollars of bonds, which are to bear interest at two and a half per cent, between 1921 and 1926, and after 1926 four per cent, with an additional one per cent for amortization. To this sum of ten billions must be added in 1921 the unpaid obligation under the first head, which, as has just been noted, can hardly amount to less than two and one half billions. The minimum of the principal of the bonds will then be twelve and one half billions. The interest charge on twelve and one half billions at two and a half per cent would be \$312,500,000 for 1921–26, and after 1926, when the interest charge will be at the full six per cent, \$750,000,000 a year. If the unpaid obligation under the first head is more than two and a half billions, as is probable enough, the interest charge will be so much higher.

Third, there is an indeterminate obligation, — a possible ten billion dollars more, — to be issued 'when and not until the Reparation Commission is satisfied that Germany can meet the interest and sinking-fund obligations.' How much more will be added on this score to the total interest charge, —

that is, to the total remittances which Germany must make, — it would be rash to estimate. I should be surprised if the Reparation Commission were to find Germany able to meet obligations in excess of a billion a year; even that sum is a high maximum.

A considerable period of transition is thus provided for, during which Germany may prepare to pay and the Allies themselves may prepare to receive. Considerable changes may take place in the intervening period, and not a few difficulties may be obviated by foresight and preparation. But when all is said, a new factor of enormous importance will within a few years influence the international trade of all civilized countries. Germany will have to remit a billion a year, more or less, to foreign parts. How can it be accomplished?

Two questions stand out. First, how will the mechanism of international exchange operate, and what will happen to the rates of foreign exchange? And second, what will be the eventual effect on Germany's imports and exports? These questions I will take up in order.

I

Even if the case were of the simplest sort, — if both Germany and the reparation countries were on a specie basis, — no outflow of gold from Germany can be conceived which would bring about a fulfillment of the enormous requirements. If the German government were to undertake remittance by purchasing bills of exchange in the market, and were then to let gold be transferred to foreign countries, Germany would be completely drained of gold in a few months — at the latest, in a year.

In fact, however, Germany is deeply in the throes of a paper-money régime. The chance of her escaping from it at an early date is slender indeed. No gold can flow out of her circulating medium,

For a considerable time she will have paper prices, and foreign exchange will be reckoned in depreciated paper. Under such conditions, how manage these extraordinary transactions?

Consider what rates of foreign exchange are to be expected. It is obvious that there will be a steady, insistent demand by the German Government, month by month and year by year, for bills on London, Paris, New York, Amsterdam, Madrid, Copenhagen — anything that will serve for remittance. That demand will tend steadily to raise in Germany the price of exchange on foreign countries, and to depress in foreign countries exchange on Germany. And in consequence there will be a tendency for the prices of foreign exchange in that country to be kept *higher* than would accord with the course of commodity prices. For a long time there will be a divergence between the general price-level in Germany and the rates of foreign exchange. The divergence means that exporters will be in a position to profit. They can buy cheap — comparatively cheap — in Germany, sell the German goods abroad, draw on the foreign purchasers, and sell their exchange to advantage at home. Quite the reverse will be the situation of importers. They will not be able to sell to advantage in Germany, and will have to pay high for the means of remittance to the foreign vendors. The whole situation obviously will tend to attract labor and capital to the German exporting industries and to repel them from the importing industries. The greater the divergence between foreign exchange and the commodity price-level, the more rapid and extensive will be these transpositions of German industry.

In other words, the paper-money régime, bad as it is in every other respect, will not stand in the way of the fulfillment of Germany's obligations. Rather, it will facilitate their fulfillment.

The artificial conditions of foreign exchange will serve to turn her efforts more rapidly to the satisfaction of the reparation requirements. It is odd, but none the less true, that the monetary disorder which would embarrass her export trade under ordinary conditions, is likely to facilitate the extraordinary operations called for by the treaty. No doubt this will be regarded in some quarters as evidence of astute design; in reality it is the fortuitous outcome of an unexpected combination of circumstances.

II

So much as to the first of the outstanding features of the case — the mechanism of payment. Turn now to the second: the concrete form in which the payments must be effected.

There is but one possibility. The substance of the payments will be in goods and in goods only. Germany can remit only by sending out merchandise, and the limit of remittance is found in the possible excess of merchandise exports over merchandise imports. The extent of reparation that can be secured is limited by the available amount of exportable goods.

In many estimates and speculations concerning the maximum which Germany can be made to pay, figures have been put together showing her total wealth and total resources. All such calculations are quite beside the case. Statistics of wealth, property, total possessions, have nothing to do with reparation possibilities. That part only of her property and wealth can be considered for reparation purposes which can be delivered to the Allies and used by them. Her fixed wealth in the form of lands, houses, railroads, factories, is quite unavailable (subject to an exception, not important, presently to be mentioned). Nothing in the way of plant can be moved away or put at the

disposal of foreigners. The one and only way in which payments can be made to foreigners is by turning over to them things which they can take and will take. These things obviously include such easily movable assets as gold and securities; but everything of this kind will have been exhausted before the sustained flow of reparation payments sets in. They include also the exportable goods, wares and merchandise; and these are the assets which alone remain for utilization. If the reparations are to be stated in terms of a capital sum, — a total representing the present value of a series of payments spread over many years, — that sum is simply the capitalized value of the maximum excess of Germany's merchandise exports over her merchandise imports. Somehow a huge 'favorable' balance of trade — never has the phrase had greater irony — must be rapidly developed. Exports must expand, imports must shrink. By this process, and by this process only, can the wherewithal be provided for sending to other countries what is due on reparation account.

Before proceeding to the corollaries that flow from this proposition, let me note the one qualification to be attached to it. There is a conceivable way in which lands, houses, and railroads in Germany could be used for reparation purposes: namely, that foreign investors should buy this irremovable property, and arrange to pay the purchase price to the reparation countries. In view of the extreme difficulty of handling investments thus left in Germany; in view of the drain impending in any event upon the available savings of foreign countries; in view, too, of the extreme reluctance of the German government and the German people thus to part with the command of their own industrial outfit — this possibility seems to me almost negligible.

Moreover, it would promptly lead, as the conversant reader need hardly be informed, to further remittance out of Germany. The interest and profits on these investments of foreigners in Germany would have to be sent; and for these again the only resource would be merchandise exports. There is here no serious qualification of the main proposition. To repeat, the only way in which Germany can meet her obligations is by an excess of merchandise exports equal in value to the interest and amortization of the reparation bonds; that is, not far from a billion dollars a year.

It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the statistical aspects of the case or to figure how far it is possible that Germany will really succeed, by whatever method, in sending out this enormous excess of exports. In no one year before the war did her total exports reach the sum of two and one half billion dollars; during the four or five years preceding the war they were, on the average, but two billions a year. The imports, as is familiar to all conversant with these matters, had exceeded the exports for many years, and during the pre-war period were greater than the exports by several hundred millions of dollars annually. During the reparation period, not only must the excess be quite the other way, but the reversal must be upon an enormous scale. True, the general rise in gold prices may somewhat facilitate the change; all monetary transactions mean less than formerly in terms of commodities. But even so, the task is a most formidable one, and he would be rash who would make prediction as to the outcome. My present purpose, however, is not to weigh figures or hazard statistical guesses. I would have the reader note the inevitable changes in the currents of trade, of industry, and of opinion also.

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The German government must consciously and deliberately grapple with the task. No country, Germany least of all, would rely solely on automatic trade-adjustments for the procurement of this enormous supply of foreign exchange. There must be search for ways of deliberately stimulating exports and deliberately checking imports.

Import restrictions are an obvious device. They have been utilized in Great Britain and France and other European countries during the war, and for essentially the same reason — namely, that the ordinary mechanism of foreign trade did not bring about that diminution in the purchase of foreign goods which was deemed necessary in the public interest. Germany may be expected to prohibit some imports and to impose high duties upon others. Import restrictions doubtless will, in part, be sumptuary in character, designed to lessen the consumption of articles of luxury, even of comfort. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that they will also have a slant in the direction of protection. Such combination of fiscal and protectionist policies is familiar enough.

But restriction of imports will not alone suffice. Exports must be enlarged as well as imports lessened. The circumstance that German imports consist in large part of raw materials and indispensable food-supplies puts a limit on the effective application of import restrictions. But devices for promoting exports may be expected to be utilized to the limit. And their utmost utilization cannot be consistently objected to by the reparation countries. Among available devices are export bounties, special rates of transportation for exported goods, and specially reduced prices of export commodities. Remission of taxes, or reduction of taxes, on exporting industries might also be on the list.

Under ordinary circumstances practices of this sort are to be condemned in the interest of the very country that applies them. Though they may promote export trade, they do so to the disadvantage of the exporting country itself. Their advocacy and defense usually rest upon a crass mercantilism. But in a case like the present all ordinary reasoning ceases to apply and all ordinary objections cease to have weight. When it comes to the tremendous task of financing these reparation dues, any and every device for promoting exports would seem to be in order. They may mean a loss to the exporting country; but Germany as an exporting country obviously is doomed to incur a loss. She is under the necessity of turning to any and every possible device for meeting the necessities of the case.

Consider now, however, another consequence. Suppose that Germany does promote exports in every possible way. What sound and fury there will be from the protectionists and mercantilists of other countries! Here is Germany the vanquished, the necessitous, the country compelled to disgorge, entering on the very career of a 'war after the war' which these same protectionists and mercantilists had most feared and reprobated. She prohibits imports or imposes high duties. So far from constituting a docile market to which the conquerors can ship goods without let or hindrance, she arrogantly refuses admission to their wares. And as regards exports, here is penetration with a vengeance. A sinister Germany emerges, bent upon trade-conquest. The very steps for forcing export trade which have been so often placarded before an abhorrent world as deeds of the arch criminal are now resorted to more deliberately and upon a greater scale than ever before.

Not only will there be horror and wrath among the staunch protection-

ists in countries hostile to Germany, but those gentry of the same trend of opinion in the Fatherland will rejoice. They will find in the achievement of a *Weltmarkt* some compensation for their humiliation. Germany's exports will be permeating the world, and bringing countries near and distant 'within the sphere of her influence.' Notwithstanding the plain fact that these exports, being so much tribute, yield nothing at all to the country, the mercantilist attitude will infallibly remain. That attitude colors so indelibly the thinking of the ordinary man and the everyday financial writer, that it may persist even in the face of this *reductio ad absurdum*. Germany is selling, selling, selling; and is not this the way in which nations always get rich? True, the sales serve merely to enable the country to meet the obligations of defeat. None the less, they will be deemed by those astute folk evidences of commercial victory.

Further, it is obvious that there is much in the deliberate plans and expectations of the Allies which runs entirely counter to this sort of commercial change. Their own trade programmes are flatly inconsistent with the programme which they impose on Germany through the reparation requirements. They have been solicitous to promote their own export trade and to supplant Germany in every foreign market. The British have ousted the Germans from every cranny throughout the Orient, South America, Africa, the Levant. French and Italians are no less bent on the same end. Germany's colonies are gone. Whatever open-door principle may be accepted for colonies under the mandatory system, it is tolerably certain that every mandatory power will find ways of making the market open most of all for its own goods.

Germany's ships are gone, too — at

least, for many years to come. True, there is exaggeration in the current talk about the necessity of a merchant marine of a country's own for the purpose of enabling it to carry on an export trade. Export trade can be developed without ships, as is amply proved by the pre-war experience of the United States. Even foreign ships, when they bring imports into Germany, must plan to secure freights out of Germany also. But some interrelation doubtless there is: your own ships may be made to act as instruments for promoting your own trade; and the absence of a merchant marine will constitute a handicap upon the development of Germany's export trade. And yet, — it is so obvious as to seem wearisome, although persistently overlooked in most public talk, — it is only by exporting that Germany can make reparation. The Allied countries, so far as they smother Germany's exports, as they persistently are trying to do, are cutting off the nose to spite the face.

Whither now will Germany export? In part, no doubt, directly to the reparation countries and to the other Allies; in part to third countries, which in turn will send commodities to reparation countries.

All protectionists, especially in the Allied countries, most of all in the reparation countries, will furiously oppose direct exports into their own domains. Everything points to a maintenance, even to a strengthening, of the protectionist attitude in France and Italy. Exports from Germany to those countries will long be resented. Great Britain has always been a better customer for Germany than the others, and may continue to be a good customer. No one can foretell what will be the commercial policy of Great Britain after the first burst of passion has run its course. And who can say whether the United States tariff system will be

relaxed? Moreover, the protectionist feeling has been so intensified by the hatred engendered during the war, that tariff duties on imports from Germany are likely to be reinforced by boycotting. At the very best, the direct exports from Germany to the Allies may hold their own; they will hardly be allowed to increase.

Elsewhere, too, the possibilities are dubious, in view of the attitude of the Allies as described in the preceding paragraphs. No German colonies remain. This market was at no time a large one, — the Germans themselves exaggerated its importance, — but such as it was and is, what between chicanery and the natural influence of political preponderance, the lion's share will fall to their rivals. A somewhat similar situation must be contemplated, at least for many years to come, in South America and the Orient. All the Allies, and particularly the British, will try to reap the fruits of the policy which they followed during the war — ousting German firms and banks, and cutting out all German connections, with the express object of securing the trade which Germany had built up.

The only direction in which a considerable expansion of German trade may be looked for is in Eastern Europe, and especially Russia. Here the possibilities are considerable. Not only are they considerable, but they are to be welcomed. On all but bald chauvinistic and mercantilist grounds the development of Russia by Germany is to the advantage of both countries and to that of all the world. And everything in the political and social situation of the two peoples points to the probability of their eventual economic coöperation. The ulterior political and social consequences no one can predict. The experiments in a reconstruction of society of which they are likely to be the scene during the coming generation will be

among the most instructive that have ever come under the observation of the economist. Whatever their course and outcome, they seem likely to be accompanied by trade developments in which Germany will supply manufactured goods to Russia, and Russia will make payments in large measure through the export of food and raw materials. Here is a source from which Germany may procure the wherewithal for her reparation payments.

III

Such are the prospects. How are they to be assessed by the cool-headed? What is there of real good and real ill to Germany and the Allies?

We may brush aside the notion that all this is a cause of loss to the Allies, — say to France, — not of gain. Something of the kind has been propounded, not only by militant mercantilists, but by many persons who have prejudices of quite another sort. Advocates of peace have been disposed to urge that militarist exactions cannot under any circumstances be of real advantage to the victors themselves. The effects of the Franco-German indemnity of 1871 have been adduced as a warning example. Doubtless that indemnity was not an unmixed boon to the Germans. But none the less it was a clear source of material gain to them, promoting in no small measure the first steps in Germany's remarkable industrial development. France, too, will gain from her reparations; she will at least be better off with them than she would have been without them. She will secure tangible economic gain.

And yet France—to use that country still as typical—must face the fact that the gain will not be secured without some disturbance of existing conditions and without some possibilities of unwelcome concomitants. Goods come

from Germany *gratis*. They may be dubbed reparations—not gifts, but mere replacements of what was destroyed or taken; yet for the moment they are virtually the same as gifts. The goods so supplied take the place of similar goods which might have been secured in other ways, perhaps are being secured at the very time in other ways. At least the possibility of changes and readjustments in France herself must be faced.

Two kinds of cases may arise, corresponding to the two forms which Germany's export trade may assume. There may be direct export of goods from Germany to France, as of coal, iron, woollens. The labor and capital which formerly produced these same things in France will then be free to turn to something else, perhaps *must* turn to something else. Indeed, France must somehow direct a part of her productive forces to the actual work of reparation—to rebuilding villages, factories, railways. Needless to say, the protectionists will endeavor with all their might to prevent the diversion to this task of forces now engaged in familiar industries. True, the treaty of peace prescribes specifically that Germany must deliver to France quantities of coal, cattle, machinery, materials, furniture. Yet if these same things should be *sold* by German exporters for delivery in France, there will infallibly be resentment.

Second, there is the indirect process. Germany, for example, exports to Russia, and Russia sends flax, wool, timber to France. If this takes place, France in turn cannot export to Russia as much as she might if Germany were out of the way. The expansion of her exports meets with a competition which will be arraigned as illegitimate, if not wicked: the competition of a country which is deliberately developing exports in every possible direction by

every possible means. So with Great Britain. Germany will 'invade' markets coveted by Great Britain and will rouse the ire of the British traders.

In sum, the reparation countries cannot get the substance of what they have insisted on without disturbance and readjustment in their own industrial organization. It is indeed conceivable, though highly improbable, that all the imports into, say, France which the reparation payments will bring about, will take the form exclusively of food and raw materials not produced within her limits at all; or so produced that the imports will always supplement the domestic supply, never displace any part of it. Even so, some disturbance of existing conditions seems inevitable throughout the countries and the branches of trade coming within the scope of these extraordinary operations. Imports and exports will shift as trade-balances and international price-relations come to be readjusted, and the several countries and the several industries within them must in some measure submit to corresponding modifications.

There is more. Eventually the wind-up of the whole reparation business will come; and then a second series of readjustments must ensue, in the opposite direction. A return must take place to international and domestic trade in which reparation payments no longer play a part. The pains of transition will have to be suffered twice: first, while the economic world adjusts itself to the process by which reparation is accomplished, and again, when the cessation of this process compels a return to the old and more normal state of things. There will have to be a double set of adjustments, one at the beginning of the process, another at its end. The lost motion necessarily arising from shift and change is an offset to the tangible material advantages

secured by the reparation countries during the period of reparation itself.

To all this may be added a word of warning — which, in the utterances of the fervid foreign-trade promoters, would become a prediction of disaster — on the future export trade of European countries. Some real basis there may be for the forebodings of our friends the mercantilists. It must be admitted that the countries of Western Europe are under a virtual necessity to maintain and even to increase exports, in order to secure the wherewithal to pay for the food and raw materials which they must have. Their needs for these things vary in degree: France, perhaps, is least necessitous, Great Britain most so; but all are in essentially the same case, and all must count on maintaining an export trade. In such trade, as must further be admitted, established position, connection, prestige, habit, custom count heavily. Such factors tell in disposing of goods under any conditions, and tell perhaps most of all in selling for export. Germany will have been compelled during the reparation period to develop by main force a great export business. When the end of the period comes, there will no more be an automatic cessation of her exports than at the beginning there was an automatic start of those exports. She will be in possession of an export market which, however distributed geographically, will be well established. Having developed it, she will be in better position to hold it.

A word of caution as I conclude. I have spoken about the future in terms not sufficiently guarded. Much of what has preceded is matter of speculation; and it might have been wiser to give warning at every stage how careful one must be in venturing on prediction. We are still some way from 1921, and a long way from 1926; and not until 1926 are the reparation provi-

sions planned to be in full effect. Many things may happen before that time, in the political field as well as in the economic. The reparation programme as it stands in the Treaty may be much altered, perhaps quite upset. It remains to be seen how far the conditions assumed in the present analysis of the case will prove to obtain. My forecast must be understood to be of a hypothetical nature. Only if the assumed premises hold good, is it to be expected that the consequences will ensue as predicted.

One remark may be made about the probable or possible future of the reparation programme. France and the other Allies need disposable means at once — ready funds. They must market the German bonds, or else their own securities based on these bonds, presumably with some sort of endorsement or guaranty. Market them they must, in order to command the resources they need at this very moment. But once they have put the securities in the hands

of investors, they have given hostages to fortune. Thereafter they *must* permit, nay, facilitate, German arrangements for export. A distinguished French statesman — one whose name, were I free to give it, would carry weight — remarked to me, in the course of a conversation in which the inevitableness of Germany's expanding exports was pointed out: 'If this proves to be the case, — if Germany cannot pay without competing with us and displacing us in the export trade of Russia and Siberia, — we will simply cancel the reparations.' The answer is that, when once the Allies have cashed in the German reparations by selling the securities to investors, no cancellation is possible. Either they must refrain from the initial commitment or else they must allow the contract to be carried out to the bitter end.

And so, like all the international arrangements that the war has led to, this one faces a problematic future. Who can say what sort of a world we shall find ourselves in ten years hence?

THE NATIONALIZATION MOVEMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY ARTHUR GREENWOOD

I

DURING the Great War, the force of circumstances led the belligerent states to intervene directly in industry, in order to safeguard the production of essential supplies for war purposes. In some quarters the breakdown of the capitalist system and the need for direct state intervention were used as an

argument against private ownership. But it is clear that the capitalist organization of industry was based upon the normal conditions of peace, rather than upon the hypothetical needs of a country in time of war. Nevertheless, the experience which has been gained in war-time has its lessons for the days of

peace. This is particularly true in the case of Great Britain, where it seems that the old régime has spent itself.

State intervention in industry during the war took two main forms. In the first place, the enormous and ever-increasing orders for munitions of war of all kinds placed by the government, in conjunction with the gradual withdrawal of large numbers of the most efficient workers for service with the colors, led the State to exercise a considerable measure of control over the general conduct of industry, and the management of industrial firms. This control passed into what may almost be regarded as a partnership between the State and private firms. Accusations were made during the war — and in many cases justifiably — that the effect of government interference was to increase inefficiency. On the other hand, there can be little doubt that British industry became much more highly organized. Coördination of effort, greater coöperation between firms in the same trade, and increased specialization were imperative needs during the war. The government brought together for common counsel the various employers' organizations, trading associations, and individual firms in particular industries. The result of both government action and the pressure of events is seen in the growth of combinations among employers and traders.

In the second place, the State itself assumed industrial responsibilities. It became merchant, manufacturer, and carrier. Through the Ministry of Food it purchased and distributed enormous quantities of food. The Liquor Control Board purchased the licensed houses and breweries in Carlisle and district, and carried on the trade in alcoholic liquors in this area. The War Office became the largest buyer of wool in the world. The transactions of the Ministry of Munitions ran into fabulous

figures. At the end of the war, the Disposal Board, on behalf of the government, sold superfluous war-supplies of all kinds. The list of activities of the State could easily be extended, but it is sufficient for our purpose to bear in mind the fact that the State inevitably found itself, during the war, involved in a sum total of direct government effort in the realm of industry and commerce, such as the most visionary collectivist never contemplated as likely within the lifetime of the present generation. Besides all this, the government assumed supreme responsibility for the railway services, without actually becoming the owner of the railroads.

There was, during the war, a considerable amount of criticism of the activities of the State in Great Britain. Charges of incompetence were freely leveled against the government, and business men and others denounced bureaucratic management in angry terms. It would appear, therefore, that while larger-scale production, the consolidation of industrial and financial interests, and the organization of manufacturers and merchants received a powerful impetus as a result of the war, the advocates of collectivism suffered a rebuff. For a while, indeed, this seemed to be the case; but the Labor Party still holds to its policy of nationalization, and is daily adding to its strength.

During the war, the British public made no attempt to distinguish between the various forms of state activity. Direct state action, increased general control over privately owned industry, and the limitations placed by the State upon individual freedom, were not separately analyzed. The State got little credit for its successes, which were smothered under the irritation created by restrictions imposed by war-conditions and by some glaring cases of ineptitude. The British public, indeed,

never had an opportunity of appreciating the government's activities at their true value. Every mistake, every example of inexcusable delay, red tape, and incompetence, was the subject of discussion in all places where men were gathered together. The excellent work carried on, out of the public eye, by the Civil Service and those who came to the aid of the government, had few expositors. It is, therefore, not surprising that with the Armistice there arose a cry for the relaxation of government control in all directions. The government hastened to satisfy the public and the clamorous interests which had the ear of the press, and withdrew many restrictions, against the wish of many of its best advisers. But the conditions which had rendered state intervention necessary persisted, and, in consequence, a popular cry arose again for government action, with the result that in many cases control was reintroduced.

Meanwhile, the government was faced with the problem of its general industrial policy. It lacked the courage to accept the nationalization of the great services. Its main supporters and its majority in the House of Commons were opposed to state ownership as a policy. Yet the government could not readily extricate itself from the position it had occupied in the economic life of the country during the war. Not only was this so, but the transformation of industry during the war rendered a return to the *status quo ante* out of the question, and the glaring defects and shortcomings of pre-war industry are generally accepted. So that, while the government rejected a limited programme of nationalization, it could not revert to the old order. It therefore took what it regarded as a *via media*.

In brief, its policy is one of private ownership combined with government control. It has established a Ministry

of Transport, but it has not nationalized the railways and canals. Its Electricity Bill proposes the institution of statutory companies under a wide measure of government control.¹ If it has any policy with regard to coal-mines, it is one of private trusts under state regulation. Though Mr. Lloyd George's government would protest if its policy were regarded as bureaucratic, there is no other word which so conveniently describes it. It is more than probable that the wide powers of external control which the government proposes in the case of transport will prove to combine the disadvantages of both private and public ownership, with the advantages of neither. State regulation, to be effective, must run in certain well-defined channels, and it must not cramp the motives which lie behind private ownership, unless it substitutes new motives. The general trend of the policy of the British government seems to be in directions which will stifle the freedom of private enterprise, without ensuring that public responsibility will take its place. During the passage of the Ministry of Transport Bill through Parliament, even stalwart supporters of the government expressed strong disapproval of the powers to be given to the new minister.

To give a minister power to coördinate and develop the transport system of the country, when that system is privately owned, is to reduce private ownership to a farce, without making the minister responsible for the success of the transport services. Because the

¹ It is typical of the general aimlessness of the government that, since these words were written, it has, owing to the drastic criticism which the Electricity Bill met in the House of Lords, gutted the measure, and left little of its original proposals standing. The compulsory powers of the bill have been abandoned, and practically all that remains is the provision for creating Electricity Commissioners as a central authority.—
THE AUTHOR.

services are in private hands, his powers of coördination are strictly limited. The result is a division of responsibility which, in time, will prove to be intolerable, both to the State and to the owners of the transport services.

The government is, in fact, trying to do the impossible. There is no half-way house between public ownership and private ownership, and the government is vainly trying to build one, by imposing upon privately owned services, not the general requirements and conditions which these services should fulfil, but government coördination and direction.

II

The policy of the British Labor Movement, on the other hand, is crystalizing in favor of the immediate nationalization of certain services. It is mistrustful of government control divorced from public ownership, and it is in revolt against the motive of private gain in industry. Probably most Labor men would agree that a comprehensive measure of nationalization is not immediately practicable. As regards the fundamental services, however, the organized British Labor Movement is agreed on the policy of public ownership; and with the growing insistence of the workers on this programme, the issue between Labor and the Coalition Government is becoming clearly defined. The latter has behind it the weight of tradition and the vested interests of the country. The former gains its adherents from the great trade-unions and from a growing group of 'intellectuals.'

The centre of the struggle is the coal industry. The British public is now confronted with a new factor in the controversy regarding nationalization. In the past, the question of public ownership was more or less academic. But among the miners opinion has moved

rapidly in favor of the nationalization of mines, and the public has to grasp the fact that no industry can continue for long to be run in face of the strong opposition of the workers employed in it. This is the situation in the coal-mining industry, and the problem is to work out a system which will meet with the approval and active support of the mine-workers. So far, nationalization holds the field.

During the war, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain prepared their plans. Early in 1919, as a result of negotiations with Mr. Lloyd George, the government appointed a Royal Commission to investigate wages and the larger question of nationalization. The Commission consisted, on the one hand, of three mine-owners and three employers connected with other industries, and, on the other hand, of three miners' representatives and three members of the Labor Party unconnected with the mining industry. The chairman was Mr. Justice Sankey.

The Commission gave its attention in the first place to the question of wages. The Chairman and the three non-mining employers issued a report on this question, which admitted that the present system of mines-management was not utilizing the experience and capacity of the miners. The six Labor representatives, in a separate report, pressed for the full acceptance of the wage-claims made by the Miners' Federation, and urged that nationalization was essential, if the just demands of the miners were to be met. The three colliery owners on the Commission submitted a separate report on wages.

These interim reports are mentioned to show that there was a distinct divergence of view from the beginning. The real issue was joined when the Commission opened the second stage of its proceedings by taking evidence on nationalization. The witnesses who

appeared before it were examined in public. There was considerable interest in the proceedings, and it is certain that the general public became much more favorably disposed toward public ownership of the mines. The owners appeared to disadvantage. Their case was badly fought, and when, eventually, Lord Gainford, on their behalf, put forward a constructive policy, it won little support. On the other hand, the Labor men handled their case extremely well, and, judging by the evidence produced before the Commission, and the results of the examination of witnesses, the honors lay with the miners' side.

As was expected, there was not a unanimous report. The Chairman drafted a report of his own, which recommended nationalization. The six Labor members in a separate document, signified their approval of the general conclusions contained in the Chairman's report. The mine-owners' side, with the exception of one member, produced a report which ran along the lines of Lord Gainford's evidence in favor of a sort of glorified system of profit-sharing and copartnership. Sir Arthur Duckham drafted a report of his own, suggesting the establishment of district monopolies, with limited profits.

Public discussion centred upon the Chairman's report and the recommendations of Sir Arthur Duckham. Shortly after the publication of the report, it was thought for a time that the government would pronounce in favor of the Duckham plan; but since then it has given the impression that it has no policy. It has introduced a bill to limit coal-owners' profits temporarily which, owing to opposition, it seems to have dropped; but it does not appear to have in mind any general plan for dealing with the coal industry. It has, however, through Mr. Lloyd George, declared that it does not accept nationalization.

The speech in which he made his announcement was hardly worthy of the seriousness of the subject, and avoided a discussion of the main problems involved.

It was a surprise to the general public when Sir John Sankey, the independent Chairman of the Commission, unhesitatingly recommended the nationalization of the coal-mines. As the miners' side gave adhesion to his recommendations, the Chairman's report is, in fact, a majority report. But while, as a result of the evidence given before the Commission, the public was prepared to deal more sympathetically with the claims of the miners for better wages and improved conditions, it was not convinced as to the wisdom of nationalization. Nevertheless, opposition to nationalization has diminished in many quarters, and more people are favorable to it than before the sittings of the Coal Commission.

III

The Miners' Federation of Great Britain brought the question of nationalization before the Trade-Union Congress in September last, and won the support of the whole Trade-Union movement. It was arranged that a deputation should interview the Prime Minister on the subject, and, in the event of an unsatisfactory reply, that a special Trade-Union Congress should be called. The deputation duly met Mr Lloyd George; but, as was foreseen, the result was that the special Congress was convened in London on December 9 and 10, to consider this and other pressing matters. The Trade-Union Congress stood by its previous decision, to support the miners. A propaganda campaign has been arranged by the Miners' Federation, the Trade-Union Congress, and the Labor Party, and a congress is to be called in February,

to consider further action. In the meantime, every effort will be made to popularize the mines-nationalization proposals, in the hope of obtaining a wide measure of support from the electorate.

It is too early yet to prophesy the probable future developments. Mr. Robert Smillie, the President of the Miners' Federation, stated — at the December Congress — that the miners would persevere in their efforts to eliminate the private owners of the coal-mines, and hinted at the possibility of industrial action. The British Labor Movement is essentially moderate and constitutional; but the miners are becoming more and more restive, and it would not be surprising if, after next February, they refused to work under private ownership any longer.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Lloyd George might decide on a general election. But it is extremely doubtful whether such an expedient would not create an even more difficult situation. For we may be sure that the Prime Minister, who is an astute electioneer, would not keep the issue clear. The election appeal would be on several issues; an attempt will certainly be made, whenever the next election comes, to throw upon the Labor Party the odium of 'Bolshevism,' and a cry will be raised against trade-union tyranny and government by trade-union domination. What would happen after an election on these lines, it is impossible to say. It is not likely that there would be a parliamentary majority pledged to the nationalization of the mines. On the other hand, the trade-union movement, and particularly the Miners' Federation, will not allow the matter to drop. There can be no doubt that, sooner or later, the policy of mines-nationalization will be realized. The firm attitude of the miners' unions — which are extremely powerful and representative — and the gradually in-

creasing number of adherents to the Labor Party, make this inevitable.

The case of the opponents of mines-nationalization is not very strong. They fasten upon two main arguments. In the first place, it is argued that state enterprise is inefficient. Every example of government ineptitude during the war is dragged forth in illustration of this thesis. But the revelations before the Coal Commission show clearly enough that the present system of ownership and management is also inefficient. The searchlight of the Commission penetrated many dark places. The Labor campaign, which has just opened, may be relied upon to expose the waste and inefficiency of private ownership in the mining industry. Not least among the truths which will be brought home, is the fact that the price of coal is not based on the average cost of production, but on the cost of raising coal in the poorest and worst managed mines. For the existence of these the public is penalized, and pays a fine on every ton of coal raised, which passes into the pockets of the owners of the better mines. In view of the need for cheap coal, this argument will appeal with considerable force.

In the second place, those who oppose the nationalization of the coal-mines urge that state ownership spells bureaucracy. This argument assumes that organized Labor has a liking for bureaucracy. It fails to realize that officialism is hated as much by the workers as by employers and upholders of private ownership. The Miners' Federation has made it clear that by nationalization it means state ownership and democratic management, with the maximum amount of devolution. Mr. Justice Sankey, in his report, was at pains to work out a scheme of administration which would avert the bureaucratic tendencies of centralization and put the actual management in the hands

of district councils, each operating over a coal-field.¹

The growing demand among the miners for nationalization is based on two grounds. First, they object to working for the profit of individuals; and, secondly, they desire a system which will enable them to exercise real responsibility. Industrial democracy, as now conceived, means not only the elimination of private capitalism, but the inauguration of a scheme of working which will place the government of an industry in the hands of those employed in it. What the miners aim at establishing is an experiment in guild socialism. Now, whatever arguments may be leveled against guild socialism, it cannot justly be urged that it will be bureaucratic. The charge could well be brought against collectivism. But British Labor opinion is rapidly moving away from collectivism, and embracing the ideas of guild socialism. This method of enlisting the active coöperation of the various grades of workers in an industry in its conduct and management, it is said by many people, contains no safeguard for the consumer. But at the present time, with the gradual elimination of competition, and the growth of trusts, combinations, rings, and understandings, the consumer enjoys little protection. The advantage of free competition was that it tended to keep prices down. But it has gradually destroyed itself. At any rate, it will be agreed that it is a diminishing force. It will probably prove easier to protect the interests of consumers in a publicly owned service than under a system of private ownership. Those who support the nationalization

of the coal-mines have endeavored to meet the need for adequate safeguards so far as consumers are concerned.²

It cannot be denied, however, that nationalization will bring its own difficulties and its own problems. It would be sheer folly to pretend that, with the acceptance of public ownership, all will be well, and that troubles will vanish into thin air. The propaganda campaign now taking place will need to satisfy the public that there are reasonable prospects of overcoming the difficulties.

IV

Another industry in which public ownership has become a practical question is the liquor trade. During the war, the government found it necessary to impose drastic restrictions and regulations upon this trade. In and around Carlisle, it was driven, owing to a large influx of munition-workers, to take the bold course of buying out the liquor interests in that area, and conducting the trade itself. Licensed houses and hotels and breweries were bought, lock, stock, and barrel. The Liquor Control Board then had a perfectly free hand. Redundant licenses were extinguished; many public houses were rebuilt; others were improved structurally so far as circumstances allowed; the sale of food became an important feature in many public houses; the managers were given no inducements to push the sale of intoxicants, though, on the other hand, they were given a liberal commission on the sale of food and non-alcoholic beverages. The general manager of the scheme, Sir Edgar Sanders, has the assistance of a local Advisory Committee, of representatives of various local interests and organizations.

This experiment has been a remark-

¹ Several witnesses, notably Mr. Straker of the Durham Miners' Association, outlined means of avoiding officialism. The present writer submitted in evidence before the Coal Commission a scheme of administration with this end in view.

² The evidence presented by the present writer suggests the establishment of a consumers' council for this purpose.

able success, and has encouraged believers in state purchase to press for an extension of the scheme. Legislation is inevitable, as the war-time regulations will automatically lapse within six months after the termination of the war. It is generally recognized that a reversion to the *status quo ante* is impossible. Even the vested interests in the drink trade admit so much; and it is significant that the various organizations of brewers and licensed victuallers have prepared a draft bill on the question. But as this measure has been framed by the drink trade, it is not likely to obtain much public support; and, indeed, it may be regarded as dead.

On the other hand, the prohibitionist school of temperance reformers, assisted by Mr. 'Pussyfoot' Johnson, and other American supporters of prohibition, is being used to bring home to the public the advantages of 'going dry.' There is not the slightest doubt, however, that their activities will end in failure. Whether England and Wales will ever be won round to prohibition, none can say; but what can be said without hesitation is that there is not the remotest possibility of the public accepting this policy in the near future. So far, the prohibitionist campaign has probably succeeded in heartening the extreme temperance reformers; but it is extremely doubtful whether it has gained many new adherents.

The government has already announced its intention of passing legislation on the subject, but the introduction of its bill has been postponed. So far as can be gathered, it means to supersede the present Liquor Control Board (which has regulated the drink trade during the war) by liquor commissions, which will exercise at least some of the powers of regulation at present enjoyed by the Control Board. But this solution, while it meets the need for early legislation, will satisfy

nobody. It will subject the brewers and publicans to restrictions imposed by the statutory Liquor Commissions, and the trade interests will, therefore, not welcome it. On the other hand, it will receive no welcome at the hands of any school of temperance reformers. The government's measure indicates that Mr. Lloyd George's administration has no policy on the question. As in the case of other controversial subjects, the heterogeneous character of the Coalition majority in the House of Commons robs it of real unity.

It is agreed that the drink question is one of the thorniest of political problems, and only the Conservative Party (to which practically all the trade interests are allied) has a policy upon it. The Liberal Party is torn on the subject. The Labor Movement is predominantly in favor of state purchase, though a number of its supporters are convinced prohibitionists. Recently, however, a committee of trade-unionists and members of the Labor Party has been formed for the purpose of focusing Labor opinion in support of the policy of public ownership and control. It is now actively pursuing its propaganda toward this end. The campaign was formally inaugurated at Carlisle in November, when a conference was held of representatives of trade-union and labor organizations in the area covered by the experiment referred to above. It is significant that, though there were criticisms on the details of local administration, there was no desire to sweep away the principle of public ownership. Over 220 representatives attended the Conference, and resolutions were passed (with only one dissident) urging the continuance of the Carlisle experiment, and the extension of public ownership of the liquor trade to the whole country.

Already a considerable number of Labor bodies have adopted resolutions

in harmony with the programme of the Labor campaign. Labor conferences are being held, up and down the country, and the opinion of organized Labor is being steadily consolidated in favor of public ownership and control. The interests in the liquor trade, while they treated the prohibitionist crusade with a certain contempt, are expressing alarm at the propaganda which is being conducted under Labor auspices; and it would appear to be probable that the attitude of the Labor Movement will finally determine the policy of the State on the drink question.

It is interesting to observe that the policy of state purchase and public control commends itself to many temperance reformers unconnected with the Labor Party. Prominent publicists and journalists, and many ecclesiastics, have proclaimed their sympathy with this programme, and here and there persons interested in the liquor trade have admitted its soundness. Mr. Waters Butler, a member of one of the largest brewing firms in England, is an avowed supporter of the policy.

In 1915 proposals were made for the purchase of the liquor trade, and the present Prime Minister was then one of the strongest supporters of this policy. At that time the drink interests were in the slough of despondency, and would gladly have relinquished their property rights to the State. Subsequently, however, the financial position of the trade improved, and it enjoyed high profits and the spectacle of an unprecedented rise in brewery and similar shares. In consequence, the brewers and their agents recanted from the earlier position which misfortune had forced upon them, and they have declared their intention of fighting against their expropriation. But as public opinion seems to be crystallizing round the policy of eliminating private gain, as the great step

in the interest of national sobriety, the prospect of nationalization and public control is by no means remote.

V

Coal and drink are the two industries in which a vigorous campaign is being undertaken in favor of nationalization; but they are by no means the only ones in which there is a demand for it. It is well known that the National Union of Railwaymen has in view the nationalization of the railway system, though it has not, as yet, formulated a demand to this end. They have been occupied with the satisfaction of their claims regarding wages, hours of labor, and working conditions. The terms they have so far succeeded in obtaining have imposed a new burden on the companies, and it is not improbable that private enterprise will be unable to bear the burden.

There is in all quarters of the community considerable support for railway nationalization, and there is a Railway Nationalization Society to forward it. It is generally felt that the Ministry of Transport will be driven to assume, on behalf of the State, the ownership and control of the railway service. In any legislation for this purpose, the canals also would be bought out, as well as certain shipping services. This would be inevitable, as a considerable number of canals are owned by the railway companies, — which have allowed many of them to fall into disuse, — while some companies own lines of steamboats.

The Labor Party is inclined to regard transport, or, at any rate, the main forms of transport, as a single service. It is urged that, in the event of railway nationalization, the fleets of railway companies' boats running to Continental ports and to various parts of the British Isles should pass under

state ownership. The political Labor Movement would go further, and embark upon a scheme of state purchase of the chief shipping lines. But while the nationalization of the railways would meet with little opposition, any proposal for the nationalization of shipping would not command general approval at present.

At the special Trade-Union Congress held in December, 1919, it was recommended that 'the work of reorganizing and developing the railways should be put immediately in hand, and that the same energy should be applied to the reorganization of the railway and allied transport services, including motor transport, as was put into the task of organizing the nation for war purposes. . . . Such organization can only be effected on a basis of public ownership and democratic control.'

The nationalization of the land is an old cry, and there is an old-established Land-Nationalization Society which seeks to popularize this proposal. Nevertheless, at the moment, land-nationalization is an academic question. There is no really vigorous and effective agitation being carried on, though the British Labor Movement subscribes to the principle and there is a number of people who, while unfavorable, or even actively opposed to the application of public ownership in other directions, indorse the plea for the nationalization of land. Moreover, it is interesting to note that the two chief trade-unions organizing agricultural workers — the Workers' Union in June, and the Agricultural Laborers and Rural Workers' Union in April, 1919 — have declared clearly during the past few months in favor of land reform.

It may be that the nationalization of coal-mines will lead to a demand for the nationalization of other mines and minerals, in which case it will be impossible to ignore the claims of land-nationali-

zation, as many questions of land-ownership and tenure are involved. With the improved organization of the agricultural workers, the demand for nationalization will grow. It is not without significance that a considerable number of Labor candidates contested rural constituencies at the last General Election; and, in spite of the handicaps under which the Labor Party suffered, made remarkably good polls. This is the result of trade-unionism in rural areas. In view of the new political and industrial activity of the agricultural workers, it is certain that more will be heard in the future about the nationalization of land.

The nationalization of the banking services is now a definite part of the programme of the organized Labor Movement, and at the recent Trade-Union Congress an explicit resolution was passed, asking for the immediate nationalization of the banking system. So far, however, there is not any strong pressure behind this demand.

It will be observed that in the services mentioned above there are no manufacturing industries. It is true that the Labor Party contemplates an ultimate extension of the policy of nationalization to the field of manufacture; but the immediate demand is for the establishment of public ownership in a limited range of economic services. In the first place, there is a public opinion desirous of nationalizing certain natural resources, such as land and mines. Secondly, there is the demand for the public ownership of the main transport services. Thirdly, comes the formulation of the policy of a nationalized banking system. Lastly, there is a considerable body of opinion favorable to State purchase and public control of the liquor trade.

The only political force which subscribes to the nationalization of all the foregoing services is the Labor Move-

ment. But while there is nothing approaching unanimity of opinion in Britain on the advisability of introducing the principle of public ownership into coal-mines, land, transport, banking, and the drink trade, there are, nevertheless, groups of people, by no means negligible, who support the policy in one or other of these services and trades. This is especially so in the case of land, railways, and the liquor trade. There is therefore a considerable amount of backing for these various nationalization proposals. On the other hand, there is a strong body of interested opposition, which will rally behind any private interest which is assailed by a nationalization programme. It would seem, however, that, in spite of the misrepresentation from which those who advocate public ownership suffer, and of the strength of old traditions in industry and commerce based upon competition and self-interest, there is an ever-increasing volume of support for this national programme. The trade-union movement now numbers about six million members; and though it would create a false impres-

sion if one were to say that these millions of workers were unanimously behind the general policy of the Labor Movement, it is certain that a considerable, and steadily growing, proportion of these organized workers subscribe to at least a restricted measure of nationalization. Further, with the reconstitution of the Labor Party, it has been reinforced by people drawn from other classes than that of the manual workers. Again, it is not without significance that very large numbers of the younger men and women, who have held aloof from political parties, are now profoundly dissatisfied with the existing order, and more and more inclined to look for guidance to the Labor Party.

How rapidly opinion will mature in favor of the nationalization of specific industries and services cannot be foreseen. At the present time, the old system is generally recognized as bankrupt, and no broadly conceived alternative policy has been propounded. Nationalization, consequently, must be regarded as the only alternative programme to the existing chaos at present confronting the British public.

AMERICANIZATION: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE

BY JOHN KULAMER

I

BEFORE putting the patient under the anæsthetic and operating on him, give him a chance to say a few words; they may help the wise doctors in their diagnosis, and may suggest the kind of operation to be performed. It is no

consolation to the patient or to his friends to say that the operation was successful but the patient died. 'Americanize the foreigners' is the cry heard all over the country. Several state legislatures have already passed laws, more

or less practical, to satisfy this hysterical cry, and the present session of Congress has similar legislation on its programme. I say hysterical advisedly, for the reason that it looks so to the 'foreigners' who have gone through the mill, who are in better position to know the situation, and can judge better the results of ill-advised attempts by legislators to make to order Americans out of 'foreigners.' It is not a question of principle with us alien-born American citizens; but the means by which 'foreigners' are sought to be Americanized give us cause to raise our voices in protest. By all means, let those who seek the bounty of this liberal country to settle here permanently become in spirit and in truth Americans; and let those who come here temporarily, so long as it pleases America to admit them, gratefully accept her munificence, and observe scrupulously all her laws; but the question is, can a 'foreigner' become a true American by force? Some of the legislation already passed, and some of the methods contemplated, savor strongly of force. Is that wise? Is it practical? Is it American?

I preface this, so as not to be misunderstood. Although born in far-off Czecho-Slovakia, under the shadow of the snow-capped Tatra, I can without boasting say that I yield to no one in my loyalty to the Stars and Stripes; and if I differ in my views as to the methods to be used in Americanizing those who, like me, were born in other countries, I do it out of love for my adopted country, and because I am anxious to see these efforts crowned with success. We who are Americans by our free choice (pardon the boast) deplore sincerely the faults of our compatriots, and are most anxious to see them remedied; we are heartily in favor of any practical movement on the part of American-born citizens to help these people to become true Americans, in the

full meaning of the word; but we say that you will never succeed by using the same methods as drove many of them to seek the shelter of free American institutions. Do not transplant Prussia or Hungary to the shores of liberal America. Prussian and Magyar methods have proved to be a failure: the Irish nation is a fairly lively corpse, in spite of the fact that the prohibited Celtic language is almost reckoned among the dead languages. Remember this: a parrot does not become a man by learning to say, 'Polly wants a cracker,' or to swear like a sailor. Do not confuse the means with the end: a man can commit treason in English as readily as in Hottentot.

First of all, why this hectic outcry just now? Why this feverish activity to remedy by legislation the evils which grew up through years of neglect, nay, almost brutal opposition, on the part of the American-born; through years of galling ridicule and heartless exploitation; through years of contempt and prejudice? Let us face the facts squarely. Is it because of the activities of the paid agents of foreign governments during the war? Is it because of foreign and native propaganda now? Why does not the government deal with individuals according to their just deserts? Why does the government so scrupulously adhere to the constitutional safeguards of individuals in its proceedings against those who openly renounce and ridicule them? Could anything be more humiliating than the arrogance of the departing Emma Goldman? Of all the 'foreigners' whom it is proposed now to Americanize only a negligible percentage is dangerous to American institutions, and the government of such a powerful nation ought to have no trouble in getting rid of these.

Some of them are crude in their manners, illiterate, and ignorant of the fine points of our Constitution; but at heart

they are loyal to their new country; their greatest desire is to become like Americans, whom they admire; their greatest boast is that they are citizens, and they almost worship their 'second papers,' if they have been able to get them. I need not cite proofs of this: it is inscribed in letters of blood on the pages of American history. To-day many of them are, besides, bound to this country by gratitude for the help which it extended to their oppressed brethren in the land of their nativity. During the war they looked upon the Stars and Stripes, not only as the flag of their adopted country, but also as a symbol of hope, a guaranty of freedom to their mother countries: and so it is now.

They are living beings, and it is the essential principle of life to respond to favorable environment. All efforts at their Americanization should be founded upon this principle. Remove difficulties out of their way, create a favorable environment, and they will respond to it. Do not place new difficulties in their way.

II

The greatest obstacles to the speedy Americanization of 'foreigners' are the ridicule of, contempt for, and prejudice against them on the part of native Americans. In showing this, I will confine myself to the experience of the Czecho-Slovaks, so that I may be able to make out a concrete case, and because I am best acquainted with their spirit and situation. The Bohemian or Czech portion of the Czecho-Slovaks are old settlers in this country; most of them are considered as Americanized. The Slovak immigration is rather recent, and is included in that invidious term, 'foreigners.' The first immigrants came here, or rather were brought here, by American agents scouring Europe for laborers; so that originally they were sought after. They first settled in the

hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania. After them came thousands seeking larger opportunities, or fleeing from Magyar political persecution. That they are hard workers and economical, every one concedes. But it is said in justification of the existing prejudice, — if class prejudice can be justified, — that they have so many bad habits, their manners are so uncouth, their dress so ridiculous and crude, they live in such an unsanitary way, they are such drunkards and fight so much — in fact they are chronic trouble-makers. There are two other specifications, of a different nature, charged against them: that they constitute the cheap labor of the country and compete unfairly with the American laborer, and that they come here only to save up money and take it home with them, thus taking out of the country a large portion of its capital. Before answering these accusations categorically, let me say this in general: they are deeply religious, no matter what religion they profess; there are hardly any professional hardened criminals among them; and there are no anarchists.

It may be a little humiliating to proud Americans to know that the manners of these 'foreigners' deteriorate in the United States. They have lost many good points by their contact with Americans, principally on account of bad example. Trained in the hard school of centuries of servitude under the most cruel masters, the Slovaks are naturally respectful to their superiors, — not necessarily servile, — retiring and law-abiding; they are trusting, kind-hearted,⁴ and cheerful. To them the state and its authority are things sacred. True, the laboring class does not possess the polish of the salon, cannot wear a tuxedo with grace and elegance; but are American laborers courtiers? They learned to chew tobacco in America, but nothing is more

repellent to them than to see the cheek of a well-dressed man bulge with a 'quid,' and they cannot understand how a man in an exalted position, say a judge in the courtroom, can squirt tobacco-juice under the bench. Their dress may appear ridiculous; but when milady turns up her puissant nose at the unshapely dress of her Slovak sister, let her remember that she looks so ungainly because she is trying to imitate Parisian fashions; in her native country she wore lace and embroidery over which milady would rave, and that made with her own hands; she wore the finest hand-made linen, her own product from the flax to the garment. She has not tortured her shape all her life out of the proportions which nature bestowed on her.

They will amuse themselves on Sundays in a boisterous manner, have music and dancing. It should not be, even if there is no real harm in it, if for no other reason than out of deference to American customs. At home they did it mostly in the open air, under some spreading tree, and they hardly realize the difference when done in confined quarters.

Now about their housing conditions. Here the same statement applies as to their manners: they live here, as a rule, worse than they did at home. Who is to blame? The first settlers lived exclusively in company houses, and thousands of them still use such quarters as their employers supply them. Those living in cities mostly occupy houses from which proud American families draw rents. And what exorbitant rates they pay! At the rate which they pay for their two or three rooms they could rent palaces, if counted by rooms. In the old country, no matter how humble the cottage, it had a small plot of ground around it and the flower-garden in front of it was one of the house-keeper's greatest prides. A large coal

company in Pennsylvania, in recent years, has made some effort to better the housing conditions, and now in the blooming front gardens you can see the reproduction of some old country village. The Slovak women are the largest buyers of stove-polish, and no other women spend as much time on their knees scrubbing the floors.

So long as the American government drew large revenues from the sale of liquors, who dares to accuse them of disloyalty because they drank a good deal? As to being trouble-makers: if the facts were thoroughly sifted, it would appear that in the majority of cases the fights at celebrations were caused by American hoodlums who wanted forcibly to share their kegs of beer, which the 'hunkies' naturally resented. I need not describe how much the first settlers in the hard-coal regions of Pennsylvania suffered at the hands of a certain organized gang of another nationality, dozens of whom finally expiated their crimes on the gallows. We heard of their terrorism four thousand miles away.

III

Now take the other side of the picture: what did the 'foreigner' have to endure? Ridicule, contempt, persecution, exploitation, extortion, injustice, all of which was due to the prejudice against him. He is very seldom called by his name, is always referred to as 'hunkie,' or 'dago,' or the like; he is made on all sides to feel that he is despised, that he is a stranger and unwelcome. His children are discriminated against, no matter how hard he tries to bring them up according to the American standard. To bring this home: several times my little girl asked me, 'Daddy, why does Jennie call me a hunkie?' It hurts, and not everybody can take such matters philosophically, especially when he knows that his child

is just as good as if not better than the other.

This ostracism by American-born children and young folk is bearing very disastrous fruit. Fine clean-cut young men of foreign parentage have gone wrong because compelled to associate with American scum. They are shunned by their equals, made to feel uncomfortable among them, and so they seek other society, often dangerous. And this discrimination is not always crude and brutal, owing to ignorance. Some years ago I had occasion to make an argument before the court *in banc*, three judges sitting. Some days later one of the judges was kind enough to compliment me on my effort, and added that Judge — had remarked upon the fact that a foreign-born attorney could acquit himself so well. And why not, pray? It would take volumes to describe the abuse, ill-treatment, discrimination, and even brutality which the 'hunkies' have to suffer at their work — work which the native American would disdain to perform but which must be done. Let us spread a pall of forgetfulness over it. Furthermore, only those connected with the practice of law know the amount of injustice and extortion that is practised on them. Prejudice often blinds even the jurists sitting as judges. Details could be given *ad nauseam*. At times it seems as if Americans thought that the 'foreigners' have no ordinary human feelings.

It is true that the first settlers competed with American labor; but they soon learned their lesson. There are no stauncher supporters of organized labor than 'foreigners,' and they form the backbone of some large unions. Just now there is an outcry against them, and all the labor unrest is laid at their doors. But go to their meetings, and you will find that in some locals the only Americans are the officers who are their leaders. In whose hands is the national

leadership? How many 'foreigners' are at the head of large labor organizations? The number of foreign agitators who are dangerous to American institutions is small: why does not the government eject them summarily? It is a principle of American jurisprudence that a man can renounce his country; why is not the reverse also true, that a country can renounce its citizen, after he has openly declared himself to be opposed to all organized government? Easily misled; blind followers; unfit for our institutions, it will be objected. Which is a greater crime, to lead astray or to follow astray? Besides, why is it almost impossible to abolish political bossism throughout the whole country? That is politics, I hear someone say.

It is true that many of them return to the old country and take money along with them, their hard-earned savings. Can they be blamed for wishing to return to more congenial personal surroundings and put up with political oppression which is more distant? The fact is that the United States should appreciate this propensity of the 'foreigners'; it has saved the country many a labor crisis, and has automatically solved the question of unemployment, with which other countries have had to wrestle. The volume of travel by sea was a good barometer, and a very sensitive one, of business conditions in this country. When slack times came, the outgoing business of the steamship companies was brisk, and when conditions improved, the tide turned the other way. Thus unemployment was kept at a minimum. America should not begrudge the price in money that it had to pay for the solution of such a delicate problem.

Now, what efforts are being made to make the 'foreigners' forget all this, and to make them cheerful, loyal, and willing Americans? I am sure that no one wants to force them to become

Americans: that would be un-American. The methods so volubly and voluminously discussed can be divided into two groups — educational and legislative. Settlement-workers are as thick as flies among the 'foreigners.' But these latter, for some reason or other, are not responding to kindness, it will be reported by some kind-hearted but rather meddling lady. It would be far better for her if she stayed at home and did her own knitting, put her own house in order. It would be well if this work were more sympathetic and less professional. The 'foreigners' do not want to be pampered, but neither do they want strangers to come among them with a better-than-thou air and try to 'uplift' them. The earnest 'foreigner,' with a little self-respect in him, hates to be made a public spectacle, to be exhibited like some rare bird or a freak of nature to boost the standing of some professional Americanizer, so that his salary may be increased. There is a suspicion among the foreign-born that all this hullabaloo now raised is artificial, that the professional Americanizers need it in their business. The war has created so many new professions, organizers, and charity workers, who need new outlets for their talents. I was present at one 'Americanization meeting' and was disgusted with it. 'See,' the professional seemed to say, 'what I made of these savages; that is my work.' I know of a Federal judge who has made more Americans, technically and spiritually, by his sympathetic talks when granting papers, than whole shoals of professional Americanizers. They fairly worship him, but the outside world knows little about it. But when it is done to the accompaniment of theatricals, the victim may remember what the boss called him at his job the day before, and he will not have a very high opinion of American sincerity.

Really all such work is unnecessary.

The old generation, the original immigrants, will soon die out, and the public schools are doing all that can be done for the coming generation. Only one thing need be added to their present system; teach the American-born children to treat the others as their equals. The problem will solve itself, if you will remove the friction between native and alien-born, and keep meddlers, who cannot take the 'foreigner's' view, from interfering with the natural process.

In the vast mass of literature spread broadcast over the country so far I have seen but one item which showed the proper spirit. The Massachusetts Bureau of Immigration gave out this motto: 'Our foreign-speaking neighbors desire our friendship; we desire theirs. We should make these strangers in a strange land feel "at home"; that we want them to share "our house." You can help make America united by special courtesy and patience in your daily contact with all who do not speak our language readily. Help make America, its institutions, and Americans dear to them, so that they, too, will become steadfast Americans.'

Sincere thanks from all 'foreigners' to the composer of this beautiful motto. In other words, Americanize the Americans first, and there will be no trouble with the 'foreigners'; for all these various methods are not truly American. These 'foreigners' have a very high conception of Americanism. My teacher of English (and he was a Prussian), so far as I can remember (it was twenty-eight years ago), said to me: 'John, no higher compliment can be paid to a man than to say that he is an American gentleman; the qualification "American" raises him above everybody.' That was my first lesson in Americanism; quite often I was disabused; but when I meet with an American gentleman, I have no trouble in recognizing him from this description.

IV

All the legislative programmes contain in one form or another a provision for forcing the 'foreigners' to learn the English language. That is a great mistake. By all means, raise the bars against immigrants as high as public policy demands; be very stringent in granting the foreign-born the supreme privilege of citizenship. It is right, nay, it is the duty of the country to protect itself against undesirables; but the language test is the poorest test that could be thought of. It is just as futile as the literacy test in the immigration legislation; it will produce results contrary to those desired. It will admit into the country and to citizenship the crook, the agitator, the dangerous criminal, and keep out the honest, hard-working man. The swindler, the agitator, and his like are usually educated men, and can easily comply with the provisions of such legislation; the ignorant, unlettered man is politically harmless.

It is also proposed by some to abolish the foreign-language press. That would be taking away from aliens the only means of acquiring information, and from the government the only means of reaching the 'foreigners.' I am surprised that no government officials raise their voices in protest after their experience during the war; after the help that they received from the foreign-language newspapers in counteracting the poisons spread by paid agitators of hostile foreign governments. They could also tell that they received voluntary information concerning meetings at which dangerous principles were advocated.

History has proved that language will not necessarily make a man a loyal citizen. What has England gained by forcing the Irish to learn the English language? Prussia tried to Prussianize the Poles by prohibiting the use of the Polish tongue, and Hungary tried to

Magyarize its various nationalities by similar legislation; and what has happened? The principle of the oppressed nations was that action creates reaction; and the more the government tried to force a strange tongue on them, the more strenuously they opposed it.

Language is a very useful means to an end; also it is something to which a strong sentiment attaches; but it is a mistake to make the language an end, the test of a man's loyalty. So long as a man is free to learn another language, he will do his best to learn it, if it is to his advantage; but if you try to force him to learn it, his opposition to it will at once be awakened. The psychology of this need not be discussed; it is a fact. The foreigners in this country realize the value of the English language, and are doing their best to acquire it; but let them find out that it is obligatory, and they will present a thousand and one excuses against learning it. For one thing, they will argue: 'You call this a free country; we came here because we thought it was so; we fled from our native land because they wanted us to learn a strange tongue; and behold, America is doing the same thing.' They do not object to the English language as a language, but they will more or less strenuously oppose it, if required by law to learn it. Their objections are not wholly for sentimental reasons; most of them are hard-working men, doing back-breaking labor in grime and amid intense heat which completely exhausts them; to require them, after a day put in at such work, to go to school and to learn a new language, at an advanced age, is almost inhuman. It is all very well for a professional Americanizer, sitting at his desk, with plenty of leisure, to learn another language; but it is a different matter for a hard-working man.

Besides, it is unnecessary: the new generation knows English; a great

many young men and women are even ashamed of their mother-tongue. Outside of small villages, where the population is in some cases almost entirely foreign, the children do not speak their mother-tongue even among themselves. It is a common experience with some parents to be answered in English by their children when addressed in their mother-tongue. What advantage can be gained from arousing the secret opposition of these people by such legislation? Because of the undue importance given to language in European countries by their governments, it received an equally undue importance in the estimation of the people; language was raised by these means to the same sentimental heights as religion. It is not wise for legislators to meddle with sentiments not directly harmful to the country.

This problem of language will also solve itself, if left to its natural course. Liberal and generous treatment, in accord with the principles of Americanism, on the part of individuals in their daily contact with the 'foreigners' will do more than volumes of laws. Let every American constitute himself a committee of one to behave with ordinary courtesy toward the 'foreigner,' and not to discriminate against him, and he will respond wonderfully. He need not show 'special courtesy' as the Massachusetts Bureau asks: ordinary courtesy will be sufficient. The American is not asked to go out of his way to please the 'foreigner'; he needs only to meet him half-way. If the government will supplement this by energetic action against the real undesirables, the country will have nothing to fear from the others. There is no one more disgusted with the dilatory, temporizing tactics of our government in dealing with these pests than the alien-born citizens.

It can be said with assurance that the solidarity of the United States during the past war, in spite of its very much

mixed population, rested solely on its past liberality, these unpleasant features notwithstanding. The foreign-born population overlooked all that, and their love for their adopted country wiped out all past irritation, healed all their wounds when the great crisis came. Do not repay them with distrust and unnecessary burdens. Was not the Kaiser disappointed in his 'American party'? And the evidence against the Germans seemed to be the strongest.

The position of the 'foreigners' here is analogous to that of the Christians in the days of persecution by the Roman Empire. They are treated, not as individuals, according to their deserts, but as a class, and the whole class is condemned. There seems to be a certain perversity that is unexplainable; indulgence to the individual transgressor and severity with the class. A man can openly renounce his allegiance, declaim against organized forms of government, denounce the right of the government to interfere with the individual, laugh at constitutional guaranties, and at the same time invoke them for his protection, and they will be granted to him; but you condemn a whole class without a hearing. It seems so un-American, for the American boasts of his fondness for fair play. Let Congress stop playing politics, catering to the popular clamor; let it pass stringent laws for the protection of the country, and wise and constructive laws to promote its future welfare; let the executive powers enforce those laws fearlessly; let them hunt down the violators, high and low, native or alien, and it will be found that those of Czecho-Slovak origin, naturalized or unnaturalized (I speak now for them alone), are as a class, loyal, law-abiding, hard-working inhabitants of the United States, and that there are no more criminals and traitors among them than among native-born Americans. What more is wanted of them?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

RAGHIB

At first I did n't appreciate Raghīb. Starting upon new work with one of the highest classes in an Egyptian mission college, dealing with the intricacies of English grammar and idiom, I was not altogether confident anyway. Egyptian students know disconcerting things about the grammar of our language. And Raghīb, knowing more than most, amused himself during the first few weeks in trying to take me unaware. Very innocently he would rise and ask me some apparently simple question, which, alas, was full of guile. He kept me constantly in hot water.

So one day I decided to quash him for all time. He rose with one of his innocent catch-questions, and I was primed. That one point of idiom I knew better than he did. So I started in on him. Soon he was back-watering rapidly. In two minutes he had surrendered and was crying for mercy. But I persisted, and before I had done, the class was in roars of laughter at his expense. So I felt very self-satisfied.

After the class had grinningly filed out, Raghīb remained behind. Looking at me mournfully out of his innocent eyes, he asked me sadly, 'Why have you despised me in the face of all these students, my collaborators?'

My self-satisfaction rapidly faded, and from that time forth Raghīb and I had an understanding.

When Raghīb's first composition came to me, I wept — from what feelings you may judge. To try out the class, I had given them a simple subject, 'Young Animals,' and here is part of what Raghīb wrote: —

If we cast our eyes over this subject with a spirited eagerness and manful way, we find that the benefits of animals, as a total, are prodigious and unparalleled. Bethink the sheep, which has four feet, two eyes, and a neck with a head, and which gives us milk of no parallel and excellent flesh. Are these not resulted from this young animal? Is it not the camel which walks through deserts listlessly and endures the pangs of hunger coolly and severity of thirst without lodging a complaint? Is it not the camel from which we make our boots and shoes? Certainly, it is indubitable. The cow has two big eyes, a long neck, ended in a head upon which two horns are standing. The cow is of inexhaustible avails. Before setting on foot for its benefits, we must say that it is humble. If we idealize its advantages, we shall become owed by ourselves to it.

How was I to correct that composition? The grammar was not bad, as Egyptian students write; unquestionably the English was idiomatic; and Raghīb would believe my criticisms were prejudiced. I made a few perfunctory remarks (red ink) on his paper, and called him to me after class.

'You'll have to change your style, Raghīb,' I told him. 'Write simply and naturally. This is absolutely no good.'

Raghīb was hurt. 'It is easy to write simple English,' he declared scornfully. 'All students can do that. But no other student can write as I do!' Seeing me unconvinced, he went on, 'See the idioms I use — almost nothing but idioms. You have said it is good to use idioms.'

I saw that further protest was useless; interference with Raghīb's peculiar genius was truly of 'inexhaustible avails.' So he wrote on, triumphant.

After a time, I became absorbed in

Raghib's compositions. They were the oases in a desert of grammatical errors. He never failed me. However abstruse or however simple the subject I assigned him, he managed always to flood it with idioms and effervesce it with his inexhaustible enthusiasms.

Very soon I found that Raghib was not truly at his best until he was assigned a proverb subject. Proverbs are favorite themes among the students: they love good-sounding generalities. And Raghib's style was eminently suited to proverb-compositions. Given such a subject, he wrote furiously for fifty minutes, and begged an extra five minutes to express a thought which he said was 'struggling in him for expression.' This boon I consistently denied him. Early in the term, I assigned him the subject, 'The child of to-day is the father of to-morrow,' and smacking his lips he went to work.

If we cast our eyes over this motto with precise correctness of its meaning from a moral point of view, it seems obvious to us that man, in all his stage, is changeable. For instance, to-day is small; to-morrow is old; shortly after is a millionaire, — and in a word, the world has ups and downs. Then we must prepare for our future as children, during our childhood, what we can afford. We must illuminate our intellect with the lustre of knowledge, and secure education which goes by us in after-life. Or at least it is our duty to go after any calling from which we obtain our daily bread.

As time went on, I found myself choosing themes for the class with Raghib in mind more than the benefit of the class. It was undoubtedly solely for his benefit that I selected the subject, 'A fool and his money are soon parted,' and he responded fervently. After three paragraphs of 'nothing but idioms,' he concluded smashingly, —

Then it is our duty to advise the fool to become aware of his bad habits and banish from himself the diversion of this vanished

world and act the manly part. And let him know that if he spends his money in useful things he may be honored, loved by people, and the case is the reverse with those who spend their money in low things. Oh, fool one, you are bubbling, you are pursuing your low ideals and leaving the golden untouched which elevates you to the highest sky. In all likelihood, if you do not give up this habit, you will strip down to the indigence.

By that time, I had become so accustomed to Raghib, and had developed such a powerful 'teacher's conscience,' that I unfeelingly dipped my pen deep in the bottle of red ink and scrawled after Raghib's final masterly sentence, 'The meaning is very obscure.' Thus does the unfeeling world reward the few geniuses in its midst.

But Raghib, like a real genius, bore in his heart no malice for his critic. On the last day of school, after we had stumbled through the final exercise in our grammar-and-idiom book, Raghib rose and asked permission to address the class. Curiosity prompted an immediate assent. Drawing a manuscript from his pocket, he tossed back his long black hair, and read feelingly, —

'Before setting on foot for delivering my speech, here is a great impulse struggling with me for expression. O would that I knew, what is it? The deep thanks for you, which would not enter under description. It is for everyone to profess that our illustrious teacher did his best and exerted himself to the utmost to shift for us the best mode of teaching by which we can learn English tongue easily and surmount the difficulties of it.

'By your unparalleled conduct we learn that slothfulness, indolence, and touching the hands of the rude and curs, drag us down to the precipice of devastation and pit of misery, and the case is the contrary to this if we take pattern after character, strictest diligence and laboring earnestly which raise us to the highest pitch.

'Now it would be melancholy and la-

mented to say that the hour of departure is come. My heart falls within me on calling to mind that this is the last period of study. Now we take leave of your diligence and perseverance on work with a renewed character. We take leave of your rosy face which indicates your dexterity and efficiency.

'At last, I ask God to touch your hand on all hands. May God protect you against the brands of sin and evil. Gentlemen, we must make a covenant with ourselves not to forget our illustrious teacher. We must fall in opinion with our brain to remember our teacher as long as we live.

'Our teacher, notice but ratify without scruple that your name is written in the pages of our hearts, and do not go away but with the end of our lives!'

JUST ENOUGHES

I can have been no more than six when it came home to me that it was very nice to be just sick enough to have my mother smooth my wrists and hold her great cold crystal beads against my small hot brows, and presently feed me 'lammie-baa-broth-with-rice-in-it.' In fact, the phrase 'just sick enough to have lammie-baa-broth' became the symbol of a mild paradise, not to be overworked, yet most desirable.

Since then I have been unconsciously collecting 'just enoughs' until I have a goodly assemblage, familiar to everyone in their homely mingling of pains and pleasures.

How excellent it is to be just cold enough at three A.M. to want another blanket over you; to pull it dozily yet snugly around your chin, and to feel new spots in the cool sheets growing warm and amiable to your seeking tentacles! Or to be just hot enough, on a May-day tramp, to cast your sweater over your shoulder and to step out gayly with the wind feeling its way up your sleeve and the sun drawing warm patterns on your back!

Then to be just hungry enough to

find a dry antique of a sandwich food for Olympians, and just thirsty enough to dream for three miles of the best and coldest spring, sure to come; to turn in, just tired enough to purr and ache, at the end of the road and the day!

These are joys well-known, and celebrated by all professional Open-Roaders, like Stevenson or David Grayson; but there are others more homely and more miscellaneous: just dirty enough to enjoy getting clean; just poor enough to feel the adventure, as Charles and Mary Lamb did, of a new pair of shoes or a new book of poetry; just fashionable enough to feel superior to both the thoroughly stylish and the thoroughly dowdy; just unconventional enough to scorn the pose of upper Fifth Avenue as well as of Greenwich Village; just lonely enough to dream and to enjoy one's loneliness for half a day.

So one could go on forever. It is plain that my ideal is simply that of the Little Bear. His porridge, you remember, Goldilocks found neither too hot, nor too cold, but just hot enough; his bed not too hard or too soft, but just right.

I cannot help thinking that, either by temperament or by voluntary growth in grace, the Little Bear and Goldilocks are patterns for certain of my acquaintance, who, never willing to accept the Doctrine of the Mean (is there such a doctrine?), go miserable all their lives. They can see no good in being a little bit sick, a little bit hungry, a little bit poor, a little bit lonely. Therefore they find no good in anything; for life deals out her little bits with a generous hand, no matter how sparing she may be of her wholes.

But I cannot preach to such uneasy idealists, being well aware that my own standard of just enough may not tally at all with theirs. For instance, who shall say when another is just dirty enough to enjoy getting clean? The

tramp who boils his stolen potatoes over a fire on the railway ties, and sleeps in a vagabond box-car, would need to be finely seasoned and pickled before he would dream of the least pleasure in a white tubful of hot water; while the grand dame of the shell-pink cheeks and old point lace would shudder should a smut of soot plant itself on her dainty old nose, or her ivory fingers dally a moment in a greasy dish-pan.

So, when it comes to greater things than dirt, I cannot tell other people that because I choose the very least of Fame, next to the least of Fortune, and, be it admitted, a great deal of Love, they must content themselves with the same. If one thinks that just enough means, not only the intimate and precious things that all normal creatures long for, but world-wide celebrity, and a dozen palaces to live in, and a hundred servants to run his remotest bidding, how can I deny him? Perhaps, even when he was Goldilocks's size, he never would have liked being just sick enough to be fed 'lammie-baa-broth, and to feel cold crystals on his eyes, or just poor enough to scrimp and screw six months to buy some superfluous childish luxury — a real fountain-pen, may be, or a real trout rod!

Perhaps he would say that I have mean ambitions and uncivilized scantiness of desires. That is not true. I want all that is coming to me, and more; but on the road, there are all those pleasant just enoughts to give me joy. If I should get to heaven and find that I could never get tired enough by running around those golden streets and flying over that glassy sea to feel my wings ache and purr like a foot asleep, I think I should drop down below. One could surely find odd jobs enough there to get tired on.

But — I had better not try that, for it is understood that nothing down there is like the Little Bear's porridge.

In fact, the very soul of hell is that it has no just enoughts anywhere. Hell is Idealism turned topsy-turvy.

So I will ask of heaven only that it make no error to the other extreme. There must be some night there, some poverty, some sickness, some hunger. But not too much.

How desperately afraid we are, after all, of absolute perfection! How natural it was that Adam and Eve could not have borne the perfect garden any longer without hating it and each other!

One can almost argue, in this mood, that the Old Serpent, who was more subtle than all the other beasts that God had made, was *just bad enough!*

THE COMING SUBJECT

'Howdy?' came the greeting of my voluble friend, as he stopped me in the midst of my Saturday morning errands about town. 'So you're back at work! And still teaching English! Foolish! Very foolish! Science is the subject to-day. We need science. Or, if you must have language, why not Spanish? That is becoming more important every day. No more defunct branches for the wise student. Silent tongues do not call the live man.'

I opened my lips, preparatory to verbal expression in a live language.

'Oh, yes,' continued Sir Voluble, 'the usual excuse. English is in general use. Then why over-emphasize? It disseminates itself. We English-born do not need you. As for the foreign element — they soon pick up a vocabulary sufficient for their needs, without you enthusiasts, who preside over English in the most impossible form for popular utility. If you taught science now, or Spanish! There is your coming subject!'

I made my departure during his intaking of breath, the name of the coming subject following me to the door of the shoe-shop a few yards away.

'Well, did you find my shoe?' I asked.

The alert black eyes sparkled their assent. The little waxed moustache twitched with suppressed enjoyment of the joke.

'Ach, ya! I haf heem. He eez feexed.'

A grimy right hand flourished the shoe wildly before my face, and the glib tongue continued the narration to the nervous accompaniment of the left.

'I say when you go las' time—Damn heem! I fine heem! All day it could take me, but I fine heem! I chase heem all over store. He nowhere. I chase heem een pile, een corner, een drawer — allwheres I chase heem — he nowhere. Sometime I see shoe on peg where I leef heem when man come! Ach! I grab heem!' — This with dramatic demonstrations. — 'I grab heem — I hole heem up — I look at heem! Ach! Mein Gott! You eez de shoe!'

I departed for the Chinese laundry. The Chinaman shuffled forward. His passive yellow face reflected no emotion as he wrapped the shirt in its white paper and hunted for the ball of string. The string was apparently missing. He padded to and fro in vain, and from the gentle murmur, I judged that he was slowly and safely troubled.

'Dammee stringee gonee — dammee stringee gonee — dammee stringee gonee —'

He finally inserted a pin to do duty for the string, his motionless lips still emitting the fascinating refrain about the lost ball.

As I went up the steps to the street, a sprinkle or two announced a shower close at hand. I hurried along, but the shower caught up with me, and ran ahead of me through the streets. Those unnecessarily abroad hastened indoors or under awnings. I crossed the street, weight on heels on the dangerously slippery pavement; then stopped to

witness a modern Italian drama, street scene, all characters on stage.

An apartment house was in process of construction. A number of the poorer branches of Æneas's family-tree had been engaged in their ancestor's classic occupation — building. They now stood waging verbal war with the Dutch in the person of their boss, a stolid little man, who, between pipe-puffs, continued his commands.

'Go on mit dem bricks, I tell you. Hustle mit dem bricks.'

Some of the meeker sheep started to obey, but were restrained by the incensed gestures and staccato Italian of the stronger-minded. One bold spirit pushed to the front and a dialogue ensued.

'You hustle mit dem bricks.' Puff. Puff.

'It rain. Men say no work.' Inclusive gestures.

'I tell you hustle mit dem bricks or no money.' A decisive gesture.

The hero shrugged his shoulders and confronted his supporters.

'Damma boss! We no work. Rain! Get wet! Seek! Dead! To hell wiz ze money!'

Poorer, but conqueror, he led his comrades to the unfinished basement and their abandoned coats. The boss puffed after them sullenly.

I laughed as I turned my home corner, nearly colliding with three girls, whose ideas were wont to form part of a dull conclusion to my teaching day. I should explain that they were not foreign-born. They barely nodded to me, but this remark came back to me.

'New glad rags! An' out in all this soup! Wha' d'yer know about that!'

On my own doorstep I stood and pondered. Then, with absent-minded ease born of habit, I took out my notebook and wrote: 'If you could teach science, now — or Spanish. *There is your Coming Subject!*'

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THERE are many ways of liking to read. Some people read for the delight of it; some for knowledge; and some, again, to learn whether they cannot find out something about the author. Now, the right way to read *The Story of Opal* is for the delight of it; but if you want to speculate about the author and her education, you may do so to your heart's content. About her past, the editor knows only what she has told him, but about the manuscript he knows a good deal; and during the five months she has passed in piecing it together at his instigation, he has seen her frequently and with some intimacy. The difficulties of her task are increased by the diarist's frugal practice of printing on both sides of the sheet; but the color of the chalk, varying with the life of the crayon used, and the quality of the paper, give a superficial clue to kindred portions of the manuscript. The method employed is to fit sheets, and, later, fragments of episodes, together, smoothing out the paper bags on which, for the most part, they are written, and proceeding after the fashion of the experienced solver of picture-puzzles. Whenever a small fragment is completed, it is typed on a card; and in this way Miss Whiteley has prepared a card system that would do credit to a scientific museum. Finally, the cards are filed in sequence, and the manuscript is then typed off just as it was first written, except for capitals and punctuation. In the original, the style employed was all capitals and no punctuation — much like inscriptions dug up by archæologists.

* * *

Politics is become our American obsession. It has moulded the very structure of our minds into its own tortuous shapes, and there is no reform, social or personal, of which we do not think in political terms. **Dr. Jack's** original and highly stimulating paper helps one's thoughts discharge into channels long unused, and we are very glad to have the privilege of publishing it. As all

men know, he is Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and, incidentally, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*. **Anne Douglas Sedgwick** (Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt) is again at work in England, after two years of service with her husband in France. **Edwin Bonta** is a Syracuse architect, who saw much of the Russian people, owing to his years of relief work during the war.

* * *

M. A. DeWolfe Howe, long ago an associate member of the *Atlantic* staff, has returned to the office, and is now in editorial charge of The Atlantic Monthly Press. All we may say about the writer of 'Boys' is that the author has had ample opportunity to know them. **Wilfrid Wilson Gibson**, best known, perhaps, by his striking volume, *Daily Bread*, has often contributed to the *Atlantic*. A poem of his, which we are particularly glad to recall to the reader, is 'Solway Ford,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* in October, 1913. These are stanzas which we have never forgotten. **C. Gouverneur Hoffman**, a new contributor, is a New Yorker, who saw service with the American Air Force during the war.

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A. Edward Newton, with whose literary achievement this magazine has been so closely identified, 'commenced author' with his papers on 'The Amenities of Book-Collecting' in the *Atlantic* for March and April, 1915. **Mrs. Helen Ellwanger Hanford** sends this her first contribution from a Southern college town. **Edward Yeomans**, a Chicago manufacturer, contributed a paper on 'Geography' to our February issue. The Schauffler family, in spite of predilections for music and literature, can be warlike on occasion. **Robert Haven Schauffler** had four brothers, seven nephews, and two cousins in the army and navy during the war, of whom not one was drafted. All the brothers were over the draft age. Of the thirteen, seven served in France and three in Germany, and there are three *Croix de*

Guerre in the family. Furthermore, Mrs. Schaufler, then unmarried, served as a War Camp Community Service Worker.

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Claudia Cranston, a young Texan of Quaker descent, now living in New York, was the author of two fanciful sketches, 'A Thin Day' and 'The Invisible Garden,' which we printed in July, 1918, and September, 1919, respectively. **James G. Cozens** is a fourth-form boy at the Kent School in Connecticut.

I entered the school at the bottom [he writes]. I have been personally affected by some of the experiences which Mr. Parmelee mentions. [In 'A Boarding-School Inquiry,' January *Atlantic*.] Most of the fellows of boarding-school age are woefully ignorant of the beautiful things of life which they do not yet appreciate. This comes later. At Kent, however, I have never known anyone to be seriously ridiculed because he enjoyed nature, good pictures, or good music. The boy who really cares for these things is not worried by disparaging remarks from those who don't understand.

Another boy, a sixteen-year-older from an Eastern boarding-school, writes as follows:

I had the latest *Atlantic*, so you see I did not lack good reading matter. I think the article on the boarding-school is wonderfully correct and good. Any man who is able to see the facts in the light that the author saw them in, and he saw them incorrectly in not a single detail, deserves credit. I was of the opinion that only a boy himself in such a 'prep' school would be able to think in that fashion. But what he says about the present-day school-fellow is absolutely indisputable. His boy waiting till he is alone to play good music on his Victrola for fear of jibes from the others is probably in every school; and furthermore the conditions which force this boy to do this in all probability exist in every school. The boy who reads good literature, who likes good music, is considered snobbish; the naturalist is an eccentric. I am not agreeing with the author because of any personal experience, but because of my observations in my school. I begin to realize that in almost any company of fellows an attempt to start a discussion about current events would be jumped on immediately and would be, at the best, very short-lived. However, after all, were not these conditions identical fifty or one hundred years ago? Will they not be the same that many years hence? The world must be the same always, fellows between the ages of fifteen and twenty are bound to be the same the world over and for all time. Of course, there are exceptions to everything.

* * *

Robert Kilburn Root is Professor of English at Princeton. **Victor S. Clark**, econ-

omist and student of contemporary history, and for several years past on the staff of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, is now controlling the political destinies of the *Living Age*, published from the *Atlantic* office. Dr. Clark has just returned from a visit to Japan. **Frank W. Taussig**, for many years Henry Lee Professor of Political Economy at Harvard, is recognized as a leading political economist. He has recently resigned from the United States Tariff Commission of which he had been chairman since 1917. His *Principles of Economics* (1911) is perhaps the most notable of his numerous publications. **Arthur Greenwood** is an English economist and student of social problems. At one time Lecturer on Economics at the University of Leeds, he is now General Secretary of the Council for the study of International Relations. **John Kulamer**, of Czechoslovak origin, is a lawyer of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

* * *

This appeal, tragic in our ears as some old chorus of 'The Trojan Women,' we gladly print as showing how fruitful, throughout Europe, is the harvest of ancient wrong.

Give us Liberty, or give us Death!

'Better a free life of few hours, than forty years of servitude and shackles.' We, women and men of Thrace, have solemnly sworn, to accept no other resolution of our question, pending before the conference in Paris, but the union of our land with Mother Greece.

The souls of our beloved dead shall condemn us and their bones will have no peace, nor rest, were we to accept less.

We seek nothing that does not belong to us. We only desire the freeing of the land where we live.

Our hearts bleed, danger and despair hang over our heads. Our only cherished hopes and our sacred desires are ignored. Our expectations that we, too, may live free in our beautiful Thrace, Greek from immemorial time, are extinguished.

In these momentous times, and this hour of our agony, we, the women of Thrace, appeal to you, the women of America, who have the good fortune to be born free, and inhale the breezes of liberty and the inspiring air of your land, to raise the clarion call of danger for downtrodden poor Thrace.

When the servitude yokes are cast asunder and the peoples of Europe are freed, our distressed land suffers.

We hope for nothing less than the union of Thrace with Mother Greece, and the freeing of her from her depressing bonds.

We, for whole centuries, suffered cruel servi-

tude; the double-edged sword of Turk and Bulgar hangs, night and day, over our heads; our honor is not secure, the lives of our fathers and husbands, of our brothers and daughters are not safe.

We have stood all the cruel persecutions, deportations, robberies, expropriations, imprisonments, exile, forcible conversions to Mohammedanism, desecrations of our houses of worship and of cemeteries, expecting the proper time to cast aside the overhanging tyranny.

When the war was raging in Europe, a war of freedom against servitude, we, the Greek women of *irridenta* Greece, hoped that the time had arrived for Thrace to be freed and throw herself on the bosom of Mother Greece.

But we are greatly disappointed. Greek Thrace suffers the yoke of those beasts in human form, the Bulgars, and bleeds, in full twentieth century, under the feet of bloodthirsty Turks.

After solemn promises of the powerful, that this was a struggle against tyranny and for the freeing of the downtrodden, when hundreds and thousands of our brothers fought beside the Allies, when other hundreds of thousands suffered martyrdom and death in the hands of Bulgar and Turk, hundreds of thousands of women, old folks and children, naked, hungry, and downcast from persecution, lie unburied and unlamented, far from their homes — after all these, we see our rights ignored and in this, the twentieth century, *they abandon us, anew, as lambs to slaughter*. The situation becomes, from day to day, worse.

We have no security of life, neither in town nor village; especially those in the fields are mercilessly butchered; murders and robberies continue, we know not what is to-morrow in store for us.

They are armed, we defenseless.

And now that our fortunes hang in the balance, our hearts turn to you hopefully, *and plead*, with all our might, in the name of all the tyrannized Greek population of Thrace, that by all means in your command you raise your voice, through your society, the press, through meetings, by your influence, for our rights that are being ignored.

Hoping that the entire freedom-loving American public will support us, and thanking you in advance, we remain sincerely yours.

SILIVRIC (Thrace), October 15, 1919.

(Sea of Marmora).

* * *

Dr. Brubacker's 'Plain Talk to Teachers' has roused wide and deep interest. Here is one teacher's reaction.

CHICAGO, December 17, 1919.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May a grade teacher say a few words regarding Mr. Brubacker's article 'Plain Talk to Teachers' in the December *Atlantic*. He deplores the lack of professional spirit among teachers, but does not seem to know the reason for it. May I tell him?

The teacher expresses the enthusiasms, the ideas of other people. She is bound by a cast-iron graded course, which obliges her to teach certain definite things. As to her methods, she must use those desired by her superiors — principals or supervisors. *Her* judgment, *her* ideals, *her* common sense, *her* conscience must be set aside. Many times she teaches what she knows is not best for her pupils — but she must not 'reason why,' or 'make reply.' She is treated like a cog in a machine, and naturally becomes like one.

Mr. Brubacker compares teachers to doctors and lawyers! What doctor advises patients, gives prescriptions, or performs surgical operations under the orders of superiors who never allow him to use his own ideas, and give him no freedom to think or act as he judges best? A lawyer, or architect, or writer expresses his own judgments; a teacher cannot, and therefore cannot be compared to the members of other professions. After a few attempts to do and dare, most of them, tiring of the 'Everlasting Nay' of their supervisors, give up in despair, and plod along, trying to keep their positions by doing meekly what they are ordered to do. Hence their lack of 'professional conduct.'

Respectfully,

GRADE TEACHER.

Another teacher writes: —

I wish to thank you for the article 'Plain Talk to Teachers,' by A. R. Brubacker.

I have been a teacher for many years in a special line, — training of nurses, — and I deplore the evidence of many destructive elements in my own line of work, as well as in high schools, normals, etc. Two faults particularly I have had to contend with in practically all my pupils — particularly those just out of school: stressing methods instead of principles, which tends to negative reasoning because it emphasizes memory; and, second, the effort to *learn* pupils instead of teaching them, by preparing sets of tasks and then pouring them into the mind. Our teaching should, it seems to me, make for thinking; for when we get a thinker, then we get a learner. And if the direction of the life has been borne in mind for constructive purposes, principles will work out through thinking for good results in the individual. Very truly yours,

L — C — B —.

* * *

To anyone who can speak of 'Cousin Abe,' the editor listens hat in hand. We are glad to pass on to our readers this interesting letter.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Morgan's article, 'New Light on Lincoln's Boyhood,' in the February *Atlantic*, reminds me of the stories I used to hear from my mother about her uncle Tom. She was the daughter of John Lincoln, brother to Thomas Lincoln, hence

first cousin to Abe Lincoln. When John and Thomas left the old Lincoln home in Rockingham County, Virginia, John, my grandfather, settled in Ohio and Thomas in Kentucky. Mother's stories about her uncle did not extend beyond his residence in Kentucky. Living somewhat remote from her early home, she was fond of telling us children about the scenes and events of her girlhood and her family history. What she said about Uncle Tom agrees on the whole with incidents of his life already published, hence need not be repeated here. One incident, however, I have not seen in print, namely a skirmish with Indians in which Uncle Tom was slightly wounded.

My brother, John Lincoln Hicks, was named for his grandfather.

I voted for Cousin Abe in 1860, responded to his first call for volunteers, and served throughout the war. I never sought any favor from Abe, and, unlike John Lynch, I never had occasion to thrash anyone for disrespect to him.

As for the alleged poverty of the Lincolns, I can say this: John Lincoln was a substantial farmer, and I never heard any hint that his brother was any less fortunate or less worthy of respect. Unlike Andrew Johnson, Abe Lincoln's boyhood was not darkened or embittered by any sense of social inferiority.

'Uncle Tom made the *little wheels*.' That sentence in Mr. Morgan's article brings vividly to mind the cheerful picture of my mother sitting at her spinning-wheel, deftly drawing out the smooth linen thread. The 'little wheel' was turned with a treadle and spun hatched flax. The 'big wheel' was twirled about with the right hand on a spoke, and the woolen thread drawn out by walking backward with the carded roll in the left hand. Frequently both wheels were humming at once, mother at the little wheel and one of my sisters at the big wheel.

Like Cousin Abe, I wore in boyhood home-spun and home-woven linen and woolen. We left the linen in its natural color instead of dyeing it with walnut or butternut. For table-cloths we bleached it.

One of Mr. Morgan's statements challenges critical comment. 'Very little wheat was raised, as it had to be cut with a scythe, threshed with a flail, and carried to some small water-power for grinding.' Cutting wheat with a scythe pertains to a later period than Lincoln's boyhood. The *sickle* was the more primitive tool, and its use persisted even into my own boyhood. Then came the *cradle*, a broad scythe reinforced with curved rods, to hold the wheat cut at one stroke. Much strength and skill were required to swing the cradle and lay the golden grain evenly for binding into sheaves.

As for the use of the 'flail,' treading out the grain with horses was much more frequent and efficient. Many a day have I sat astride of staid old Bob, with frisky young Tib by his side, swinging round and round the circle, and I doubt not Cousin Abe had a similar experience.

L. E. HICKS.

AUGUSTA, GA.

* * *

One of the ways not to recommend one's wares is illustrated by the 'lucid directness' of the following note.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Man, to sustain his earthly being and preserve its power of activity, must engage in energetic endeavors relative to his general formation. By such exertions he gains double compensation, the livelihood and the preservation.

To thus employ his energy for personal sustenance he must seek active and progressive quarters where his serviceable efforts may be of commercial usefulness, and where through earnest solicitation he may obtain the desired employment.

Being thus informed of the modern method of solicitation, I write this letter to you to announce my pressing desire for literary employment. I seek profitable work in the literary world; a pursuit indeed barren of joy.

I am a writer new and unknown; and being thus free of glory and fame, my literary efforts move on unread and if read, *misunderstood*; for my writing is based on a system of human philosophy that is new; and being new it appears strange.

This system conceived I aim to expound in essay form of simple delivery, in a style of lucid directness. My aim is to enlighten all thinking beings, not a mere few with obscured composition; for the thoughts I wish to diffuse and inculcate are of the vital problems perplexing the average thinking man.

It is therefore that I earnestly ask you to grant me a reading, a careful reading; that is all I ask; for then you will perceive the universal importance and human usefulness in the submitted work. And by obtaining for publication my literary and philosophic work you will not only encourage and sustain this humble writer, but you will add glory to your name and wisdom to mankind. Permit me to send an essay for your intelligent perusal. I may also furnish you short poems and short stories that are unlike others.

A speedy response to this call will indeed be received in joy, for great will my suspense be till then.

Your earnest and humble servant, J. D.

The suspense was great, but mercifully brief.

* * *

The rapid growth of the *Atlantic* is the text of many remarks, deprecatory and enthusiastic, minatory and exulting. But the one we like best to quote comes to us through the kindness of a reader, Mrs. B. G. Wilder, who reminds us of this prophetic impromptu of Dr. Holmes: —

When the toughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,

All worship the good, and the true, and the beautiful,

And, preying no longer as lion and vulture do,
All read the *Atlantic*, as persons of culture do.

TROY AND COLLARS

How Two Young Men Founded a Little Business That Became a Big One. Quality Principles That Counted Heavily in Giving Their Names Lasting Distinction and Putting Troy on the Map

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

THIS is no era for industrial selfishness. A business has no right to exist unless it yields all its influences toward building up other institutions—toward the development of men who in turn will be factors in constructive Americanism.

This narrative of Earl & Wilson tells a human story, but its purpose is still bigger. It aims to present in true perspective a picture of a modern manufacturing house which believes in America and in service to its fellowmen.

IN THE erstwhile days of Troy—now famous as the Collar City—a young iron worker fell in love with a maiden of that Hudson River town; and thus began the story of a great industry. Melancholy sentimental interest always forms an undercurrent in the long-ago beginnings of a business that outlives its founders. So it is in this case. Though the young man and girl are gone, their romance will live; it is stamped upon the city in which they loved and struggled and built up a great industrial house, Earl & Wilson.

Jefferson Gardner was the young woman's father—one of the first collar manufacturers in Troy, operating a little shop on the lower floor of his home. Records show that in 1837 Ira Perego, a men's furnishings merchant in New York, gave Mr. Gardner a web of linen for use in making collars. Here in Troy collars were cut with shears and given out to the industrious women of the community for stitching. Jefferson Gardner then took his product to New York in bushel baskets.

In those practical days young men learned trades; toil and grime did not frighten them. Thus William S. Earl, known as Billy to his friends, had taken to iron-molding. His marriage to Miss Gardner took place in 1848. Incidentally, some years before, the girl had laid the first sidewalk in Chicago, of loose boards over which she picked her way through the mud to church.

Shortly after his marriage Billy Earl went to work as a collar-cutter in the Gardner shop, and in 1850 he and his wife started a shop of their own across the way, opening into an alley.

The business grew and in a short time young

Earl was a leading citizen of Troy. But an ill fortune drew him elsewhere—into business misadventures. Almost penniless, he and his family returned to Troy. Next day, tin dinner pail under his arm, Billy Earl went to work in one of the little collar plants which were beginning to sprinkle Troy.

In New York City lived Washington Wilson—young, handsome, and a brilliant salesman; a typical city man, with rather deep knowledge of people and things in general, albeit he had accumulated four thousand dollars in debts. Perhaps these obligations represented experience destined to be of value.

Mr. Wilson was connected with a business that brought him often to Troy, where through mutual friends he fell in with the Earls. They discussed possibilities in collars, and in 1867 started a little shop under the now historic name, Earl & Wilson. Mr. Earl had saved a few hundred dollars and his partner raised a like amount. Mrs. Earl herself aided in supervising the shop.

The two partners, of opposite types, balanced each other. Earl was essentially a manufacturer. He made *good* collars because by no possibility could he make any other kind; his was the mathematical, accurate mind. Things that did not measure up to his innate standards of perfection were actual torture; *Quality* from the start was his ideal.

Wilson agreed, but turned his own energies to the selling end, where his genius was irresistible. It was he who conceived the plan of a retail price for collars based on quality. Earl & Wilson were the first to adopt the twenty-five-cent collar as a Quality product. On this basis the firm established its goods—on the principle that Service, not Price, benefits the people.

At first most of the sewing was done in private homes, but by 1869 Earl & Wilson had twenty-four machines, and employed forty women in the factory and three hundred outside. Mr. Wilson opened a sales room in New York, and that year their total sales were \$98,000.

So the business grew, until in 1876, foreseeing something of their future romance, Earl & Wilson built a great factory in Troy, all of which they

hoped ultimately to occupy. For the time being they took a single floor, subletting the others to seven manufacturing concerns. People called them reckless and visionary, but to-day the Earl & Wilson plant embraces not only this whole great building but others as well—and still the crowding demands for their products ever necessitate more room.



KILIAEN VAN RENSSLAER, a Dutch patroon, once owned the site of Troy and all the land for miles about. Later the farm where now stands the Earl & Wilson factory commanded an annual rental of three and three-quarters bushels of wheat and two fat hens.

To-day the whole world knows not only Troy but the House of Earl & Wilson.

Troy, a city of 80,000—20,000 wage earners—is one of those towns synonymous with their products. In the public mind Troy means collars—just as the name Earl & Wilson does. Some names dominate by the very force of suggestion. Incidentally, Troy means laundries, for here originated the steam laundry.

To-day Troy makes more than ninety per cent. of all collars worn in the United States, millions of dozens emanating from that city annually. Nor is this due to a collar trust—there isn't any. Troy is filled with collar factories wholly independent.

Old-timers remember the vogue for paper collars that once swept the country. Men prophesied the doom of the cloth collar; but the world always comes back to quality goods. In the Earl & Wilson plant may be seen a huge press that some concern, long since defunct, used in stamping out those funny paper collars.

Here in Troy, and throughout the adjacent country, has grown up a large community of collar-makers. For the same reason that Akron is the rubber city, Troy is headquarters for collars—and for shirts as well. It is easy for workers in these lines to find employment, and for manufacturers to get help. The collar trade descends from father to son, and from mother to daughter and granddaughter—sometimes three generations together making collars and shirts. Besides, several thousand workers stitch collars at home—the companies supplying machines and motors. They told me in Troy that many a mother puts her baby to sleep with the song of

the sewing machine. Yet no sweat-shops disfigure Troy—none of the conditions that prevail in large cities.



I WELL remember how my Grandmother made Granddad's shirts an inch or two bigger than he wanted them; and quite distinct in my recollection are his remarks when he couldn't get his collar on. Grandmother soothed him: "Just be patient until wash day; the shirt will shrink to fit."

To-day the Earl & Wilson Test Room, on an upper floor of the Troy factory, looks after shrinkage, so that every man may have a shirt *made* not *shrunk* to fit. Here I saw the Manager of Tests measuring samples of shirting before and after washing—measurements mathematical down to decimal points. Any shrinkage more than normal foredoomed the fabric to rejection.

Later, down in the basement, I noticed great tanks of water in which collar fabrics were being shrunk before going to the cutters.

The Earl & Wilson laundry, by the way, is worth a story in itself. With its ponderous washing machines, dryers, starchers and ironers, it could easily do the laundry work of 10,000 households.

The Test Room looks after colors as well as shrinkage. Triplicate samples are taken from all shirt fabrics, and two sets of these swatches are given the third degree. I followed one set to the laundry, where for two hours the samples were swashed and soaked, and swashed again, with strong laundry soap. Then I watched the second set put through a process including not only soap and water but certain cleansing chemicals sometimes used by laundries. Both sets were then taken back to the Test Room and pasted in a great scrap-book alongside the third clipping from the unwashed fabric.

On comparison in the sunlight, one sample showed a slight fading in the purples. "Out it goes," said the Manager of Tests.

Before quitting the Test Room I witnessed the performance of a machine for determining the breaking point of cloth. In a way it impersonated Dad or Uncle Bill—or perhaps yourself—in the ceremony of struggling into a shirt.

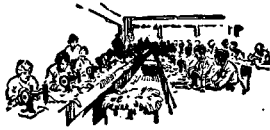
"Men are mere brutes when dressing to catch a train," said the test man. "Their shirts must

have tensile strength both ways. Otherwise unprintable words—and lost customers!”

It is not often, however, that manufacturers of poor-grade shirtings offer their wares to Earl & Wilson. This Troy Test Room is famous among makers of shirt and collar materials.

Then we moved along to a device that was stoically untwisting thread into strands—nosing into its very make-up and inner secrets. All these machines are somewhat insolent and lacking in sentiment. Chemicals, without regret, discover whether “silk” is wholly silk or part cotton.

In these ways the Earl & Wilson Test Room—standing everlastingly for Quality and Reputation—is a Service rendered both dealers and consumers. Quality means Economy to the public, and Successful Merchandising for the dealer.



THROUGH labyrinths of sewing machines and collar-making devices of strange varieties we went; up and down aisle after aisle where endless rows of women, and here and there groups of men, were working. On every floor new batteries of machines and fresh battalions of shirt- and collar-workers greeted us.

In one department we paused to watch an amber-haired girl who seemed to be displaying extraordinary dexterity for our entertainment. My guide declared, however, that she always worked that way.

“It’s her pace,” he volunteered; “she can sew on more buttons in half an hour than your wife could sew by hand in a day.”

She was working with buttons that had the eyelets in a shank—using a machine which had caused the inventor sleepless nights. Yet he solved the trouble in so clever a way that workers now take it quite for granted.

“Nothing to it!” quoth she.

I’ve been thinking ever since of her remark—nothing to it! Marvels of mechanics and production get to be quite commonplace; yet the brains and money that have gone into this sort of public Service are stupendous.

Earl & Wilson, while not concerned directly with the development of sewing machines, have been leaders since the days of Mr. Earl himself in the invention of devices which make the present industry possible. Our great-grandfathers did not have the collars we know to-day; they wore stocks, or perhaps fluted ruffles. Earl &

Wilson invented the high turned-down collar which worked revolution in neckwear styles. Many special machines essential to modern collar making were originated and built at the Earl & Wilson factory—among them the stamping, turning and shrinking machines.

In the old days a vast amount of individual labor was required, for one thing, in turning and stitching raw edges; now machines do this work in perhaps a single second.

Our grandmothers used to say that the worst job in making shirts was the neckband; but this operation holds no terrors for the Earl & Wilson factory, where special machines do it without complaint or apology. One impressive thing is the swiftness and apparent ease with which each job swings along.

Farther on was an aisle of shirt-making machines, going with the gallop and gusto of soldiers on the double-quick.

Still farther along, at a sewing machine, we paused to pay respects to a white-haired woman who had been with Earl & Wilson forty-odd years. Her face brightened as she told us that Mr. Earl himself employed her. “A fine man,” she said, “who always gave us girls a Square Deal!”



FOR many years Mr. Earl himself received the work done by outside stitchers, his microscopical eye searching out defects. He was the plan, policy and mainspring of the factory—always on guard against the slightest let-down in perfection.

Later when shirts became part of the product, the same quality trade-mark covered them. Washington Wilson created this design; his own handwriting and character live in the trade-mark



To-day the Earl & Wilson House is the lengthening shadow of its two founders. They died many years ago, but their influence is as strong as when they went away, close together, on their long journey.

In 1873 Gardner Earl, a son, was admitted to membership, and in 1881 Arthur R. Wilson, a brother of Washington Wilson, came in. A nephew, Franklin H. Wilson, afterward became a firm member.

In 1887 Earl & Wilson once more tied the pedi-

gree of the House to the early collar-making traditions of Troy. Edgar K. Betts, a merchant who married another daughter of Jefferson Gardner, took charge of the manufacturing. His son, Edgar H. Betts, is now president.

Thus the House of Earl & Wilson takes pride in its relationship to the men who ran that first little collar shop many years before the Civil War.

A YOUNG retail merchant in a western town, eager to increase sales, was inclined to plunge, without considering whether certain lines were adaptable to his trade. But the Earl & Wilson salesman covering this territory was conservative; he reflected the policy of the House—against selling goods that might stay on a merchant's shelves.

This is the sort of Service for which the Earl & Wilson policy stands. Its philosophy is not merely to sell merchandise. To help men to success is a bigger, more satisfying motif.

The Company has branch establishments in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco and Los Angeles; but these are more than mere conventional branches.

Once a young executive in a Chicago department store dreamed a daring thing. He went to the senior partner and thus expressed himself:

"Our store needs atmosphere." Shortly afterward began the era of "drawing room" stores.

The Earl & Wilson House wants its Branch offices to possess this same atmosphere of *men*, with red blood of fellowship. The Company is content to grow from Service rendered—not from cold, bald merchandising. It expects all members of its organization to *live* the fundamental principle that the business can never be truly successful unless it attracts—as a magnet. Customers must feel from within the impulse to buy; they must need not only the goods but the counsel, experience and merchandising information Earl & Wilson can give them.

ONE of the greatest services a manufacturer can render the public is to discourage soaring prices. Not long ago a certain dealer bought a quantity of Earl & Wilson shirts at a price which enabled him to retail them for \$2.50—though the actual market value was over \$4. The secret of this transaction was simply the consistent Earl & Wilson policy to base selling prices on the actual cost of materials, plus a reasonable profit. These fabrics had been purchased months before.

Especially at the present time does this philosophy operate toward good Americanism. By discouraging inflation of prices, lower costs of living are subserved.



THE Square Deal, in every phase of the business, is the Earl & Wilson policy. In the early days the proprietors knew employees personally; they were Jim and Jack, Ann and Jane. To-day this personal touch is taken over by the Employment Manager. A Square Deal to workers means SERVICE; means bettering the product.

Foremen in the Earl & Wilson plant do not have the power of discharge. The Employment Manager is both counselor and court of appeal. As ambassador from the Company to its workers, he irons out many of their troubles. Perhaps Jessie Sticher wearies of doing the same work month after month. "I'm going to quit!" she says.

"Just wait a little," returns the Employment Manager, "we'll find a different job for you."

Or Jennie Starcher shows signs of letting down in the Quality Spirit. "Try it in such-and-such department," he'll tell her.

Yet it is not his policy to antagonize foremen, but to conciliate; his is the soft-pedal job—a diplomat's. In this way he keeps the labor turnover down—and maintains the spirit of the *Best Goods*. Records are kept of all individual performances, and promotions made accordingly.



TROY has still bigger business history ahead of it. The collar and shirt industry has vast markets as yet undeveloped. Nor are all these in foreign lands. The American people are dressing better and better every year—realizing that one royal path to income is the Road of Good Clothes.

Thus the Earl & Wilson ambition is to make its House count big in this Quality Service—to maintain Troy itself the Quality City for Collars and Shirts.